

*"We do not take possession of our ideas, but are possessed by them,
They master us and force us into the arena,
Where, like gladiators, we must fight for them."—HEINE.*

The Arena

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HOW NEW ZEALAND IS SOLVING THE PROBLEM OF POPULAR GOVERNMENT.

BY EDWARD TREGEAR,

Secretary of Labor for the Commonwealth of New Zealand.

IF IT MAY be allowed once more to use the well-worn metaphor which compares life to a battle-field, I would say that among the smoke-clouds which cover the conflict and hide at once the carnage and the victory there is none so vast and none so protean in its aspects as that which denotes Democracy. One person sees it as a billowing mass of silvery brightness with its head touching the skies; to another it appears as the dark home of the thunder, under whose lurid shadow lurk national peril and individual suffering. I will not attempt to reconcile conceptions formed from points-of-view so widely divergent, nor waste my little strength in persuading others that their Gorgons are only ministering angels in disguise. It will be sufficient if I am able to convince that there are places in the world whence the cloud of Democracy may be seen in its luminously inspiring form and where even its shadows are as a merciful veil tempering to our feeble eyesight that intense sunlight in which our descendants will exult.

The spot, then, whence Democracy looks fairest is, in my belief, the little group of islands in the Pacific known as New Zealand. I will dilute the seeming egotism of holding up the place in which

I live as possessing unique advantages by saying that here Nature herself has a democratic tendency. We have neither the glorious luxuriance of tropical abundance nor the frozen poverty of the high latitudes. The clear temperate air braces and stimulates; never very far from us anywhere are tumbling sea, snowy mountains, falling waters, and forest solitudes. Their beauties and their bounties are the common possession of all; the Autocrat has not yet fenced them in, nor the Trust monopolized their values. Moreover we have succeeded to the heritage of a native people who themselves knew no King or Emperor; a fearless, adventurous, hospitable, laughter-loving race, the members of which seemed to imbibe the love of freedom with every breath they drew, and who have pined away even under the restrictions which a semi-civilization has forced upon them. If New Zealanders are democrats, to the influence of locality and of environment they may owe more than they have yet acknowledged.

It takes a little time, however, for such influences to visibly affect immigrants from other climes. Such was the case in regard to this colony. The lately-arrived settlers had been bred under systems far asunder as the poles from that which

guides New Zealand at the present hour. They had been instructed to reverence rank, wealth, landed-proprietorship, state religions and vested interests. Economically they had been taught to respect old trade-jargons about "freedom of contract," "supply and demand," "liberty of the subject," etc., etc.; phrases subtly concocted for the repression of all upward industrial effort and for the support of financial privilege. To disentangle themselves from such associations and to dare to think for themselves, then to translate their meditation into action, needed severe and arduous struggle, but it was on the true lines of national evolution and results full of promise have been achieved.

Space demands that I shall turn at once from the abstract to the concrete. I will endeavor to trace the course of the present "progressive legislation," and to show both its origin and its direction. It had two sources: one in the rural districts, one in the towns. That which most affected the farmers was practical defect in tenure, joined to an unjust system of taxation. In the early days of the colony its best land had been purchased either from the Crown or from Natives under the freehold-system—often in large areas and for little more than nominal prices by the few early settlers who could pay cash for their estates. The value of such areas had been augmented extremely by Government railways made in their vicinity and constructed with money borrowed at heavy interest by the whole body of taxpayers. As lands became more difficult to obtain the areas parted with became smaller, and farmers, obtaining their holdings under the same freehold-system occupied nearly the whole of the available remaining land. Theoretically, the possession of the country by such a class, that of hardy yeomen tilling their own fields, approaches the ideal. But war, bad times, and seasons of depressions threw hundreds and hundreds of such farms into the grip of the banks and of the private money-lenders, and the proud freeholder

became a phantom, while the reality was an agricultural slave whose family toiled with him from year's end to year's end, in order to hand over the small profits to the owner of an eight or ten per cent. mortgage. The position was made worse by the system of taxation under which farmers paid what was called a "Property-Tax," levied upon actual values, so that the more a man improved his property the heavier tax he had to pay. The banks themselves had over-burdened themselves with foreclosed mortgages and with farms held as securities but which had become unrealizable assets. With the bad times within came great financial depression without, and the outlook for the colony was exceedingly grave about fourteen years ago. Its credit in the world's money-market was low; its small population was hourly decreasing by emigration to other places, its financial institutions were tottering, and its Government had to descend to that last resource of incompetent politicians, a levy upon its own civil servants. Much of the disaster so far as the public credit was concerned had been produced by the divergence of borrowed money from its projected purpose (*viz.*, the formation of main lines of railway) to the purchase of political support by the construction of short railway-lines beginning at unimportant places and ending in the air. Fortunately at the psychological moment a disaster affecting the workers in towns gave the spark which kindled the cleansing fires. A widely-extended strike, involving thousands of persons in its disastrous failure, broke the power of the trade-unions and ruined their finances, so it was decided, almost as if by inspiration, that some new method, some vital reorganization of political and social affairs was necessary and was to be attempted. Town and country joined hands, and at the next General Election an overwhelming majority of parliamentary members was elected pledged to try more crucial methods and to effect strong reforms. The list of the new Ministry included the names of

Mr. J. Ballance, Premier; Mr. R. J. Seddon, Minister of Public Works and Mr. W. P. Reeves, Minister of Education and Labor; all men who have gained far other than a colonial reputation.

The first effort made was in the direction of relieving pressure on the farmers. The Property-Tax was abolished, and in its stead a Land and Income-Tax established. Land was taxed minus improvements and with exemption for all below \$2,500 in value. Added to this was a graduated tax (rising from one-eighth of a penny in the pound to two pence) and commencing at farms valued at \$25,000. Such a farm would pay \$10 annually for this tax while an estate worth \$1,050,000 or over pays \$8,756 per annum. If land is held by absentees from the colony an extra twenty per cent. is charged. The Land-Tax brings in annually \$1,500,000. The total number of land-owners is 115,000, but some of their holdings are mere town-sections, and those who pay the Land-Tax are 18,500. To supplement taxation on land a tax on all incomes not directly drawn from land was levied. With an exemption of incomes below \$1,500 per annum (and a deduction to this amount from all incomes) the tax affects the whole population. The revenue from this source last year was \$1,005,000. With the repeal of the hateful tax on improvements (therefore on industry and enterprise) came also a new departure. We have already seen the conditions into which mortgaging the freehold had brought many small farmers. To relieve the pressure the State by pledging its security raised large sums at low interest, and this money was loaned to settlers at the same rate as the Government paid for it plus the small sum necessary to pay for administration and to supply a sinking-fund by the aid of which in a few years the debt is extinguished. The old exorbitant Shylock-mortgages were paid off, and a novel era of prosperity dawned in the rural districts. The new Ministry were imbued with modern ideas as to the land of the colony no longer being allowed

to drift into private hands; hence or by though the sale of freehold land never entirely ceased, every encouragement was given in preference to lease instead of sale. The capital value of Crown Lands being estimated, rents were fixed on the basis of a low interest on such imaginary capital, and this set intending settlers free to use their ready cash for stock, fences, buildings, etc., instead of paying away all their ready money for land and then mortgaging the soil to the money-lender for means to cultivate their new possession. All kinds of fancy leasehold-tenures, leases in perpetuity, perpetual leases, village settlements, small-farm settlements, etc., etc., were promoted, and the occupation of the forest-lands proceeded rapidly. Still, however, the supply fell short; farmers' sons needed an outlet for their energies, families were everywhere increasing, and the areas of available land decreasing. The resumption of some of the fertile estates (held almost as principalities) was desirable. To effect this a most effective wedge was introduced by means of the Land-Tax. Any landed proprietor who objects to the Government valuer's estimate is asked to state his own valuation, and the Government can then take possession at that price with ten per cent. added. This not only prevents evasion of the Land-Tax and much moral injury to the proprietor through temptation to under-value his own property for such tax purposes, but has enabled the Government to break up large estates and divide them among many willing hands. On one estate so acquired (the Cheviot estate) the land which a few years ago only supported a dozen shepherds is now covered with homesteads giving occupation and nourishment to about two thousand people. Other large properties are also bought by the State for subdivision, but these are purchased in the open market by treaty with those wishing to sell. Such subdivided lands are never parted with as freehold; the State does not intend to have again to purchase them after they have been re-condensed by the wealthy

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into single estates; they are leased and the fee-simple remains with the Crown. The money for purchasing such "Lands for Settlement," as they are called, is not produced by the colonial revenue; a separate fund is raised for this purpose, and the improved lands are held as security for the lenders, backed by the State guarantee for the payment of interest from the rents. Up to the present about \$21,500,000 has been advanced on a security of \$39,000,000. The assistance such a measure has given to the development and the agricultural prosperity of the whole colony cannot be measured in words.

Leaving awhile the consideration of legislation devoted to the encouragement of rural pursuits, we will turn to that affecting mainly the centers of population. The most original as well as the most trenchant was that which has become celebrated—(or notorious—as the reader pleases) under the name used for it in the United States as "Compulsory Arbitration." Its principles are so well known and its advantages have been so fully explained by many writers that it would be futile to dilate on arguments already advanced more eloquently. There are, however, some late developments, a description of which may be of interest. The most effective weapon of adverse criticism has had its edge turned. It has been incessantly asserted that State regulation of industry provoked trade disputes, and incidentally stimulated warfare between employer and employed by dissolving the friendly feeling which formerly existed; substituting a position in which only a pecuniary relationship remained. Of course this assertion was based on an utter fallacy. Since the beginning of the nineteenth century there has not existed under the old system of "free-contract" (in reality, despotism tempered by strikes) that idyllic condition of love and trust pictured so ably by the opponents of compulsory arbitration. It is true that in the years immediately succeeding the initiation of our Arbitration Act there were many industrial dis-

putes; because in almost every trade there were old abuses and points of friction which had to be swept away, but even then those disputes bore no resemblance to the frequent and violent *bouleversement* of affairs common under the old system. There was absolutely no comparison between a "dispute" as carried on in a court-room in New Zealand while the business of the trade proceeded uninterrupted, and those upheavals of mad passion which have convulsed social life at Homestead or in Idaho or in Colorado. It is a mockery of words to apply "dispute" to two such immeasurably different processes.

However, even the New Zealand disputes are fast disappearing. The Arbitration Court last year had only twenty-five industrial disputes brought before it. There were on the other hand one hundred and twenty-five cases of breach of award, and so the cry that "the New Zealand Arbitration Court is congested and choked with work" is still heard abroad. In the colony we know better. If there were no breaches of the law there would be at present little for the Court to do, and it is to be hoped that as fair employers learn to understand that it is the reckless competitor, the "industrial pirate" upon whom alone the law lays its hand, they will give more unstinted support to the principle of arbitration. If many breaches occur even now, under terror of fine and exposure, what must the condition of the worker have been when he had not the power of the State at his back to see that he received a living wage, and also to make sure that it was paid to him without deductions or filchings?

The cost of the administration of the Act last year was £14,400, and, in comparison with the heavy loss which was entailed by the old system of publicly fighting out trade-questions, the money spent in working the Arbitration Act is the most successful legislative investment a nation ever made for itself.

It has been asserted that the Act works against employers and tends "to drive

capital out of the country." It is true that in about eight cases out of ten the award had gone in favor of the workers, or in some way ameliorated their condition, but there was undoubtedly good reason for judgments so delivered after the evidence had been fully weighed by a tribunal presided over by a Judge of the Supreme Court. That the Act has injuriously affected the interests of capital is disproven in a multitude of ways. Not only did the number of persons employed in manufactures more than double itself in the last nine years, but the number of factories and the values of plant, buildings, etc., used in manufacture enormously increased. In the capital city, Wellington, the rating values of property rose till they stand to-day \$15,000,000 higher than they did ten years ago. The exports of the colony steadily increased in value annually, as the following table sets out, using round figures:

Year.	Exports.	Year.	Exports.
1895.....	\$42,500,000	1900.....	\$66,000,000
1896.....	46,500,000	1901.....	64,000,000
1897.....	50,000,000	1902.....	68,000,000
1898.....	52,500,000	1903.....	75,000,000
1899.....	59,500,000		

I do not know of any other country in the world whose exports have (approximately) doubled in value in ten years. Capitalists in the colony must have a strong vein of philanthropy in their composition if they employ twice as many hands, pay twice as much for rates, and export twice as much in value, just to pamper the working-classes and not at all for their own profit. If the Labor Laws of New Zealand are inimical to capital, capital seems to thrive and grow fat in a marvelous way under their adverse influence.

One of the fairest and most logical measures of legislation yet passed in New Zealand is the Workmen's Compensation for Accident Act. Under the old statute named "Employers' Liability" before damages could be obtained by a person industrially injured (or claimed by his relatives) it was necessary to prove that

the employer had by negligence or by faulty machinery, scaffolding, etc., contributed to the accident. This was always difficult and often impossible. There is a certain number of accidents (easily averaged by statisticians) sure to take place among industrial workers every year, and formerly it was the worker who had to bear not only the risk and pain of accident but the loss of wages during illness and the medical expenses—perhaps his relatives had to pay the undertaker. The principle of reform on which New Zealand acted was to assume that it was neither by the wish nor by the conduct of either employer or worker that accidents happen, but that nevertheless a steady percentage of accidents occur. They are incidental to production and the business which yields the profit should bear this part of the expense of production. Therefore a sum must be paid to every injured worker (unless it can be proved that he willfully tried to injure himself), and, if the result of the accident is fatal a lump sum is to be paid to his relatives. There is not the slightest inference drawn that the employer is at fault; a bread-winner has been struck off the list temporarily or permanently, and, so far as money can meet such an emergency, his loss must be made good by the business in which he worked. There is a maximum of \$2,000 payable by Act, but the form the compensation usually takes is that of half-pay for a definite time, commuted for a lump sum if the injury is permanent. The Arbitration Court adjudicates in compensation cases.

Of course some effort had to be made to minimize the loss to the employer. The old "Employers' Liability Act" was left unrepealed, in order that under it cases wherein the employer had wantonly endangered the lives of his men could be proceeded with. But to meet the position of the careful employer whose business (a small one, perhaps) might be ruined by a heavy call through accident to his men and then heavy compensation, the scope of the Government Life Insur-

ance Department was extended so as to include accident insurance, thus compelling any combination of existing Accident Insurance Companies to keep their tariffs down to reasonable premium value. The advantage to artisans and laborers arising from such governmental institutions can hardly be computed. The worker who has previously paid his dues in the Friendly Society for ordinary sickness, burial allowance, etc., and has also paid his trade-union fees is spared the added burden of accident insurance while the onus of expense for accidents is transferred to the whole body of the employers in his particular trade, since the amount of premiums rise and fall with the risks of occupation in that business. If, for instance, in the lumber business there should be many accidents this year there will be a heavier premium payable for accident insurance in that trade next year; thus the burden is made light by falling on many shoulders, and not on any one person. In the United States the old system of Employers' Liability is still, I understand, the only statute of compensation extant in such cases. In it there is an evasion of responsibility through the shifty doctrine of "common employment," and this weakness really discounts a large proportion of the high wages paid in the States, since if accident happens the blame is often thrown on some brother-employee, and compensation thus evaded. With us there is no question of blame concerning anyone; only of assistance to the injured. "Common employment" can never be a just plea until the worker has as much choice in selecting his companions in toil as the employer now has; that is to say, till he can find some utopia of coöperation.

It is to New Zealanders generally and to Mr. Seddon in particular that the world owes the practical example of providing pensions for the worn-out soldiers of industry. In many countries and for many years there have existed systems of relief for aged and destitute persons, some of the deadly barren nature of the

English Poor-Law; others, like the Compulsory Old-Age Insurance, favored (just before elections) in Britain, and practiced in Germany. Of the former there are few defenders and few advocates, while the latter suffered from the disadvantage of being viewed in the colony with keen and unprejudiced eyes. It has its good points, doubtless, for those who profit by it, but could not hide its shameful nakedness when seeking admission among the democrats of the South Seas. Compulsory Old-Age Insurance is a subtle scheme whereby the burden of the helpless old people of a nation is removed from the shoulders of the wealthy portion of the taxpayers and transferred to those of the working-classes. In a phrase, it is the system of "making the poor keep the poor." Under it, theoretically the young workman has, out of his small wages, to subscribe for a future pension, which he may possibly live long enough to obtain, but, what he does practically is, by his subscriptions to keep alive some old man, as in time other young men of his class will subscribe for him, if he is lucky enough to keep soul and body together long enough to draw his pension. It is a scheme as ingenious as it is heartless. The principle was rejected with scorn as soon as it was set in its true light before the colonists. Older countries, from which millions flow like water for trade-wars or to approve some sentiment of nationality, may pretend that funds are not forthcoming for the nourishment of those out of whom no more profit can be wrung, but New Zealand decided that an attempt should at least be made to remove this scandal from our midst. Of course the upholders of "thrift" (in other people) were fierce in their opposition to the idea that the unsuccessful in a pecuniary sense had a right to own a stomach or a shelter, but, after a succession of the most exhausting parliamentary struggles in the annals of the colony, the Old-Age Pension Act became law. The cost of providing the pensions has not increased in the proportion formerly prophesied by the op-

ponents of the measure. The new pensions granted last year only affect 27 per cent. of the population while the previous year the figures came to 37 per cent. and the year before that 43 per cent. This decrease arises mainly from the better system of enquiry made into the correctness of claims; the doubtful cases being weeded out in the light of complete investigation. The net charge for pensions this year is \$1,016,820, being a decrease on the previous year of \$81,000.

I shall say little on one most important factor in the growth and nourishment of liberal ideas, *viz.*, our admission of women to full political suffrage, because to those who wish to act honestly no argument in favor of Woman's Franchise is needed. That men during centuries of political growth should have refused to avail themselves of that reservoir of intelligence, moral purity and common-sense which they possess in their womankind, and which they freely exploit in all other conditions of social existence, seems to argue a blindness or obliquity of reasoning power almost incredible if it were not common in many countries.

A multitude of smaller Acts exist for the encouragement of industries, for the settlement of the land, and for the protection of the working-classes. Under the latter I may mention that workers must be paid in cash, not in goods or by a "set-off"; payment of such wages must not be made in any place where intoxicants are sold. Wages must be paid within twenty-four hours of demand; they are a first-charge on all moneys owing to a contractor; the property worked on can be placed under lien till wages are paid, therefore an owner must see that his contractor liquidates his wage-bill before paying any other expenses. Up to \$10 a week a worker's wage may not be hypothecated or alienated in advance for debt, lest the wife and family should starve. No deductions of any kind are allowed to be made from a worker's earnings, such as on pretence of insuring him, etc., etc. A man is not allowed to will away his prop-

erty unless his will makes due provision for his wife and family. If shearers are employed proper sleeping accommodation must be provided, and if a domestic servant obtains a situation through a registry-office she can only be charged a regulation fee therefor.

It is, however, not through legislative measures alone that democracy in New Zealand expresses itself. It has by the medium of State departments and institutions done most for the welfare of the people. The railways are public property and are run on the principle that any profits accruing above maintenance and the interest on the cost of construction should be distributed generally by reduction of fares and freights. Concessions for the amount of \$3,050,000 have already been thus made. Farmers are helped considerably by the railways, by means of such items as the free carriage of lime (for manure), of fruit-boxes, etc. There is no possibility under such a system of any abuses, "preferential rates," "discriminations," etc., as with private companies and syndicates. The telegraph and telephone systems are also State property, and financiers cannot manipulate them in the interests of individuals or corporations. I am well aware what delicate and mined ground I approach when venturing to speak of "Trusts," but I do not intend to make any statement concerning the advantage or disadvantage of combinations in business. I may, however, observe that trusts affecting the necessities of life are fiercely resented in the Colony. The State has already "nationalized" one coal-mine. Just as the Russian government, finding that private monopoly affected adversely the public capabilities of transit in withholding supplies of petroleum for the oil-burning steamers, by Imperial ukase acquired oil wells at Baku and controlled selling prices thereby, so does the New Zealand Government check the possibility of extortionate prices being demanded by offering coal at a little above cost of production, if necessary. With the first

shipment of State coal the market price of other coal dropped \$1.25 per ton. How it is proposed to deal with other "trust" questions the legislation of the present parliamentary Session will declare.

Of the Government Life Insurance Department I have already made incidental mention, but I may add that it not only offers its policies at a low premium but has the security of the State behind it as its guarantee to investors. By competing in the open with ordinary insurance companies it prevents any combination keeping up excessive rates. Another institution made secure by the State is the Public Trust Office. Older civilizations have through its weaker members suffered sorely from the "fraudulent-trustee" evil. It does not need to be descanted on; we have all known the old maiden lady or the widow and children reduced from comfort to abject penury by the life-long friend or the legal adviser of the family, who has disappeared on account of the trust property having dissolved under the magic touches of fraud or folly. In New Zealand a Government officer of good legal acquirements is guardian, executor, trustee, adviser and investor all in one. Businesses are managed for minors, estates wound up, titles examined, fair interest paid to legatees and all at trifling cost to the citizen. Almost every person in the colony deposits his will with the Public Trustee, and leaves his affairs in the hands of a State official with the utmost confidence, knowing that there is no possibility of his property being wasted by maladministration.

Our export trade was found to be suffering by the acts of individuals whose bulk deliveries were not according to sample or were very unequal. It may be that a seller of flax who placed good fiber outside a bale and poor stuff inside was afflicted, like Rudyard Kipling's great ape, with "too much Ego in his Cosmos," but often inferior goods were the outcome of ignorance or laziness. This was particularly the case with butter, which, made by different people and under differ-

ent circumstances, varied through many degrees of badness when delivered in London. The New Zealand Government encouraged the growth of Dairy Factories and Creameries everywhere, appointed officers to grade the butter and cheese, with the result that the trade grew from dealing with a few uncertain hundredweights to a certain business of hundreds of tons annually. So also State graders were appointed for flax, and agents were sent out to find new markets. Lines of steamers were subsidized to encourage trade. Dairy and poultry experts, veterinary surgeons and others were sent about the country, lecturing and explaining to farmers the mysteries of breeding and nurturing stock, fighting diseases of animals, rearing poultry, distributing choice eggs, improving generally all kinds of creatures bred on farms. Even prize bulls and stallions were imported by Government to be at the service of farmers on a small payment, thus greatly improving the breeds of cattle and horses. At the same time the Agricultural Department distributed seeds and rare or useful plants, inspected orchards for insect pests, examined all imported fruit for the same reason, tested milk for distribution, instructed regarding noxious weeds, etc. There is little wonder that exports have increased when so much fostering care has been used, not only to get land occupied and cropped, but to supply land-holders with every inducement to success that encouragement and help can give.

The Public Health Department watches over the safety of the citizens in a hundred different ways; it prevents the landing of patients suffering from diseases such as small-pox or tuberculosis, examines the sanitation of towns, vaccinates free of charge, etc. The Labor Department administers the laws respecting the workers generally and has especially the care of the "unemployed," 34,000 of whom have been helped to find employment in the last twelve years. Factories, shops, shearing-sheds, etc., are under close super-

vision as to sanitation, etc., the working-hours, earnings, payment for overtime, etc., of women and young persons being all sedulously guarded. The Inspectors of Factories are also Inspectors of Awards under the Arbitration Act and institute proceedings for breaches of the awards; it not having been found desirable to leave such proceedings to be initiated by the officers of trade-unions who were often marked for discharge from employment if they made themselves conspicuous even when in the right. There are many other departments deserving mention, and of great practical use, but space fails me.

The secret attending the measure of success New Zealand has hitherto enjoyed has resided in the word "organization." That principle, which in the United States has been so admirably exemplified in control of expenses and materials by the trusts, is in this colony turned into a State implement, used, not for the emolument of a few shareholders or for amassing gigantic private fortunes, but devoted to the uplifting of the whole community. The prosperity of the colony is not to be attributed to the labor-laws, nor to the land-laws, nor to com-

mercial enterprise, but to all three directed in unison for the public good. It is "the government by the people for the people." I have endeavored to show some of the many methods in which the State has dared to interfere with "the liberty of the subject" in the true interests of democracy. Where one man or a few men have barred the way against progress of the community he or they have had to succumb—often to the ultimate advantage of the temporary loser. The large sums of money borrowed abroad have been spent on reproductive works, and are more like invested capital than debts. The wonderful advance of the colony, the elastic springing step with which the weight of taxation is carried, shows that the apparent burden is in reality a help instead of a hinderance; it is but the pressure necessary to make the locomotive grip the rails. Or, to use a closer metaphor, the colony is like a pioneer farmer carrying on his shoulders his bag of seed-corn; his load contains the future bread of his wife and children, and the promise of bountiful harvests in years to come.

EDWARD TREGEAR.

Wellington, New Zealand.

INHUMAN TREATMENT OF PRISONERS IN MASSACHUSETTS.

By G. W. GALVIN, M.D.,

Physician-in-Chief to the Emergency Hospital, Boston, Massachusetts.

"We do not take possession of our ideas, but are possessed by them; they master us and force us into the arena, where, like gladiators, we must fight for them."

THESE words of the great German poet express a great truth of which few of us are fully cognizant. Philosophers advance the theory that the egoistic motive of personal advantage is the strongest determining factor in man's actions. Plausible as this view appears, it is not, I believe, borne out by history or actual

experience. It is not conscious reasoning which determines our actions, but sentiment and feeling. The reason performs a function similar to that exercised by a governor or president, who executes the decrees of the legislative body; but the legislative body can and often does impose its will upon the executive. So do sentiment and a half-conscious feeling of imperative duty often sway the mind and will of man. I make these introductory observations for the benefit of those who have ascribed all kinds of motives to the

work I have undertaken, some saying that I aspired to be Mayor of Boston and others that I was seeking to advertise my hospital.

Every physician comes in contact with a great deal of human misery. Some shrink from it. I have a hospital which is of course intended to relieve and cure physical ailments; but physical and mental disorders are often interrelated, and in my daily labors there comes to my mind quite often the exclamation of Goethe: "The misery of humanity touches my heart!"

In the article published in the November ARENA I gave an outline of the general conditions and workings of the legal and penal machinery in the United States. In the present paper I shall picture conditions as they appear in Massachusetts, one of the oldest and supposedly most advanced States in the Union.

In one of the official reports I find the statement that over twenty-five thousand persons are discharged annually from the various penal institutions of this commonwealth. Many of this number find their way to my hospital and unfold their tale of misery. For years and years I listened. Heart and soul were touched and stirred, but for a time it seemed that nothing could be done. The struggle appeared hopeless. Still week by week the tales of wretchedness and wrong were laid before me, and I became convinced that in the prison at Charlestown—a suburb of Boston, in which I myself was born—were existing evils even worse than in other institutions; at least they were apparently so bad that I felt I could no longer remain silent in the presence of what seemed to me to be conclusive evidence of unjustifiable conditions, and I determined to arouse if possible the conscience and sympathy of the public in behalf of the most unfortunate members of society,—the men and women under the wheels of our legal and penal machinery.

I collected material evidence not only illustrating harsh prison discipline, but of inhuman and illegally brutal behavior of

officials in the prison. I laid my charges before the Governor of the Commonwealth. He at first showed me every consideration and promised an investigation and the correction of abuses if any existed. Later, however, he changed his attitude, rejecting my evidence because it was chiefly composed of the testimony of ex-convicts. He stated, however, that if I could substantiate my charges by the testimony of unimpeachable witnesses he would act immediately, and he promised his official protection to any witnesses whom I might summon. I secured the testimony of two prison officials, one of them a prominent Freemason, a degree higher in that order than the Governor himself; the other a good Catholic church-member. The Governor, however, failed to grant the investigation which I was led to believe would be granted.* I next laid the charges before the District-Attorney and the Grand Jury, but the charges were returned without comment. Instead of the promised investigation, veiled threats and efforts at intimidation were employed against myself. Two newspapers in close touch with the administration published on the same day a statement that if Dr. Galvin ever succeeded in getting any court in the state to listen to his charges, the Governor would then have criminal charges filed against the Doctor. What shall be said of the position of a Governor of Massachusetts who allows newspapers

*How well His Excellency, the Governor, kept his promise of granting an investigation and giving protection to my witnesses was shown from the fact that the officers who had testified were promptly given to understand that they would be discharged so clearly that their resignation was practically compulsory, thus allowing my witnesses to be removed after he had pledged himself to protect them. And instead of the investigation promised, threats were made against myself as coming from him, in the papers that are recognized as *en rapport* with the State administration, as indicated above; and these threats were not denied by His Excellency. Therefore I am justified in assuming that the papers were authorized to publish them with a view if possible to intimidating me and preventing the agitation which would compel a public investigation and the revelations of barbarous, inhuman and illegal punishments.

assuming to speak for him to thus attempt to prevent a thorough investigation of grave charges against officials in state institutions? If the alleged abuses have not taken place, why should the Governor and the state officials shrink from an investigation? If I am guilty of any criminal offence, why should any failure on my part to compel an investigation render me immune from the merited punishment? Could public officials occupy a more equivocal or reprehensible position?

I will now give the reader some of the evidence which I laid before the Governor, the District-Attorney and the Grand Jury:

EXTRACTS FROM AFFIDAVIT OF REUBEN JOHNSON, GIVEN MARCH 24, 1904.*

"I was a runner in Cherry Hill about three years, from June, 1897, to about May, 1901. I came out because officer ——— and I could n't get along—because he insisted upon my beating and clubbing prisoners in solitary confinement. I tried to get out of that position the year before because I had been forced by ———, ——— officer in the wing—to take part in clubbing men in solitary confinement. The beatings were inflicted to prevent the prisoners in solitary from making noise when other prisoners were in the upper tier, and attracting attention.

"These brutalities were always inflicted in the day time when the shop men were out at work in a distant building. ——— was the day officer and ——— was the night officer. When a man in solitary made a noise in the night ——— would report him over the telephone to the central office; thereupon officers would come

down and take out the man, put him in dark solitary, in the Block, and trim him up well by beating him with a club and by kicking him with their feet and by striking him with their fists. They punished men for other things besides noise.

"The solitary cells, in addition to iron-barred doors, have a solid wood door with a sliding peep-hole. When a man would be taking exercise, as for instance rolling on the floor, or turning summersaults, or doing other things to get physical exercise, as they had no chance to go out excepting about fifteen or twenty minutes once a week on Wednesday, in the little space attached to the cell, without a roof—and only allowed this if they had not been punished. If a man got troublesome and was going insane from solitary confinement they would take him —i. e., ———, ——— or ——— —to the bath-room and turn the shower-bath overhead on with cold water, and fasten the hose on the faucet and play the hose on him. If the man attempted to escape by running through the door, ——— would kick him with his heavy boots and send him back in the room, sometimes cursing.

"When the hose was turned on the coldness and the force of the water on the naked man was so great that the man's teeth chattered and he would holler so he would be heard all over the place. The hose had a brass nozzle and the force would almost cut him up.

"They put men in solitary confinement who they claimed went around and run down the warden and administration; and if a man wanted to write to the Governor, and they got his letter, they planted him.

"They beat a man named Green, a colored man, in solitary while I was there. I saw it—I was forced to help, and had to clean up the blood after them. This Green was sent to Bridgewater [the State Asylum for Insane Criminals]. They licked them for being unruly, as they said. I never saw any one who deserved the

*[In the publication of these extracts from the various affidavits we have omitted the names of officials, as it is not our purpose or desire to indulge in personalities. We merely wish to arouse the conscience of Massachusetts until it shall protest against the inhuman conditions which are alleged to prevail. Of course in the affidavits as they were laid before the Governor and the Grand Jury, it was necessary that the names of officials should be given.—Editor of THE ARENA.]

abuse they gave them. I think I was dusting the first morning they tackled him. He sent his book to the prison library to be changed. After the new book came back from the library he saw it was one he had read. The officer, ———, said, 'Keep the book and read it; we won't change no more books for you to-day.' One word brought on another, until the officer said, 'I won't change your book, and if you say anything more I will have you out of there!' Green told him, 'You are not man enough!' ——— drew his club and struck him on the head. By that time ——— came, and it was all up with Green. They both clubbed him, and I had to go after the Deputy at the beginning of the trouble. ——— came because the Deputy ordered me to call him.

"This is only one instance of what occurred every few days. There were more men beaten than I can tell.

"I never saw a man die in a solitary cell, but I have seen men beaten and sent to Bridgewater, where they died shortly after. I have seen every cell full; I mean light and dark solitary, both; on an average of eight or ten a week in the dark solitary. Officer Fuller has charge of the dark solitary cells. Fuller is a pretty square man—he is all right. I knew Bebro—I ought to—I fed him enough. At the time Harris cut the Deputy, Bebro was in Cherry Hill 'plant' in solitary confinement. I used to bring traces from the harness-shop for Bebro to stitch. Bebro was quiet, and his only complaint was that he wanted to get back to the shop. The Deputy would refuse his request, and when the Deputy left Bebro would sit there and cry.

"The Deputy would go to the cell and give him a tongue-lashing for trying to send letters to the Governor and Commissioners.

"——— would make it a common practice to go to the slide in the door of the solitary cell and say 'Ha, ha! What are you doing now?'

"I remember Levi Brigham was beaten and almost killed.

"I make this statement freely and voluntarily, knowing there are three years hanging over me under my maximum sentence, and now do so because it may help those who are still confined there.

"I know from experience that the majority of men who have undergone solitary confinement become insane. If you take a man and lock him up for two or three years, and not let him see anyone, my goodness! why would n't he go 'buggy'?

"I have known of men being sent to Bridgewater and being returned again as not insane.

"I expect the friends of justice will protect me from any harm on account of my making this statement.

"(Signed) REUBEN JOHNSON.

"Sworn to before Ira B. Forbes, Notary Public, Boston, Mass."

AFFIDAVIT OF LEVI BRIGHAM, GIVEN
APRIL 18, 1904.

"I was sentenced from Boston by Judge Braley, August 13, 1895, upon a straight sentence of seven years for stealing an article of clothing (coat). I had a previous court-record. My term expired August 13, 1902; if I had been given the benefit of good time it would have expired in June, 1901.

"Shortly before the expiration of my term, Warden ———, who had confined me in perpetual solitary for two years, caused me to be declared insane and sent me to the Bridgewater prison of insane criminals on January 22, 1902. I was placed in solitary confinement June 13, 1899, and was kept in solitary two years and seven months,—that is, from June 13, 1899, to January 22, 1902, the date of my transfer to Bridgewater in company with Joseph Bebro, another man, who was formerly an attorney in New York. We were taken there by Officer ———, assistant deputy of the prison.

"Previous to my confinement in per-

petual solitary in Cherry Hill, I was twice punished in the dungeon for objecting to carry some letters for one of the officers. I thought he was imposing upon me, as it was no part of my work to carry his letters. I said, 'Why do you impose upon me?' and added in fun, 'I may throw your letters away.' Because of this I was charged with insolence and punished in dark solitary on bread and water and with a plank to sleep on for seven days. The second time I was put in dark solitary in the dungeon came about in this way: A man named James Dobson, who worked in the same shop I did, slapped an officer named ——— in the face, and they took him off that work and put him in confinement in Cherry Hill. They gave me his work. I did not like it, and I told the instructor he ought to have left me alone on my own work, as I was doing well enough. I worked on the new work two days and did not do it very well. They punished me for this by putting me six days in the dungeon in the Block.

"I was placed in perpetual solitary for the following reason: Because I had been punished by being placed in dark solitary, as I considered unjustly, I sent for the Deputy Warden of the prison . . . who has charge of discipline, and I said to him, 'You have punished me unjustly.' Some words followed, and I said, 'You are a — — — — —.' For this I was thrown into dark solitary and held there two years and seven months. In June, 1899, after I had been in solitary twelve days, ——— came to my cell in Cherry Hill and taunted me and said, 'Brigham, who is a — — — — — now?' He said to ——— when he was through nagging me, 'String him up,' meaning to have me hung up by my thumbs. ——— said, 'No, I'll find a way to fix him,' but ——— did nothing to me.

"On March 29, 1900, about six P. M., ——— being in charge of Cherry Hill, ——— came to the peek-hole in the wooden door of my solitary cell, and I took that opportunity to complain of Officer ——— who had charge of Cherry Hill at

night, and I said I wanted protection from ———. ——— was angry in a moment; he is a very hasty man and does not like to have a prisoner criticise an officer or say he is badly treated. He said to ——— who was with him, 'Take him down to the Block.' The Block is where the dark dungeon cells are. I objected to going, as I had done nothing. When ——— got me into the dungeon he struck me on the head with a club and kicked me in the side. He got me down and got on me with both knees on my breast. He is a heavy man, over six feet high and weighing over 250 pounds. ——— saw ——— strike and kick me. A prisoner named Frank Rice heard me plead. A man named Finley who came from Brockton also heard me.

"After this assault they kept me nineteen months more in solitary. Ten days before I was sent to Bridgewater I sent for Deputy Warden ——— to come and see me, and thinking I could say something to make him feel better toward me. After my talk with him and within ten days he shipped me to Bridgewater, which was, as I have stated, January 22, 1902.

"August 13, 1902, I sent a statement from Bridgewater by letter to Judge Braley, but from which I never heard anything.

"(Signed) LEVI BRIGHAM.

"Sworn to before Ira B. Forbes, Notary Public, Boston, Mass."

STATEMENT OF FORMER OFFICER
LAWRENCE E. KIELY.

"On August 5, 1904, while doing night duty in the yard, Dick Powell [a life-prisoner] spoke to me through his window. He said he had heard that a good deal was being said in the papers about him beating prisoners, and asked me what he should do. I told him he only did what he was told to do and could not help it, and that if an investigation was held for him to tell the truth and then he would have nothing to fear. August 11, as I came on duty was told I was wanted in

the office. The gentlemen who represented themselves as prison commissioners asked me if I was in the habit of talking to prisoners. I told them, 'Yes, in the line of duty.'

"Then I told them that if they were members of the prison commission I would tender them my resignation. It was accepted and I received my salary to that date.

"On July 30, 1895, I was detailed to do duty in Cherry Hill as night officer. Among the number of prisoners under my charge was one Le Dona Diego who repeatedly informed me at night that he had been beaten and the hose turned on him, and his condition verified his statement. One evening during the winter of 1896-97, when I reported for duty, the deputy informed me that if John T. Pyne made a disturbance to notify the guards and he would send a man to quiet him.

"About seven-thirty P. M. Pyne began to shout and make a noise. I notified the guard-room and in a few minutes Officer ——— came to Cherry Hill and wanted to see Pyne. I took him to his cell. ——— told me to open his door. I did so. ——— punched him about the head and chest, Pyne crying out during the time. He then took him to the bath-room. I followed. ——— made him undress, forced him under the shower, asked me to pass him pails of water. I passed him three, each of which he dashed in Pyne's face. Pyne continued to cry out. ——— grabbed him by the ears, pulled him out of the bath-closet and pounded his head against the wall eight or ten times, saying, 'Now will you be quiet?' Pyne said, 'No.' Then ——— struck him with his fist repeatedly on the face and on the body, then made him dress and took him back, put him in the dark solitary, telling me to get a bucket. While getting the bucket I heard Pyne cry out, 'Oh, Mr. ———, you are a brutal man.' When I got to the solitary cell-door I found Pyne in a state of collapse. ——— said, 'I guess he'll keep quiet now; put him back in his cell.' I did so.

"George Dombroucki was placed in permanent solitary October 3, 1895. During the night of October 15th he commenced to shout out, fearing he was going to be clubbed. He was taken out and put in dark solitary. At five A. M., on the morning of the fifteenth he asked me to intercede with the deputy not to have him clubbed. On the morning of the seventeenth he was found hanging in the dark solitary, dead.

"Patrick J. Hanley was admitted to the prison October 30, 1895. He was taken straight to dark solitary. I was told to watch him. Three days after he was placed in light solitary, and left naked night and day for nearly a week, without any furnishings in his cell. He was repeatedly punished and eventually sent to Bridgewater as insane, January 16, 1902.

"The lower tier of cells in Cherry Hill is used for permanent solitary, but the upper tier is used for prisoners who have outside influence, or who are pets of the deputy or who are working for him privately.

"(Signed) LAWRENCE E. KIELY.

"Sworn to before Anson M. Lyman, Justice of the Peace, Boston, Mass."

STATEMENT OF FORMER OFFICER
GEORGE O. J. HARCOURT.

"During the month of April, while doing night duty, Dick Powell, the lifeman, stopped me while making my rounds in the yard, and said, 'I hear there is a lot in the papers about me helping Mr. ——— to beat prisoners, but I only did what I was told to do. What shall I do if there is an investigation, as I do n't want to get into any trouble?' I said, 'Dick, tell the truth; that is the best thing for you to do.'

"Mr. H. Parkman, with A. H. Wellman, two of the commissioners, came over to the prison. I was asked if I had been talking to prisoners, and I explained as above. They said I had broken Rule 8, Section 9, and I resigned.

"I have in my possession a copy of a

patent issued from the Patent-Office at Washington, which read thus: 'Benjamin McLaughlin of Boston, Mass., assignor to himself and ———, of said place, musical instrument, Patent Number 591,288, patented October 5, 1897; application filed December 17, 1896, serial number 615,999, no model.'

"This Benjamin McLaughlin was a prisoner in the state prison, serving a sentence of five years under the name of Daniel Kelley, committed to the prison November 15, 1895, discharged February 15, 1900, and ——— was and is still the deputy warden. Thus we have a deputy warden of the state prison in partnership with a convict.

"I was put in charge of the carpenter's shop about January 26, 1901, and was there about 21 months. During that time there was one or more prisoners working continually for the deputy, making carved clock-cases, dressing-tables, tables and other fancy pieces of furniture, not one of which was ever charged against him in the book kept in each shop for that purpose. I had a large show-case made in the carpenter's shop. When it was finished I was told to pay the deputy, and I paid him \$24.75 cash.

"——— was brought on from the West and given the position of shipping clerk and purchasing agent for the prisoners, but his exorbitant charges to prisoners for things he bought them, amounting to from 50 to 300 per cent., became such a scandal that that part of his work was taken away from him, as the prisoners were continually complaining of the way he was cheating them.

"Until recently the yard officers conducted visitors through the prison, but now the warden does most of it himself, so that he can fill them up with a glowing account of the way he is running the prison. The prison is honey-combed with 'stool-pigeons' or pets, and in passing through the shops the warden will call one of these men and say, 'Well, do you get enough to eat; are you well treated; any complaints to make?' And

of course the answer is, 'No sir,' and consequently the visitor finds everything all right—that is, according to the warden and his tools.

"In the *Sunday Post* of July 10, 1904, we have a full-page report of 'Jane Eyre' giving her glowing account as pictured to her by the warden. She says, 'the lock-step has been abolished.' It has not. Again she says, 'The cells are light and cheerful with their snowy bunk and bureau.' She was not shown the top corridors where the cells are dark and dreary and the prisoners would smile at the 'bureau.'

"Again, she passed to the kitchen and says, 'As for the chicken soup served to me in a little bowl and sipped with an enormous spoon, it certainly was made with chicken and not bone.' Now if she did taste it, I am sorry for the ignorance of a woman who does not know the difference between stewed neck of mutton and chicken soup, but I will give her the credit that she did not taste it, but the warden told her it was chicken soup.

"My first experience of doing duty in Cherry Hill was when I was sent to do vacation duty in the summer of 1900. While I was doing Officer ——'s duty there, Robert J. Cody, a life prisoner (who had been in perpetual solitary since September 15, 1897, and who was sent to Bridgewater as insane January 16, 1902) was caught looking out of his windows while the other prisoners were going to the bucket grounds. He was put in dark solitary on bread and water.

"Again, in doing duty in Cherry Hill in the summer of 1903, on the first Sunday Samuel Goldstein (a Jew who had been in perpetual solitary since December 15, 1902, and was sent to Bridgewater as insane March 24, 1904) was not brought out to bathe with the rest of the prisoners. I afterwards asked Dick Powell the reason, and he told me as follows: 'I was sitting in the office with Mr. ——, when —— said, 'I guess I'll go and give Goldstein a licking.' Powell said, 'What for? He has n't done anything.'

'Well,' said ———, 'somebody up there made a noise, and I guess I'll lick him for it.' ——— clubbed him over the head unmercifully, knocking him down and cutting his head open in many places.

"After he saw how dreadfully he had clubbed him he was afraid to send for the doctor, so a bottle of shellac that Powell had in his cell was used to stop up the cuts in Goldstein's head, and his clothes which were saturated with blood, were hidden for about two weeks, till an opportunity came to burn them secretly.

"Salvator Sollerin, an Italian, 57 years old, was in the hospital from November 21st to the 30th, 1903. He was a very sick man the January following. He reported himself sick, but he was sent back to work. On January 19, 1904, at noon time, he reported himself sick again. He was sent back to the shop to work. Sollerin was just able to crawl back to his cell at supper time. Albert A. Thomas died in his cell February 7, 1901, without medical attendance, crying out just before he died, 'For God's sake, get me help and do n't let me die like a dog.'

"On February 16, 1904, charges were sent to Governor Bates by a prominent citizen and tax-payer of Boston concerning the cruelties practiced in the state prison. The citizen in question took me to the Governor at his office in the State House on Saturday, April 2d, last. There the Governor questioned me and I told him all I knew concerning the state of affairs at the prison. I told him particularly of the clubbing of Goldstein, also that Powell carried a club, and that it was taken away from him on February 6th, the day after the Bebro charges appeared in the papers. The result of my interview with the Governor was that on the following Tuesday Mr. Pettigrove came over to the prison, went to Cherry Hill, and had a long interview with Powell.

"On March 23d, last, the Governor visited the prison unexpectedly, yet it was known by the officials of the prison

before ten A. M. At that time there were two men in dark solitary, named Michael O'Neil and John Moran. They were released at ten A. M. and sent straight back to their respective shops to work.

"In the warden's annual report to the commissioners, January, 1895, in public document No. 24, a sample of his way of proving a saving to the state is shown:

Deficit, 1892-93.....	\$154,224.12	
Deficit, 1893-94.....	139,330.57	\$14,893.55
Salary, 1893-94.....	\$ 72,217.97	
Salary, 1892-93.....	68,851.21	3,366.76
Total saving in deficit.....	\$18,260.31	

"The above figures show his deficit in 1893-94 was \$14,893.55 less than in 1892-93, but his salary list in 1893 and 1894 was \$3,366.76 greater than in 1892 and 1893; yet he adds this \$3,366.76 to the \$14,893.55 and claims he made a saving in the deficiency of \$18,260.31, whereas he should have deducted it and it would have reduced the saving to \$11,526.79, or a difference against him of \$6,733.52.

"(Signed) GEORGE O. J. HARCOURT.
"Sworn to before Ira B. Forbes, Notary Public, Boston, Mass."

The following table containing the record of persons placed in solitary confinement and afterwards sent to the insane asylum is so deeply suggestive that it should be carefully perused by every humane citizen:

Name.	Put in Solitary Confinement.	Sent to Bridgewater.
Le Dona Diego	Sept., 1895	June, 1898
William King.....	July, 1895	June, 1899
George Green.....	Oct., 1895	June, 1900
Patrick H. Hanley.....	Oct., 1895	Jan., 1902
John Hennessy.....	March, 1896	July, 1897
John T. Pyne.....	March, 1896	April, 1897
Charles Smith.....	June, 1896	Feb., 1897
William Good.....	Aug., 1896	Feb., 1897
Timothy Lane.....	Feb., 1897	Dec., 1898
Robert J. Cody.....	Sept., 1897	Jan., 1902
Charles Danseau.....	Jan., 1898	July, 1898
Harry J. Bebro.....	Nov., 1898	Jan., 1902
Levi H. Brigham.....	June, 1899	Jan., 1902
Fred Sturtevant.....	June, 1900	Oct., 1900
George R. Fearly.....	July, 1900	Oct., 1901
America Barnett.....	April, 1902	March, 1903
W. H. Kelley.....	July, 1902	Aug., 1903
Samuel Goldstein.....	Dec., 1903	March, 1904



Photo. by Purdy, Boston.

B. O. FLOWER

THE ARENA



If these men had a tendency toward insanity, long solitary confinement was of all disciplinary punishment the most unsuitable to their condition. If they had not this tendency, solitary confinement must be held responsible for the derangement of the intellect. About eighteen convicts are transferred annually from Charlestown state prison to the asylum for insane criminals.

I have in my possession at least a dozen other sworn statements of similar tenor to those given above, all revealing the cruel and inhuman treatment meted out to the most unfortunate and helpless of our people. But inasmuch as the affidavits of Reuben Johnson and Levi Brigham are strictly typical of others, while the sworn statements of Officers Kiely and Harcourt are corroborative in character, I feel that these will be sufficient to convince our fair-minded and humane citizens that the great Commonwealth of Massachusetts cannot afford to stifle an investigation in the presence of such grave and circumstantial charges, made by men who have long held honored and trusted positions as officials in the prison, as well as by the victims of the higher prison authorities.

When Dr. Samuel G. Howe, the great philanthropist, educator and humanitarian, exposed the conditions in the Cambridge jail, a little over sixty years ago, he was denounced by the press and assailed by the officials until Charles Sumner, who had accompanied him on his investigations, substantiated in the most detailed manner the shameful abuses which the two had witnessed. After Mr. Sumner's statement was published, the public was sufficiently aroused to compel a reformation of the abuses.

When Dorothea Lynde Dix, after two years of patient visiting and investigation of the prisons and alms-houses of Massachusetts, early in the 'forties of the last century, made her astounding and sickening revelations, she was denounced and calumniated by the officials, their friends and partisans, as well as by a large pro-

portion of conservative and conventional society, as a notoriety-seeker, an emotion-alist, and as one who was hysterical and who had exaggerated conditions. Her revelations, however, aroused the conscience of the Old Bay State to such a degree that the most radical reforms in the treatment of the insane followed.

Now I claim that in the face of the above testimony and facts and the mass of corroborative evidence which I have in my possession, the cause of humanity and justice no less than the honor of our state demands a thorough, impartial and searching investigation.

Lest the facts brought out in the statistical tables in my former paper concerning the arrests in Boston and the inmates of the penal institutions of Massachusetts, and the further revelations of existing conditions made in this paper, lead to mistaken and erroneous conclusions, I wish to point out certain important facts which I feel should be emphasized in this connection.

It may be said that Massachusetts is famed for her high intellectual standards and the general excellence of her popular educational system, and that the facts relating to her penal institutions tend to give force to the arraignment systematically made by a large portion of our people during recent years against our popular secular educational system. The public schools of America have been made the scape-goat upon which the blame for lawlessness, crime and evil conditions has been placed, and we have been insistently told that under a system of religious education,—by which is meant a training in which the tenets, religious faith or theological dogmas of certain creeds or beliefs would be taught—would greatly minify crime and lawlessness. Now the facts of history and present-day prevailing conditions do not warrant these conclusions. In my former paper I showed that Naples, the most religious city of Europe, has also the largest number of criminals in proportion to its population. Nor do the conditions in Massachusetts furnish any

legitimate grounds for an arraignment of our popular system of secular education. In justice to the public-school system of America, the free institutions of this republic and the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, no less than the cause of truth, I am reluctantly compelled to say that if we arrange the inmates of our penal institutions according to religion, the Catholics in proportion to the number of inhabitants are most strongly represented; and if we arrange them according to nationality, it is the Irish who furnish the largest contingent. I, who was reared a Catholic and was born of Irish parents, feel compelled to say this, because I place the cause of justice, of truth and of free

institutions above all personal considerations.

I know that by publishing these articles I shall draw upon myself the censure of some of my best friends and closest associates, but I consider myself as free from blame as when, as a physician, I point out to a patient the nature of a disease in order to effect a cure. In penning these papers three pictures stood before my mind: one Christ and the Magdalen; the others the two famous Latin inscriptions, *Justitia est salus reipublicæ* (Justice is the safety of the republic), and *Veritas habetur clara æternaque* (Truth is clear and eternal).

GEORGE W. GALVIN.

Boston, Mass.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF THE LYNCHING MOB.

BY DEAN RICHMOND BABBITT, LL.D.

UNTIL recent years individualism has prevailed so widely in political and social philosophy that what has been called "undivided crime" was little considered by criminologists, just as "collective sin" had been little studied by theologians.

The starting point in the consideration of crimes committed by a group, a gang, as for instance a gang of robbers or a gang of thieves, has been the individual criminal, instead of the social group, band or gang. For years criminology was ego-centric, it moved from the individual ego, the particular man, woman, boy or girl, as its center. The social side of acts committed as an aggregation of individuals was lost sight of, or seemingly remained long undiscovered.

When the French psychologist Taine, drew attention to the psychology of the Jacobins in France, he was entering a comparatively new field. From that study of his to the study of the murderous criminology of mobs is not a long step, and that step has not long been taken.

Let this, then, be fixed in the mind as fundamental to the subject of mobs and lynchings, that a mob has a mind of its own, which is not the aggregate of the mental acts of its individual members, but is a new mental entity, a new mind, a different mind, both in kind and in degree, from the particular minds of the members of the mob.

Before giving the formula of the lynching mob, however, dwell on the tremendous meaning of social activity, as evidenced in the acts of even isolated and separated members. There is not the most malicious malefactor nor the most beneficent benefactor, not the most desperate criminal, nor the most enthusiastic inventor of genius, whose one and every mental act has not its relations to complicity, environment, heredity. Every act of every one of us, though the act be performed in the solitude of the desert under the curtain of midnight, has its social relations to others, near by in time or space, or remote in time or space. It is the dictum of science as well as Scripture

that "no man liveth to himself and no man dieth to himself." If we will consider the criminal in the dark movement of his perfervid mood, and will then take from that criminal all influence of education, surroundings, of companionship, of the accidents of life, of the influences of heredity, how much have we left? His identity is composite, and while his personality can be established, and his responsibility as a moral person is clear, except in cases of insanity, yet his relation to other things is profoundly social, though he be a single bandit in a cave, brooding robbery and murder, or though he be the lone Ancient Mariner, turned pirate, standing among the corpses of the dead, not full of regret and self-reproaches, like Coleridge's famous figure, but conspiring under a black flag, against yet undiscovered craft.

We are to admit, then, the profound social character of single mental acts in even isolated individuals.

Modern psychology has clearly demonstrated that the human mind may be divided into the conscious, the subconscious and the unconscious. The subconscious, by mental process, may be elevated into the conscious, but the unconscious may not be so elevated. There is also what may be called the supra-conscious mind, that lies, so to say, over and above the conscious, the region of conscious morality, and the spiritual functions. Ordinarily our views of mind are as conscious mind. But down deep in us is the unconscious, the region of instinct, the place of primitive, of racial, of hereditary powers, the first elements, so to say, of our being, which by strange and startling influences, by unclassified intuitions, by unformulated desires and impulses, profoundly influences at times our conscious state. Sometimes this vast primitive tract of our being, stretching below the subconscious, is profoundly efficient as the maker, creator, instigator, supporter of moods and caprices. The mind is one, but while the conscious is always illuminated, the unconscious is always dark and

unilluminated, and between the two stretches the realm of the subconscious, sometimes in light and sometimes in darkness. With these brief suggestions in popular language, we may look at the mind of the mob.

The mob-mind has its birth in the assemblage of a number of individuals. Sometimes at first there is a purpose for these gatherings, sometimes they are accidental, as in a sudden riot, and especially in summer time, and if without a definite or particular motive, there be a general political or social oneness of feeling or belief. A word is spoken by some leader, it is repeated and repeated, taken up, thrown back, held aloft, emphasized, cheered, all the time gathering intensity by the multiple contact of mind with mind.

This is the first stage of the mob.

The thought or feeling may be good or bad. It is now becoming a collective thought, a unifying thought; but the mind of the mob is not yet fully developed. It is the mob in process, in the making. It may never come to its separate entity, its own unified particular mind. It may be halted, turned aside, taken from its thought of goodness and heroism to a purpose of badness and bestiality, only it is not yet far enough along. It is only a crowd thus far, not a mob. It has the oneness of place; it has possibly a leader or a group of leaders; it has one or more thoughts or emotions in common, or at least a oneness of mental condition. The members of the crowd, and every crowd is potentially a mob, may be diverse, various, from many stations in life, of different degrees of intelligence, of education, of moral development. When the crowd, however, goes into the mob-mind, at the next stage, all these differences are lost. College professors, clergymen, men of sedate, scientific pursuits, delicate and tender-hearted women, all with ordered ways of thinking, civilized, humane, yet when welded at the next stage into the mob-mind, lose all for which they a few moments before stood, and do acts of

which they deemed themselves incapable before their commission under the mob-impulse.

Here, for instance, is the crowd, a political crowd, the ordinary street crowd gathered by accident, attracted by something, perhaps interesting, perhaps amusing, by a street fakir, by a mountebank, by a political speaker, a street preacher. It may be a crowd on its way home from the theater, from a concert, from a church service, when suddenly it is arrested, interested, fascinated. The mob ferment begins to work, but the yeast has not yet filled the dough. It is only there in process. Now when the mob-mind at the next stage is fully developed, it is by the power of a great human faculty, which has already been at work upon it, *viz.*, Suggestion. One suggestion, say of the alleged crime of the negro, has partially unified the crowd, and it is passing into the mob-mind. Another suggestion contrary, opposite, is made by a leader, and the whole process is switched off and the mob may die and its history never be written. Or the unifying, organizing suggestion may go on and the movement may be a French Revolution of frenzy, maddened by wrongs, drenching itself in blood with reeking guillotine, a decimated nobility, even the infuriated women of the Paris populace, fierce and ferocious for the sight of more headless trunks of dukes, duchesses, statesmen and all the old, the favored classes. Or the mob may be the regiment, the military, whose collective achievements of heroism raise each individual morally above himself, and the poet sings its praise in the "Charge of the Six Hundred at Balaklava," or in that of San Juan Hill, or as recently at Tibetan Lhasa. Or the crowd may pass from its vast gathering before Peter the Hermit, swayed by one unifying, organized, deeply imbedded thought, feeling, passion, to move on the infidel of the Holy Land and rescue the Savior's Tomb from the Saracens.

But whatever the thought, object or purpose, given the assemblage, given the

one place, the one thought, or the one passion, or the master-fear, it may be, and under that power of mind the mob-mind appears.

What is the difference, then, between the crowd and the mob? It is this, the difference of suggestibility in the two. The one is only partial and hesitating, unstable, the creator of suggestions; that is the crowd. The other, the mob-mind, is developed when the suggestion has free play, runs and is glorified in its very excesses, be they heroic or bestial.

Now look at the conditions favorable to the development of the mob-mind. The first and most powerful factor is that which breaks up the social consciousnesses, disintegrates them, and unifies them in a new central dominating consciousness, which is at unity no longer with the individuals of the crowd, but which is at unity only with itself.*

What gives one the strongest sense of his individuality? Is it not one's voluntary movement? It is a philosophical truth that the individual grows and expands, as Dr. Boris Sidis well says in his work on the *Psychology of Suggestion*, with the increase of variety and intensity of voluntary activity. On the contrary, the life of the individual self shrinks, sinks and withers with the decrease of variety and intensity of voluntary movements. Bring about in a crowd a narrowed field of consciousness. Let men be in one spot, a narrow street, and be pressed together; or let the crowd be large in a field where all the inner circles are pressed on each other. Or let the crowd be a great crowd, a vast crowd, drawn some of them by sinister purposes as in the case at the Wilmington, Delaware, lynching of George White, the negro; some as mere curiosity-seekers, as is generally the case when the crowd becomes the mob. The cramped movements limit the free play of personality. Men feel closed in upon, fettered, uneasy. The very numbers of the crowd crush out the free sense of in-

*Sidis' *Psychology of Suggestion*. E. A. Ross, in *Popular Science Monthly*.

dividuality. We all feel that sense of crushing out of individuality in a crowd. Then the sense of something going to happen, a kind of doom hanging over the crowd occurs. Here then is a condition of abnormal sensibility to suggestion. What is required for the mob? Only an interesting subject of racial hatred or some vivid, impelling, imperative, impression to fix its attention and to plunge it into that unified organized state, in which the individual members, shorn of their walking, moving personality, fettered by physical contact of numbers, in bondage to the mental image of numbers, gives way to the sub-waking, subconscious self, into which the primitive, the savage, the hereditary, the instinctive, the impulsive, the dark unconscious self, now pours its vast fundamental elements of being.

The overstrained attention, the suspended breath, with which the crowd now hangs on the every act of its leader, the master-mobbiſt, the lyncher; the wrapt awe, the putting away of all disturbing influences, the fearful ſilence in which the buzzing of a fly can be heard, ſhows the new mob-mind. The crowd is entranced, and now the one ſuggestion, ſay of racial prejudice, ſpreads like a prairie fire. It goes from mind to mind, from eye to eye. The clenched hand, the contorted faces, ſhow the growing intereſt. Now a viſual image helps on the ſuggestion. It may be the bib of baby Hodges carried on a pole before the lynchers in the recent Georgia lynching of Cato and Reed. It may be a blood-ſtained bunch of leaves gathered at the

place where the raviſher White committed his fiendish crime at Wilmington, Delaware. Thoſe leaves are waved aloft by a miniſter, on a Sunday night, to twenty-five thouſand people. That makes the mind of the mob deeper in its racial unreſt, but this leader is only a leader of words, a maker of mobs. He goes no farther, yet his work endures. The true mob-leader, the genuine executant, appears the next night to take the fruitage of the preacher's ſuggestion. One day has not cooled the race-paſſion, or ſunk down to darkneſs the yet primitive, unconſcious ſavagery. It comes up again. Rumor flies thick and faſt. The leader or leaders again appear, firſt from one group then from another. They combine. One leader maſters others, the inſtinctive ſavage, ſtrongeſt in paſſion, moſt eaſily ſwayed by his baſe under-ſelf. "On to the Work-houſe!" as at the Wilmington mob, is the cry.

Again the mob gathers. A ſcore of little mobs in the form of groups, each with its minor leader, has been ripening. Now they concentrate, now they plan. One idea, one thought, one paſſion, one purpoſe, to get at White, the negro raviſher, is dominant. That is the all-controlling ſuggestion now working with fearful power. The race mob-mind is full, the reſt is but acts of vengeance and murder, the over-riding of the law, the burning and diſmembering of a brute, the taking of his thumbs, fingers, bones, toes for ghawſtly ſouvenirs, even by tender women.

DEAN RICHMOND BABBITT.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

A PUBLIC SERVANT DISCHARGED.

BY RAYNER W. KELSEY.

WILLIAM H. MACE, in his *Method in History*, says: "After embodiment in institutions through the formal enactment or by well-established custom, an idea tends to cease growing; it becomes largely a conservative force and hinders to some extent further progress. The established order in society sets itself up in the minds of the people as an ideal to be maintained." In other words, the danger of conservatism is that, carried to the extreme, it clings to the things that are old because they are old, not because they are best.

The ultra-conservative magnify the good in the old and the possibilities for evil in the new. In new opportunities for justice they see only the possibility for justice miscarrying. New power for the people appears to them only as an opportunity for the misuse of that power. We may thus imagine the old chieftain-judge of the trial by fire or water seeing in our modern jury-trial only the possibility of bribing the jurors. The old despot would likewise see in our democracy only the possibility that the people would exercise their power as knaves and fools.

This tendency of extreme conservatism was exemplified in the recent recall-election in Los Angeles, California.

Several months ago it became evident that a great many of the voters of the sixth ward in Los Angeles believed that their councilman, Mr. J. P. Davenport, was untrue to his trust and should be unseated. This sentiment became organized, and an election was called under the new recall-law. The petition was attacked in the courts and thrown out on a technicality. Another petition was immediately circulated and the requisite number of voters' signatures obtained. This was attacked in the courts on the ground that the recall was unconstitutional. But

Judge Ostler, in an able and luminous decision, upheld the constitutionality of the recall.

In the following campaign the charges brought against Davenport were in brief that he had sold himself to corporate influences and leagued himself with the "tough" element of the city to promote his selfish interests. Very specific charges of graft were made, and a facsimile copy of a letter was produced, signed by Davenport, in which he proposed to a well-known cigar-firm to use his power as councilman to bid for the cigar-trade of the two hundred saloons in Los Angeles.

The greatest, and in fact the only great newspaper in the city, supported Davenport throughout the campaign. He also received all of the support that the saloons, corporations and ring-politicians could muster. A fierce campaign was waged against the ability and character of Dr. Arthur D. Houghton, the recall candidate.

The result of the election on September sixteenth was that Davenport was unseated and Houghton chosen as his successor by a vote of 1,837 to 1,083. It is a significant fact that Dr. Houghton carried his home precinct, number seventy-five, and also Davenport's home precinct, number sixty-five, by big majorities. In fact, only one precinct out of the sixteen in the ward gave Davenport a majority.

The old cry of persecution was of course raised by the enemies of the recall, who assumed throughout the campaign the role of the ultra-conservative. They saw in the new law only the possibility of the people committing an injustice. To them the old way was good enough, because under it the people had no chance to persecute an office-holder. "The established order had set itself up in their minds as an ideal to be maintained." To them it were better that one office-holder should have incontestable right to commit

injustice upon all the people than that all the people should have the right to exercise a judgment over one office-holder.

Dr. Houghton's supporters claim that the result of the election vindicates the recall, while Mr. Davenport's adherents see in the defeat of their man evidence *prima facie* that the new law is vicious. The fact notably overlooked by both sides is that the justice or injustice of the people's decision at the polls on September sixteenth does not affect the principle of the inalienable right of the people to make their judgment supreme.

Thus the fact of monumental significance in this election is that the majority of the people believed that Davenport was no longer fit to represent them in the council. Then, in spite of the great newspaper, in spite of corporations, in spite of the political ring, the people dismissed the old servant and hired a new one.

In effect this action is a notification to

every councilman in Los Angeles that his position is secure only so long as his official acts indicate to his employers, the people, that he is promoting their best interests.

The adoption and application of the recall-law in Los Angeles was a decisive defeat for the growing reactionary, monarchical, imperialistic and un-American ideals, as well as for that blind and unreasoning conservatism that would cling to the old, no matter whether or not changed conditions demand changes in order to maintain the fundamental principles of republican or free government. The old custom, though honored by long use, was cast aside because it was bad. The innovation was accepted and established because, although new, it was good and in perfect alignment with the ideals of democracy. RAYNER W. KELSEY.

Whittier College,

Whittier, California.

CATHOLICISM AND FREEMASONRY.

BY M. F. O'DONOGHUE, LL.M., AND L. J. YOUNG-WITHEE (Late Associate Editor of *The Masonic Disciple*).

THE OLD city of Dijon, France, was recently the scene of an extraordinary occurrence. Reports were circulated that the Bishop, Mgr. Le Nordez, was a Freemason. Excitement ran high, and fifty-eight Roman Catholic students refused to receive ordination at his hands. He was forced to hand in his resignation to the Pope, and has now retired to a Trappist monastery for a season of penance.

This again brings to the front the policy of discrimination against Freemasonry by the Roman Catholic Church. The attention of the world has frequently been attracted to this remarkable anomaly; that of one of two immense bodies, working for the betterment of mankind and the advancement of God's kingdom upon earth, excluding and anathematizing the other.

Time was when no prohibitive injunction was in force, and Roman Catholic brethren mingled jointly with other denominations on the tessellated floors of Masonic lodge-rooms, and were proud to be known as members of the Order. This fact comes home with living interest to Washington Masons, when it is known that old Federal Lodge, No. 1, F. & A. M., in the District of Columbia, had for its first Master a devout Roman Catholic, Captain James Hoban, of Dublin, Ireland. This distinguished architect of the nation's Capitol and the White House, was largely instrumental in organizing this lodge, and for many years Roman Catholics were at the fore in nurturing and fostering its early growth.

In view of the prevailing ignorance regarding the present hostility of the Roman

Catholic Church to Freemasonry, a few historical facts may serve as a measure of enlightenment to dissipate the mists of distrust and enmity, and as explanatory of the attitude of the Church towards this great Brotherhood of ennobled humanity.

The vital spirit of the Catholic Church centers in the welfare and interest of the race,—the love of God, and works of love and charity for man. The Masonic Fraternity is working along parallel Christian lines and Christian ideals. The Church of Rome draws its inspiration from the Word of God. The moral teachings of Freemasonry are based wholly on the Bible.

In the passage of time, many historic landmarks and important events are lost sight of, or fade into dimness. They are posed too deep in gloom for a true representation. There needs to be a retouching of the picture, and a corrective principle applied, in order to bring out the inward grace and true perspective.

The Roman Catholic Church is haloed with venerable memories, and respect and reverence are her due for the divine faith so unalterably cherished since the Son of God suffered on the Cross. The Institution of Masonry comes out of the gloaming dawn of the ages, claiming an antiquity of masterful force. Perhaps neither of these potent world-forces recognizes the superlative deeps from whence each came.

The Roman Catholic Church, with two thousand years of "divine heritage" and Christian works, only dates the beginning of Masonry from the early part of the eighteenth century, thus making it but an infant compared with her own lusty genesis. In point of fact, Masonry antedates Catholicism far beyond the apprehension of finite mind. Freemasonry has its feet planted deep down in the wake of the ages. Its sublime teachings and esoteric principles emanated from the *anima mundi*, or soul of the world; they are the heritage of India's ancient wisdom, Persian mysticism, Chaldean lore, the Egyptian arcana of Godhead, the Mosaic

Law, the Eleusinian mysteries, the Pythagorean doctrines, the spiritual glory of the Hebrew prophets, and the divinity of Christ Jesus.

There is practical demonstration of the system of operative Masonry, in its loftiest aspect, embodied in the world to-day, linking long-departed civilizations with the living glory of the present. The stately gopuras and wonderful cave-temples of India attest its presence; the colossal ruins of Baalbec's Sun-temple are mutely eloquent in their fallen grandeur; the magnificent palaces of Assyria, Babylon, and Persia are oracular in their uncovered mounds. It is sublimely manifested in the stupendous pyramids and sphinxes of Egypt; it is gloriously visioned in the gorgeous splendor of the "Holy Temple"; idealized into classic beauty on Grecian shores; fashioned into grandeur in the Coliseum of Rome; and it sings peans of praise to God in Gothic art of holy monastery, abbey and cathedral throughout the British Isles and Continental Europe. Even on our own continent, Mexico and Yucatan shadow it forth in wondrous inscribed monument and temple.

The basic principles of the Roman Catholic Church are the existence of God and the immortality of the human soul; her doctrines are Morality, Virtue and Truth; her precepts are Obedience, Fidelity, Loyalty; her teachings are of the Divine Master, Infinite Love and Eternal Goodness; her works are for Purity, Peace and Philanthropy. Her inexhaustible vitality is the "Passion of Christ," the sacred heart of her glorious organization, and she is reaching out to redeem the world from "the supreme evils of the day."

The fundamental doctrines of the Institution of Freemasonry are, the existence of a Supreme Being, and the immortality of the soul; its tenets are Brotherly Love, Relief and Truth; its cardinal attributes are Prudence, Fortitude, Temperance and Justice; its labors are for Purity, Peace and Charity; its objects are Moral-

ity, Virtue and Wisdom. Its vitality is in the heart of Universal Love, and its grand aim is the moral redemption of all mankind, through the "light" of knowledge and perfection of character.

The Roman Catholic seeks to build a spiritual temple that will redound to the glory of God; the Freemason labors to build a temple that will ennoble humanity, and glorify God through His image and likeness.

Every great religion has had for its foundation secret doctrines, or arcana, known to priest and hierophant, and not communicated to the common people. The conflict of the ages between light and darkness, between knowledge and ignorance, has tended to concealed or esoteric principles, in order to preserve the pure essence in its concrete sense. The purity of the old primitive faith is preserved and taught within the square-and-compass of the Masonic lodge-room to-day. St. Augustine says:

"What is now called the Christian Religion existed among the ancients, and was not absent from the human race until Christ came, from which time the true religion, which existed already, began to be called Christian."

The same doctrines that are now condemned by Papal bulls were held, and the same rites practiced by the Church Fathers.

The origin of Freemasonry is too remote for any discussion, and we have naught to do with whether King Solomon and Hiram, the Widow's Son, were the first founders; or with the illustrious Constantine, who blessed it with the Cross; or with Albanus, its first Grand-Master in Britain. We will not discuss its relation to the old Roman Collegia, or its descent from the Dionysian Architects, from medieval building-corporations, or the architectural abbots of the Benedictine abbeys. We will only consider the beginning of Freemasonry, as do our Catholic brethren, in the first quarter of the eigh-

teenth century, although, in reality, the Ancient Fraternity was only revived and correlated into its present "Free and Accepted" form, at that period.

The first four lodges, under the new dispensation, were established in England, June 24, 1717, the leading spirits being James Anderson, a Scotch Presbyterian minister, of Piccadilly, London, and John Theophilus Desaguliers, LL.D., of Christ Church, Oxford, a French Huguenot, and the son of a clergyman. Their co-workers were able and distinguished men and experienced brethren.

About 1729-30, the first lodge in the "Land of St. Patrick" was founded at Dublin. There are records of an earlier Provincial Grand Lodge of Munster, and an existing entry of a lodge-meeting at Cork, with the name of Springett Penn, the eldest son of the celebrated William Penn, signed as Deputy-Master. The father of William Penn's wife was Sir William Springett, an English baronet. The patriotic sons of Ireland have shed luster upon its Masonic rosters, and the name of Daniel O'Connell, as a Masonic brother stands out in glowing light.

In Scotland, the first Grand Lodge opened in 1736, but Masonry had long been in vogue among the hardy sons of Caledonia, nursed by Old Mother Kilwinning, fostered and cherished by royal DeBruce and the flower of her chivalry.

Through English warrant Masonry leaped to the Continent, and in Germany was patronized by royalty itself. In 1735, a lodge (under dispensation from the Grand Lodge of England) was opened at Hamburg, called "The Grape." On August 14, 1738, at the Schloss Salz-dahlum Hotel, Brunswick, Crown-Prince Frederick of Prussia, afterwards Frederick the Great, was initiated into the Order by titled Masonic brothers. This was done secretly, as his father, old Frederick William, was violently opposed to Freemasonry. When Frederick became King, he constituted the lodge of "The Three Globes," "*Aux Trois Globes*," at Berlin, of which he was the Grand-Master.

Freemasonry was early introduced into France, records existing of a lodge at Dunkirk in 1721, but the first Masonic lodge in Paris was organized in 1732. It was named St. Thomas, in honor of that beloved Saint of the Roman Church whose transcendent purity, rare sanctity, and soaring knowledge obtained for him the term of the "Angelic Doctor," and also that of the "Angel of the Schools." The Order has flourished extensively in that country, but in recent years its abnormal principles have drawn it afar from the fold of the blessed Saint to whom the first Parisian lodge was consecrated.

Lord Charles Sackville, Duke of Dorset, introduced Freemasonry into Italy, at Florence, in 1733, as the "Company of the Trowel." The Grand Duke Francis of Tuscany received Masonic light in 1735, but Papal opposition served to retard the progress of the Order, and persecution diverted it into political channels and brought it under pernicious influences. However, the Order gained royal leverage there during the last century, for Victor Emmanuel was a zealous and active Mason, honored with the highest degrees in the Scottish Rite.

And this brings us to the explanation of the hostility of the Roman Catholic hierarchy to the Masonic Order and its possible justification, in view of the tendency of Continental Masonry.

Because of tyranny and despotic civil government in the Continental Catholic countries,—Belgium, France, Spain, Portugal, Italy and Naples,—the people rebelled. Various societies of a political and revolutionary character were formed, some of them under the guise of Masonry, of which the Carbonari, or "Good Cousins," was, perhaps, the most picturesque and important. This society was a combination of Catholic mysticism and pseudo Masonry. Naturally, by reason of its conservatism, a spirit of antagonism was engendered in the Catholic Church against all secret societies and especially against Masonry, on account of its strength and activity.

The affiliation with Masonry of Garibaldi, Count Cavour, Mazzini, Victor Emmanuel, and other distinguished persons who were active in the unification of Italy and the abolition of the temporal power of the Papacy, led to a general condemnation of the Order as "subversive of all legitimate authority." The overthrow of the Papal civil power and the elevation of Victor Emmanuel to the throne of Italy were due largely to the liberalizing principles of Freemasonry and the Nobles of the Mystic Shrine,—an event now universally recognized as the part of wisdom.

When in 1877, the Grand Orient of France expunged from its statutes the declaration of the existence of Deity and of the immortality of the soul, this atheistic act fully justified its formal excommunication by the Holy Father and also drew upon the Order the condemnation of the true Brotherhood.

The sharp tension so long existing between Church and State in Italy, and in France, the elder daughter of the Church, sufficiently explains the Encyclical against Freemasonry issued by Pope Leo XIII., on April 20, 1884. This Papal Bull was not directed against English and American Masonry, which has not the slightest trace of irreligious principles or antagonism to existing civil institutions, and it should not be treated as possessing authority beyond the jurisdiction of its local influence.

America was frontiered and bulwarked with the spirit of Masonry. Out from its living heart sprung those sentiments and principles of true liberty and impartial laws which led to the formulation of the Declaration of Independence. Our Revolutionary Fathers held Masonry as their Egeria. Its fires purified their patriotic hearts. Franklin shed the luster of his glowing name upon it. It actuated the spirit of Paul Revere on his midnight ride, and its impassioned voice swelled from Bunker Hill to Mount Vernon in links of fraternal patriotism. The generals who commanded the Revo-

lutionary forces were all brothers of the Mystic Tie. Of the men who affixed their names to that illustrious scroll, the immortal Declaration, four-fifths were Masons. The important part it played in the struggle for liberty, and the debt of gratitude our glorious Republic owes to this Fraternity to-day is little known outside the Craft, and perhaps but vaguely comprehended by the rank and file within. Its principles were woven into the warp and woof of our Constitution.

Again, Masonry swung forward into inland paths, and blazing its trail through forests and over mountain heights developed civil and spiritual freedom on the wide Western plains and on Southern cotton-fields. Its potent influences have spread through our state and national councils, softening asperities and often allaying animosities.

Under the canopy of our free institutions dwell twelve million of the Roman Catholic fraternity, two million of whom are voters, forming a constituent part of our intelligent and progressive government. But from Masonic light and wisdom and from fraternal fellowship they are excluded. However, this exclusion does not come from Masonic opposition, for there is nothing in Masonry which interferes with a man's religion, the only religious test required being that he must believe in a Supreme Being.

This inhibition against Freemasonry, instead of enuring as a benefit to the Catholic Church, is manifestly detrimental and should be removed. The Church as a Christianizing force is too powerful to need buttressing by any such narrow interdiction.

The restrictions of the Church have already been removed from many organizations formerly condemned by the Catholic Church because of their secret character. Roman Catholics are per-

mitted to join the Society of Elks, the Odd Fellows, the Maccabees and others. The name of the immortal Washington stands out in bold relief on the Masonic roster of the United States; on the walls of Catholic institutions hangs the picture of this illustrious Masonic frater side by side with paintings of Catholic prelates. Yet the Masonic Order, of which he was but a type, and which numbers among its members the best and noblest in the world, is held under the ban of the Catholic Church. Has not the time come for its removal?

Gone are the days of bitterness and strife; the air is throbbing with fraternal peace and good-will. Brothers of every religion, of every nationality, of every station, are "touching elbows in the ranks." The spirit of universal brotherhood is permeating the world with deeper meaning than ever before in its history.

As the Christ whom the Church adores in His life and teachings exalted Peace as divine, so let the Christ-life reach out from Catholic to Freemason.

Cæsar once said to his mutinous soldiers,—*"Brother Soldiers!"* At the sound of that word "brother" from the lips of the great conqueror the arm of rebellion was dropped and a legion was ready to die for Cæsar.

Brothers all are the members of the two organizations, one in the essentials of rectitude and righteous living, sending out a uniform message to the world, making towards the same humanitarian and spiritual ultimate. Therefore, as "Brother Soldiers," let each salute the other, and as Knights Companions of the True Cross, let them join in the battle for Truth, for Purity, and for Peace, ready to fight, and if necessary, to die for the Right.

M. F. O'DONOGHUE,

L. J. YOUNG-WITHEE.

Washington, D. C.

THE IMMIGRATION BUGBEAR.

BY ERNEST CROSBY.

WHEN things go wrong it is man's natural impulse, inherited from Eden, to throw the blame on somebody else. He will curse the chair against which he stubs his toe, and turn back to look daggers at the inert bit of orange-peel upon which he has had the misfortune to slip. This great American civilization of ours has not been advancing just as it should. We have not realized the Golden Age designed by the fathers and prophesied by such travelers as De Tocqueville. Material wealth without limit has not prevented pauperism, disease and crime, nor has political equality put an end to class-distinctions or ensured social fraternity and industrial peace. On the contrary, prisons, hospitals and asylums are continually growing, and the social and economic equilibrium becoming more disturbed, and we are forced to take notice of the unsatisfactory situation. The responsibility for this disillusionment must lie somewhere,—we are unwilling to take it upon ourselves, and, in scanning the horizon for a sufficient cause, what is more natural than that we should ascribe it to those other nations which, through well-defined channels of immigration, are continually overflowing across our frontiers? Clearly there can be no inherent defect in American institutions, but it is the Bohemian, the Hungarian, the Italian, the Russian Jew, who, totally unfitted for them, have obstructed and prevented their free and proper play.

This is a very comfortable position for the patriot to assume and it is hardly to be wondered at that most of us are quite ready to accept it without asking troublesome questions. Now and then the reflection that all our political assassins were American-born, as were many of our worst politicians, with Tweed at their head, and that our most conspicuous bar-

barisms,—our lynchings,—occur usually in neighborhoods the least polluted by foreign intermixture,—such considerations as these may cloud our peace of mind, but we brush away the annoying thought and sink back again into the happy state of self-complacency which has become a part of the national character. To many patriots of this description the article on the "New Immigration," in a recent number of the *North American Review*, by Mr. Austin, Chief of the Bureau of Statistics in the Department of Commerce and Labor at Washington, must have come as a distinct shock; for he has had the hardihood to examine into this cherished illusion of foreign responsibility for our shortcomings, and he finds it to be altogether unfounded in fact, the truth being that those portions of the country to which the immigrants go are prosperous in porportion to their numbers; that "the percentage of immigrants from Russia and Southern Europe who ultimately become inmates of prisons, reformatory institutions, alms-houses and charitable institutions is much smaller than of those from northern Europe"; that "a larger percentage of the children of the immigrants, as a whole, attend school during the years between five and fourteen than is the case among the children of native whites"; and that "there is a smaller percentage of illiterates among those born in this country of foreign parents than among those born of native white parents."

These facts, marshaled by such an authority, seem to be decisive, and they hit the Immigration Restriction League between wind and water. Is it possible that this active organization has mistaken national conceit for economics, and the ancient vice of intolerance towards foreigners for social science? To the

Jew of old all other men were Gentiles,—to the Greek they were Barbarians,—to the Chinaman they are “foreign devils.” This curious misapprehension rests upon the familiar philosophical principle that no entity is at its best when torn from its customary environment. Drop the Austrian Emperor or the Prime-Minister of England in the streets of Podunk, Connecticut, and he will at once appear ill at ease. He will not know how to register at the hotel nor what to order for breakfast, and he will be altogether at a loss as to how he should attack his buckwheat cakes. From these indications the good Podunkers will at once infer that they are far wiser and better informed than their visitors, oblivious of the fact that any one of them might fall an easy victim to the first bunco-steerer who should accost him on Broadway. The Podunker is at his best in Podunk and the Kaiser at Schönbrunn, and either of them may appear ridiculous if suddenly placed in a new environment; and this is perhaps the source of all international prejudices. How hard it is for the wisest of us to understand that a man can think to good purpose without knowing a word of English! We accept the fact as scientifically proved, but the thing still seems impossible. To judge an animal, human or other, fairly, we must see him in his own habitat. Look at the European peasant in his native fields, in Russia, Hungary, Italy or Roumania, and you cannot fail to admire his physique, his intelligence and his kindliness; and when you recall all that you have heard about the inhabitants of the decadent hill-towns of New England or of the Kentucky mountains, and the “white trash” of the South, you will be modest in drawing comparisons. And in an amazingly short time these incoming foreign peasants cease to be “greenhorns,” and adapt themselves to the new conditions of American life.

The chief objection to immigration is that presented by the Labor-Unions,

which maintain that it tends to reduce the standard of living and of wages. This objection seems very plausible at first sight, but it is only of force within narrow limits of time and locality. The sudden influx of a large number of workmen into a particular neighborhood may indeed for a short period have a depressing effect, but this soon corrects itself and the final result is a general benefit. Labor men talk of laborers as if they did nothing but labor, but they are consumers and employers too, and they create an immediate demand as well as a supply. If the wage-earner receives the value of his services, he is as efficient as a consumer as he is as a producer, and he really employs himself. He may not, indeed, receive the pay which he earns, and in that case he may form a disturbing element; but the fault then lies not in his admission to the country, but in the measure of his reward,—that is, in the distribution of the products of labor. We should not blame him, but our own industrial system, and we must apply the remedy, not to him, but to ourselves. The most superficial view of our economic history shows that our troubles do not depend on the size of our population. We have room for ten times our present numbers. Hence over-population cannot be the cause of economic friction. Financial crises occur with entire impartiality, whether we have fifty, sixty, seventy or eighty millions of inhabitants. Our economic system seems to require that a certain proportion of the community, within fixed limits, should be unemployed, and that our own country should be unable to absorb a certain proportion of its products. The addition of a million immigrants would not materially alter the terms of this proposition nor accentuate the difficulty perceptibly, nor would the removal of a million workers produce a lasting cure. There is something wrong with the organization of our productive forces and with the distribution of their product. And in addition to all this, the readiness of the immigrant

to lower the standard of wages, (in case he has the power to do so), has been very much exaggerated. He soon learns to demand as much as the American, and I know of a rural region where Italian contract-laborers were the first to introduce the strike, asking for higher wages than had been usually paid to the native white workers of the neighborhood.

Why is there not room for all comers in a continent not one-tenth occupied? If there is any lack of opportunity, it must be due to the fact that the gifts of nature have been monopolized and free access to them denied. The most available openings for labor, the best rights of way, terminal facilities, urban sites, mining fields, privileges and franchises have all been pre-empted and the public shut out from them while the holders demand tribute for the use of them on their own terms. Trade is hampered by tariffs, taxation and extortionate rates. The public must pay to private individuals rent on unearned increment and dividends on watered stock, and the industrial world is bound hand and foot. The privileges of the monopolists enable them to exact unwarranted prices from the consumer and a "rake-off" on the wages of the worker. The average man's efficiency as a purchaser consequently falls far below his efficiency as a producer. The product of the worker is held tantalizingly beyond his reach, and our population is unable to buy its own products. The result is "over-production," excessive accumulations in a few hands, pauperism, and many unemployed; and this condition of affairs bears no relation whatever to the density of population nor to the influx of immigrants, but is inherent in the nature of monopoly. With a population of fifty millions or of five hundred millions, the problem would be the same. Twenty years ago, with a much smaller population, we had the same difficulties, and, unless we are wise enough to improve our system, we shall have them twenty years hence with a still greater increase.

Evidently, then, immigration is not a prominent factor in the problem. Here and there it may for a few weeks have some influence, but very soon we attain again the nearest approach to an equilibrium which our monopolistic economic organization permits. No lasting harm is done, and this temporary and local harm is due, not to immigration, but to monopoly. The real fault lies, not with the immigrant, but with us, and the chief objection to our immigration laws is that their whole tone is a false one, laying stress upon the supposed defects of the immigrant, instead of apologizing for those of our institutions. We pretend that we have no room for him on account of his shortcomings, while the fact is that he is unwelcome because of our own. It is surely bad enough to slam your door in a visitor's face without lying to him about the reasons. Let us suppose that a hotel-keeper has allowed his house to fall into disrepair. The elevators have broken down and the stairways fallen in. The locks on many of the doors have rusted, and the rooms cannot be opened. The kitchen is heaped full of rubbish, and the hallways are almost impassable. In short, a great caravanserai, intended for a thousand guests, can hardly provide for fifty, and every available bed is said to be occupied. Now if this statement of the case were absolutely true, he might be justified in refusing to receive new comers; but in what terms should his refusal be couched? Surely he should adopt the language of apology. Now if ever he should be polite and atone for his inhospitality if he can, while showing his respect for his would-be guests and his regret at being unprepared for them. But no. This would be to admit his own fault, and that he will not do under any circumstances. The happy thought occurs to him of throwing all the blame upon the travelers. It is their fault that they cannot get in. They are all swindlers, or uneducated, or sickly, or free-thinkers, or this or that or the other thing, it matters

little what, so be it that the reproach can be lifted from his shoulders and placed somewhere else. And he sets up an examining commission in the hotel-office, and as the newly-arrived visitors advance to inscribe their names they are assailed by inspectors and forcibly overhauled physically, mentally and spiritually, and wherever he can find an excuse of any kind, he turns them out of doors, disgraced and discredited, while he hides his own responsibility for it all behind an unctuous smile. Such are our immigration laws,—a mass of hypocritical verbiage under which we attempt to conceal the failure of our free institutions. And so the dyspeptic pushes his plate away untasted, declaring that the food is unfit to eat, while it is really his digestive apparatus which is at fault.

In the light of these truths what a huge humbug the whole routine of Ellis Island is seen to be! I do not speak of the present administration of the Bureau, as I have not visited the place since its début, but until recently, at least, the immigrant was treated as a suspect. I have watched the long line of "greenhorns," ignorant of the language and fearful of the coming ordeal, advancing to the receiving officer, herded meanwhile like cattle by rough and callous attendants. I recall one young immigrant in particular who was so frightened that his hands trembled like aspen leaves, and the uniformed official in charge, who spoke English with a strong foreign accent and had evidently passed through the same mill not so very long ago, instead of calming and encouraging him, mimicked him maliciously, until I felt obliged to interfere. And to think that all this solemn form of inspection was largely a farce; that these people had it in them to do our country quite as much good as it could do to them, and that whatever of evil might result from their coming would be due rather to our imperfect civilization than to any baneful influence of theirs! Each of them brought two arms and only one mouth, and was

ready as soon as he landed not only to work but to employ; for the two things go ever together, and if this nice balance of nature was to be disturbed, it would be our monopoly and not his activity that would do it. Ellis Island is the reception-room of the nation, where, if anywhere, we should put on our company manners, but our officials seem to look upon it as a sort of police-station.

When we come to consider the character of the immigrants and the needs of the country, we find that the suggestions which are usually made in the line of restriction are precisely the most harmful ones. We are asked to discriminate against the most desirable class. If there is one thing that we have enough of in America it is reading, writing and arithmetic and average intelligence. We need no great improvement in this direction and we are amply capable of teaching those who come. Immigrant children learn quickly in our schools, and most of them, especially the Jews from Eastern Europe, and the Italians, take high positions, holding their own, as a rule, with our native-born children. Where we do fall short too often is in physique. More of us are hollow-chested, sloping-shouldered and nervous than is the case with the ordinary European, and especially with the peasant. From the purely scientific standpoint of breeding we have every interest to admit the sturdy farmhand, just as we import the Percheron horse or the Southdown sheep. Whether the man can read and write or understand the Constitution is a matter of trifling importance in comparison. His children will learn all that quickly enough. But he will not know how to vote, we are told. When you consider the fact, however, that nearly one-half of our educated Americans vote diametrically against the other half, it is hard to see how the addition of a few uneducated voters can do much harm. Whichever way the ballot of the immigrant is cast, he will have about half of the American people with

him, and they should bear the responsibility for the result, not he. Examinations in the three "Rs" let in the anemic crook and sharper and "shyster lawyer," the gambler and the pawnbroker, and all that precious parasitic fraternity which lives by its wits and gravitates to the cities, shutting out the independent, self-supporting, brawny son of the soil whom most we need. The true line of action, in case we wish to diminish the number of immigrants, is not to establish new tests, but to discourage the artificial impetus given to immigration by the steamship companies, whose agents ransack the villages of Europe and grossly misrepresent the opportunities offered by America in the quest of steerage-passengers. It is the thirst for profits, the desire to exploit and make money out of our fellowmen, the spirit of commercialism, which is the offensive thing, our fault again, and not the immigrant's. It would be easy to prevent this artificial stimulation of immigration, and the governments of Europe are beginning to interfere to that end.

But we should shut out less rather than more. The President laments the possibility of race-suicide, and yet at the same time the Immigration Restriction League wishes to prevent Europe from supplying our defect. The evil which our immigrants do to us is lost in the immense benefits which they confer. No one of our states has ever been permitted to exclude immigrants from other states. The East poured itself into Minnesota and Iowa and California without let or hindrance. No one examined the settlers' eyes, or asked for certificates of schooling, or required a full purse at the frontier; and no harm ever resulted from this wise policy of leaving nature alone. The Five Points of New York were free to populate the valley of the Mississippi and the Pacific Slope, and neither region suffered. We forget the curative possibilities of environment. We might by abolishing unjust privilege and establishing industrial justice create a community

in which the criminal instinct would be as likely to atrophy as it is now to develop. I read not long ago an account of a penal settlement in French Guiana, where favorable surroundings had converted some hundreds of desperate criminals into peaceable citizens. The writer visited a couple, who had met and married each other there, each of whom had murdered his or her last spouse, and under the plastic conditions of a new country, comparatively free from monopoly of any kind, they had become pillars of respectability. One of the best and most progressive races of the world has sprung in part from the convicts of Botany Bay. We could well afford to open our arms wide to all the world if we were only sure of our own health and the wholesomeness of our atmosphere.

But let us think less of the evil which the immigrant may do to us and more of the good which we might get from him and yet fail to get. We are still a people in the making. It is the all-sufficient excuse for our defects that we are not yet the finished product, and that we do not yet know what we shall be. America is a great caldron into which the raw material from Europe is poured, and the ultimate outcome depends as legitimately upon the Italian and Roumanian immigration of today as upon that of the early Puritan and Quaker. But for some reason or other we look upon the pilgrims of the twentieth century in a very different light from those of the seventeenth. We boast of the good we have derived from the first settlers, English and Dutch. Is there nothing to be obtained in like manner from those who cross the water now? Do the thousands who come yearly from Germany and Italy bring no valuable contribution with them to our national character, that we should be in such haste to turn them all into indistinguishable Yankees? It is a fine thing to assimilate our new citizens rapidly; but there are two sides to assimilation,—the disappearance of the thing assimilated in its original form on

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Photo. by Adelaide Hanscom, San Francisco

JOAQUIN MILLER

THE ARENA

the one hand, and the appropriation of all that is good in it by the assimilator on the other. Are we not too prone to forget the latter half? I hold it against our German fellow-citizens that after over half a century of influence they have failed to turn us into a musical nation. Is there any reason why the children of parents who were brought up on the *Wacht am Rhein* and Luther's Hymn and who naturally sing chorals with their friends for amusement when they meet, should talk through their noses, have no ear for music, and cherish no musical ideals beyond the "coon-song"? And the Italians who are now coming with their inherited eye for beauty,—does it never enter into their heads or ours that they might in time transform our national taste and create a genuine American art and architecture? No, the one engrossing effort on both sides is to Yankify the "dago" as speedily as possible and to make him two-fold more a child of Uncle Sam than ourselves. But these wanderers are the spice for our pudding. Let us be careful how we waste the seasoning which we may never be able to produce for ourselves.

And why this craze to make all men and all things alike? It is doing its sad work all over the world, making another Liverpool of Calcutta and packing the flowing skirts of the picturesque Orientals into awkward trousers. But in America it does its worst. A dozen years and more ago a friend of mine visited Havana,—long before we had begun to Americanize the town—and he was delighted with its quaint and romantic beauty. Returning he landed in some part of Florida, territory reclaimed not so long ago from the same Spaniard, and he assured me with tears in his voice that the first town that he saw in the home country looked exactly like Hoboken. And so do they all. From the Atlantic to the Pacific, from the Great Lakes to the Gulf, we have nothing but countless Hobokens, and we are rejoicing in the prospect of recasting in the

same mould the tropical cities of Panama, Porto Rico and the Philippines. For my part I cannot understand this enthusiasm, for I would travel many a long mile to see an American city which should not look exactly like Hoboken, and to discover an American citizen not altogether like myself.

The whole trouble lies in the too great emphasis which we lay upon the comparative value of our own virtues, to which, with a good deal of freedom of language, we have affixed the term "Anglo-Saxon." I am in some respects an Anglo-maniac, and I am proud of my English blood and speech. I like the energy and all-sufficiency of the stock, and I would not exchange my forebears for a good deal. Still I cannot in justice overlook our faults nor be blind to the fact that the good points of other races supply our deficiencies; and I have already hinted at some of them. In the great century of music, none of our blood produced a work of even the third class. We have never had a painter who could rank among the first score or two of great artists. We must go to Germany for our highest philosophy and to France for the most finished elegance of thought and manners. We know little of the joy of living. We take our holidays sadly, and laugh with mental reservations. The European comes to us with a new capacity for mirth, a genius for joviality and sociability. Are these ingredients to be despised? For a few years he may navigate our streets with his hand-organ or his plaster-casts and frequent his genial *café*, but before long he must fit himself to our Procrustean bed, and at last we find him at work in the regulation store or at rest before the rigid bar or at the taciturn dairy-lunch counter. Is it desirable that we should compass sea and land in this way to make a proselyte? Should we reduce the whole world to one dead level? And not content with stifling the originality of the immigrant, we must needs carry our missionary zeal for

uniformity to foreign lands in the hope of destroying all individuality. In Anglo-Saxonizing India and Japan we are crushing out the most wonderful of arts beyond a possibility of resurrection. We are the Goths and Vandals of the day. We are the Tartars and the Turks. And the countries which we overrun have each its own priceless heritage of art and legend which we ruthlessly stamp under foot.

I admire the Anglo-Saxon, just as I admire his feathered prototype, the English house-sparrow. He is a fine, sturdy, plain, self-satisfied bird, a good fighter, an admirable colonist, fit for all climates, with no sense of art or music, and a little too fond of rehearsing his many virtues in a hoarse chorus. But so long as he minds his own business I like him, and I do not care to quarrel with him, even when he considers himself a better bird than the blue-bird or the oriole. He has a right to his own opinions. But when he begins to try to make the bobolink adopt his song, and to drive the wrens and buntings out of their haunts, and to break their eggs and tear their nests to pieces, why, then I must cry out against his arrogance. We do not want a bird-world composed of nothing but sparrows. We will not have it, and if the sparrows themselves had any sense they would protest against it; for do not the thrushes sing for them too, and may they not enjoy the plumage of the scarlet-tanager, if they will? Let us hope that the sparrow may learn some day to appreciate the good points of other fowl, even to the point of

cherishing them and learning from them. What wasted opportunities of improvement for ourselves Ellis Island affords! We are careful to assure ourselves that each immigrant has in his pocket so much money which will find its way into the general circulation, but he bears a greater wealth in his heart, and this we disregard. If the energy which we expend upon keeping him out were devoted to the task of investing this spiritual wealth of his to the greatest advantage for all, the problem of immigration would cease to vex us, for we would all soon learn to hail his advent with gratitude.

The Immigration Restriction League is then engaged in fighting windmills,—it is “barking up the wrong tree.” And the worst evil which attends such a mistake is that it draws attention away from the right tree. Economic ills confront us which are our own fault, and so long as we cast the blame on others we are not likely to set to work seriously to reform ourselves. There is a chance that, if we humbly acknowledge our failures and undertake to seek out their causes in our own institutions and customs, we may be able to find and obviate them, but these restrictionists are deliberately drawing a herring across our trail. Let us not follow them in their error, for the true scent leads elsewhere, and the real goal is the extension to the sphere of economics of that principle of equality of opportunity which we recognize already in politics.

ERNEST CROSBY.

Rhinebeck, N. Y.



THE POET AT HOME, MAY, 1892.

JOAQUIN MILLER: A NATURE-LOVING POET OF PROGRESS.

BY B. O. FLOWER.

I.

THE FAMOUS Poet of the Sierras, best known to the world as Joaquin Miller, but christened by his parents Cincinnatus Heine, is one of the most interesting and picturesque figures in the literary life of America to-day. He is a man of imagination, to whom has been given the seeing eye that discerns as only a poet may the glory of God in the golden poppy and the purpling grape, in the emerald slope of the mountain-side and the snow-robed peaks whose glistening spires point ever to the star-strewn heavens, and in the flaming sky of the sunset hour. He is a man whose mind, touched by the wand of Genius in her flight, has henceforth felt as only a poet may the mystery that enfolds

us on every side and that stimulates thoughts beyond reaches of the common mind—mysteries that haunt the corridors of the brain and lure the soul out to the farthest verge of the promontory of thought and speculation but to impart new-old truths and to sing songs of hope and trust. He is a man possessed of the mystic's insight and of the open ear of the true philosopher, who hears as only a poet may the messages of the Infinite in the multitudinous voices through which the great Mother speaks to her chosen ones. No idle sounds to him are the crooning of the sea, the solemn requiem of the storm-tossed deep; the murmuring of the wind in the somber pines; the joy songs of

spring-time, when earth wears her festal robes, when birds are mating, flowers blossoming, and the air is fragrant with perfume; the happy buzz of insect-life, singing of contentment in toil, of the joy of labor through the summer-time; and the dirge-like cadence of the autumn wind, pregnant with prophecies of winter's coming storms and the solemn hour when Nature dons her spotless shroud and falls asleep. All the songs and sounds of nature, all the notes of joy, sadness and despair, of life and death, of sunshine and gloom, are to the true poet part of the symphony of nature, freighted with food for mind and soul. And for more than a quarter of a century Joaquin Miller, with the witchery of the true bard, has been weaving on the loom of his luxuriant imagination poems revealing the glory lying all about us and its message to the children of men—songs of nature and the human, shot with vital ethical lessons and noble philosophic truths.

II.

Joaquin Miller was born in Indiana, on November 11, 1841. When nine years of age his father, who had fallen under the psychological influence of what was known as the Oregon fever, decided to move to the new Canaan of the Pacific about which so many glowing reports had been received and to whose rich valleys already thousands of sturdy pioneers had journeyed.

Oregon had for several years been a magic word among the more daring settlers in the great valley of the Mississippi, as in 1849 California became the magic-word for gold-seekers from all quarters of the land. The latter was the new El Dorado, the former the Promised Land for the home-seeker who loved the soil. In 1805 Lewis and Clark returned from their dangerous expedition, bringing, like Caleb and Joshua of old, a wonder-story of the land upon which lavish nature had been prodigal of her bounties,—a land of marvelous promise to the home-builder. England and America each strove to set-

tle the coveted country, appreciating the fact that possession is nine points of the law. Hither hastened pioneer bands of hunters and trappers, who found the forests full of fur-bearing animals, and a fur company ready to buy all the pelts that they could obtain. In 1810 Captain Winship built the first house on the Columbia. In 1811 John Jacob Astor, of New York, established a fur-trading post at Astoria, fifteen miles from the Pacific. In 1834 the Reverends Jason and David Lee and others established a Methodist mission and later the Oregon Manual Labor School. These pioneer missionaries were followed by the Rev. Samuel Parker, Dr. Marcus Whitman, Rev. H. H. Spaulding and wife, and others. The missionaries, who wrought for the most part among the Indians, wrote back to the eastern countries glowing stories of Oregon, picturing a country blessed of nature, of inestimable wealth when once the virgin soil should come under the mastery of industry and intelligence, and peopled by Indians whom they reported to be for the most part friendly. Next came bands of sturdy pioneer settlers who in turn confirmed the representations of the missionaries, declaring that Oregon was a land of open winters and genial climate, possessing deep, rich, alluvial soil, splendid timber and noble riverways. The forests were full of game, the streams abounded in fish, and all these natural attractions were found in a country of unsurpassed beauty and grandeur, a land of lofty mountains and magnificent valleys.

Such stories wrought a psychological spell over the minds of pioneer spirits. Only the persistent declaration that wagons could not reach the Columbia river served to check or retard the tide of emigration from the East. But in 1842 and 1843 Dr. Whitman returned to the plains and journeyed to the East, refuting the stories of the impracticability of wagons crossing the mountains. He furthermore published plans and a full, detailed description of the most feasible

route to the Columbia river. On his return from the East he encountered over a thousand emigrants on the North Platte river with faces set toward Oregon. And so the stream of life set in for the new wonder-land that beckoned rugged home-seekers.

It is a peculiarity of the frontier settlers of our republic that hard on the heels of the hunters, trappers, missionaries and settlers ever came the school-masters. The strength and glory of the United States has long been found in her magnificent system of public education; and so in Oregon, wherever a few families formed a settlement, a little school-house would invariably be found rising in the wood or on the plain, and to Oregon went many highly-educated teachers of the East who fanned the flame of ambition in the minds of the sturdy boys and girls of the new land.

Such was the condition in the new territory when the Miller family, consisting of the father, mother, three sons and a daughter, set out for the Pacific slopes. Arriving at their destination, the family engaged with heart and soul in building the new home, and day by day with axe, spade and plough all who could toil wrought faithfully, save when the children were at school; for here as in Indiana the parents had made the schooling of their young a matter of the first concern, and the nights were often given to reading, for the children were striving to prepare themselves to be teachers. Hard work, when it is loving service, becomes a joy, and for a time all went well. One day, however, came disquieting rumors. A



Photo. by Blanche Cumming, San Francisco.

FEEDING THE COWS.

number of Indians among the Modocs were manifesting an ugly spirit. Indeed, there were among the leaders some red men who had long beheld with growing fear and jealousy the rapid influx of the whites, and at last their alarm and resentment had crystalized into a definite purpose. They, that is, the hostile and discontented bands, determined to entrench themselves in the almost inaccessible and impregnable mountain peaks known as Castle Rocks, from which they planned to make raids, slaughtering the settlers and inaugurating such a reign of terror as to depopulate the country. The news of the depredations struck terror to the souls of the settlers, and as the days passed terrible stories of deeds of barbarism were brought to the various settlements. Women and children had been brutally slain and homes destroyed.

At this time, June, 1855, Joaquin Miller, though little more than fourteen years of age, had a post at Soda Springs, not far from Castle Rocks. During his absence the hostile band descended upon the post and destroyed his property. It was not the laying waste of their little cabins, but the slaughter of women and children that

roused the fury of the settlers. United States troops had attempted to dislodge the hostiles, but had signally failed, and their failure made the Indians more daring in their depredations. One day two settlers returned to their homes to find their wives and babes slain and horribly mangled and their cabins in ruins. Then went up the cry for vengeance, and one Reuben P. Gibson, a daring pioneer, shouldered his musket and appealed to the settlers far and near to join him in an attempt to avenge the slaughter of the innocents and accomplish the work at which the regulars had so signally failed. Men, however, shrank from what they regarded as certain death, and only twenty-nine responded to Gibson's call. These with some friendly Indian scouts set out on the desperate venture to dislodge the hostiles, who were some hundreds in number. Among these men was the young poet who through the fierce fight that followed was in the van of the conflict by his leader's side, until he fell with arrow wounds piercing his face and neck. The battle resulted in a complete victory for the whites. For many days the poet lingered between life and death, suffering great agony. At length however, he recovered. Years later, when the leader was an old, bent man, Joaquin Miller penned his stirring lines entitled "Old Gib at Castle Rocks," of which the following stanzas are specimen verses:

"His eyes are dim, he gropes his way,
His step is doubtful, slow,
And now men pass him by to-day;
But forty years ago—
Why forty years ago I say
Old Gib was good to know.

Full forty years ago to-day
This valley lay in flame;
Up yonder pass and far away
Red ruin swept the same:
Two women, with their babes at play,
Were butchered in black shame.

'T was then with gun and flashing eye
Old Gib loomed like a pine;
'Now will you fight or will you fly?

I'll take a fight in mine.
Come, let us fight; come, let us die!
There came just twenty-nine.

Then cried the red chief from his height,
'Now, white man, what would you?
Behold my hundreds for the fight,
But yours so faint and few;
We are as rain, as hail at night,
But you, you are as dew.

'White man, go back; I beg go back,
I will not fight so few;
Yet if I hear one rifle crack,
Be that the doom of you!
Back! down, I say, back down your track,
Back, down! what else to do?'

'What else to do? Avenge or die!
Brave men have died before;
And you shall fight, or you shall fly.
You find no women more,
No babes to butcher now; for I
Shall storm your Castle's door!'

Then bang! whiz bang! whiz bang and
ping!
Six thousand feet below
Sweet Sacramento ceased to sing,
But wept and wept, for oh!
These arrows sting as adders sting,
And they kept stinging so.

Then one man cried: 'Brave men have
died,
And we can die as they;
But ah! my babe, my one year's bride!
And they so far away.
Brave Captain, lead us back—aside,
Must all die here to-day?'

His face, his hands, his body bled:
Yea, no man there that day—
No white man there but turned to red
In that fierce fatal fray;
But Gib with set teeth only said:
'No; we came here to stay!'

They stayed and stayed, and Modocs
stayed,
But when the night came on,
No white man there was now afraid,
The last Modoc had gone;
His ghost in Castle Rocks was laid
Till everlasting dawn."

This was the first of three expeditions which the poet joined in facing the hostile Modocs in Indian uprisings in the Sierra country; and though he is said to have fought with desperate determination when homes were imperiled and women and children were being slaughtered, at other times his heart and sympathy went out to the Indians being despoiled of their lands, and from them, save during these periods of war, he always received the kindest treatment, such as he invariably showed to them.

After the lad recovered from his wounds he entered Columbia College, the principal institution of learning in the territory, from which he graduated in 1859. When not attending college during this period he taught school. In writing of his first printed poem Mr. Miller thus refers to his *alma mater*:

"The first thing of mine in print was the valedictory class-poem, Columbia College, Eugene, Oregon, 1859. Oregon, settled by missionaries, was a great place for schools from the first. At this date, Columbia College, the germ of the University, had many students from California, and was famous as an educational center. . . . I have never since found such determined students and omnivorous readers."

After he graduated he studied law and was admitted to the bar in 1861, but for



Photo. by Adelaide Hanscom, San Francisco.

"REFLECTIONS."

some time the witching spell of the gold-diggings had been enmeshing his imagination. After his admittance to the bar he set out for the gold-mines. Here a terrible calamity overtook him of which he thus speaks:

"My first act there came near costing my life, and cost me, through snow-blindness, the best use of my eyes from that time forth. The agony of snow-blindness is unutterable; the hurt irreparable. In those days men never murmured nor admitted themselves put at a disadvantage. I gave up the law for a time and laid hand to other things."

How he came to thus imperil life and permanently endanger his eye-sight has been described in the following language by an old class-mate who was also present with the poet when he returned from his daring trip, stricken with snow-blindness:

↓ "He was then in the first flush of manhood, with buoyant spirits, untiring energy, and among a race of hardy pioneers, the bravest of the brave. He possessed more than ordinary talent, and looked forward with hope to the battle of life, expecting to reap his share of its honors and rewards. For years he was foremost in every desperate enterprise—crossing snow-capped mountains, swollen rivers, and facing hostile Indians. When snow fell fifteen feet on Florence Mountain, and hundreds were penned in camp without a word from wives, children, and loved ones at home, he said, 'Boys, I will bring your letters from Lewiston.' Afoot and alone, without a trail, he crossed the mountain-tops, the dangerous streams, the wintry desert of Camas Prairie, fighting back the hungry mountain-wolves and returned bending beneath his load of loving messages from home. One day he was found, in defence of the weak, facing the pistol or bowie-knife of the desperado; and the next day he was washing the clothes and smoothing the pillow of a sick comrade. We all loved him, but we were not men who wrote for the newspaper or magazine, and his acts of heroism and kindness were unchronicled, save in the hearts of those who knew him in those times and under those trying circumstances."*

Next we find the poet scorning the gravest dangers and engaging in an enterprise congenial to his spirit, or at least to one side of his nature. But we will let him tell his own story of this passage in his eventful life:

"In the heart of the then-unknown and unnamed Idaho and Montana, gold-dust was as wheat in harvest-time. I and another, born to the saddle, formed an ex-

press-line, and carried letters in from the Oregon river and gold-dust out,—gold-dust by the horse-load after horse-load, till we earned all the gold we wanted. Such rides! and each alone, Indians holding the plunging horses for us at relays. I had lived with, and knew, trusted, the red men, and was never betrayed. Those matchless night-rides under the stars, dashing into the Orient doors of dawn before me as the sun burst through the shining mountain-pass,—this brought my love of song to the surface. And now, having earned fortune, I traveled Mexico, South America; I had resolved as I rode to set these unwritten lands with the banner of song."

These rides by night and day called out the poet's soul and stimulated his imagination much as did the splendid scenery, the majesty and stately grandeur of the Sierras awaken the poet in the soul of that other great Western singer of democracy and progress, Edwin Markham, when he tended the cattle, a solitary youth in the valleys of the storm-stained and riven Sierras.

Ah! those long rides fraught with dangers! They were medicine to the health-broken youth. Then the great Mother took him to her breast, sometimes teaching him her lessons, sometimes soothing his impatient soul with her croonings and lullabies, sometimes touching as by magic the eye of the youth, when lo! a second vision was given to him. He saw all he had seen before—all that, and far more. He saw and understood the relation of the small to the great things, and caught glimpses of the meaning of life and the message of Nature to man; and what he saw in the outer suggested figures for impressing other thoughts. Thus the star-strewn skies and the ploughmen in the valleys suggested such imagery as the following:†

"The star-sown seas of thought are still,
As when God's plowmen scatter corn
Along the mellow grooves at morn,
In patient trust to wait His will.

† *As It Was in The Beginning*, page 6.

* *Oregon Teacher*, February, 1897.

The star-sown seas of thought are wide,
But voiceless, noiseless, deep as night:
Disturb not these, the silent seas
Are sacred unto souls allied
As golden poppies unto bees."

Never before did he so feel, so enjoy the intoxication of beauty, grandeur and sublimity as during those night-rides, when the sky was studded with diamonds, when the valleys were wrapped in slumber and guarded by age-long mountain-peaks where rose the spectral pines, silent for the most part, but anon forming whispering galleries when the errant breeze passed their way. And the glory of the morning hours,—how indelibly their splendor impressed his mind may be gathered from the following lines descriptive of a morn in Oregon:

" . . . The kindled camp
Upon the mountain brow that broke below
In steep and grassy stairway to the damp
And dewy valley, snapp'd and flamed aglow
With knots of pine. Above, the peaks of
snow,



Photo. by Blanche Cumming, San Francisco.

RESTING ON HIS 'HOE.

With under-belts of sable forests, rose
And flashed in sudden sunlight. To and fro
And far below, in lines and winding rows,
The herders drove their bands, and broke the
deep repose.

I heard their shouts like sounding hunter's
horn,

The lowing herds made echoes far away;
When lo! the clouds came driving in with
morn

Toward the sea, as fleeing from the day.

A savage stood in silence at my side,
Then sudden threw aback his beaded strouds
And stretched his hand above the scene, and
cried,
'Behold! the sun bathes in a silver sea of
clouds.'

The clouds blow by, the swans take loftier
flight,

The yellow blooms burst out upon the hill,
The purple camas comes as in a night,
Tall spiked and dripping of the dews that fill
The misty valley. Sunbeams break and
spill

Their glory till the vale is full of noon.

The roses belt the streams, no bird is still.

The stars, as large as lilies,
meet the moon

And sing of summer, born
thus sudden full and
soon."

Returning from his wanderings in Mexico and Central and South America, the poet established a democratic paper. He inherited something of his Quaker father's abhorrence of war, in spite of his naturally adventurous and daring spirit, and the thought of tens of thousands of brothers, friends and companions flying at each other's throats filled him with horror. He opposed the Civil war as being inimical to the genius of democracy and the religion of Christ. Thereupon his paper was suppressed on the charge of disloyalty.

He now found himself poor and broken in health. Hence he again repaired to the gold-mines, from whence he was summoned to defend the settlers against the Modocs, who were busy with their tomahawks and scalping-knives. After this he was elected Judge of Grant county, Oregon, a position which he held from 1866 to 1870.

From his college days he had published much fugitive verse, some of his little sermons in song proving very popular. The following lines from a poem of this class, entitled "Is It Worth While?" which was published about 1866, is a fair example of the waifs that went the rounds of the country press during the sixties and early seventies—real sermons in song that sung themselves into the thought-world of thousands of our people:

"Is it worth while that we jostle a brother
Bearing his load on the rough road of life?
Is it worth while that we jeer at each other
In blackness of heart?—that we war to the
knife?
God pity us all in our pitiful strife.

God pity us all as we jostle each other;
God pardon us all for the triumphs we feel
When a fellow goes down; poor, heart-
broken brother,
Pierced to the heart; words are keener
than steel,
And mightier far for woe or for weal.

Were it not well in this brief little journey,
On over the isthmus, down into the tide,
That we give him a fish instead of a serpent,
Ere folding the hands to be and abide
For ever and aye in dust at his side?

Look at the roses saluting each other;
Look at the herds all at peace on the plain—
Man, and man only, makes war on his
brother,
And dotes in his heart on his peril and
pain—
Shamed by the brutes that go down on the
plain."

Two other waifs of song of this class proved very popular. One was written

on the death of a gold-crazed New York millionaire. Two of these stanzas were as follows:

"The gold that with the sunlight lies
In bursting heaps at dawn,
The silver spilling from the skies
At night to walk upon,
The diamonds gleaming in the dew,
He never saw, he never knew.

He got some gold, dug from the mud,
Some silver, crushed from stones;
But the gold was red with dead men's blood,
The silver, black with groans;
And when he died he moaned aloud,
'They'll make no pocket in my shroud.'"

The other poem was penned in memory of Peter Cooper. It was the exact antithesis of the "ugly truth" emphasized in the former lines. Here are three stanzas:

"Honor and glory forevermore
To this great man gone to rest;
Peace on the dim Plutonian shore;
Rest in the land of the blest.

I reckon him greater than any man
That ever drew sword in war;
Nobler, better, than king or khan,
Better, wiser, by far.

Aye, wisest he in this whole wide land
Of hoarding till bent and gray;
For all you can hold in your cold, dead hand
Is what you have given away."

III.

After his election as judge he published his first volume of poems, entitled *Specimens*, but though well received by such critics as Bret Harte, then editor of the *Overland Monthly*, the poems were too imaginative, mystical and philosophical to be appreciated by the rank and file of the people, who could not follow the poet in his daring flights of fancy.

The reading, studying and writing during the years when he served as judge resulted in the failure of his eye-sight for a

time, and with this came another breakdown in his health. He had long wished to visit England, not only because of his desire to see the homes and tombs of her bards, singers and thinkers, but also because he believed that in the Mother Country his songs of the New World would find a more cordial reception than on the Pacific coast; and feeling no longer equal to the arduous duties that had so long engaged his hand and brain, he set out for the Old World. After reaching London his poems were published and instantly called forth high praise from leading critics. The work proved a pronounced success, and suddenly the Oregon bard found himself the lion of the hour. But here again let us quote from the poet's own writings:*

"Letters—sweet, brave, good letters from the learned and the great—were so many I could not read them with my poor eyes and had to leave them to friends. They found two from the Archbishop of Dublin. I was to breakfast with him to meet Browning, Dean Stanley, Houghton, and so on. I went to an old Jew close by to hire a dress-suit, as Franklin had done for the Court of St. James. While fitting on the clothes I told him I was in haste to go to a great breakfast. He stopped, looked at me, looked me all over, and then told me I must not wear that, but he would hire me a suit of velvet. By degrees, as he fixed me up, he got at, or guessed at some facts, and when I asked to pay him he shook his head. I put some money down and he pushed it back. He said he had a son, his only family now, at Oxford, and he kept on fixing me up; cane, great tall silk hat, gloves and all. Who would have guessed the heart to be found there?"

"Browning was just back from Italy, sunburnt and ruddy. 'Robert, you are browning,' smiled Lady Augusta. 'And you are Agust-a,' bowed the great poet grandly; and, by what coincidence—he,

too, was in brown velvet, and so like my own that I was a bit uneasy.

"Two of the Archbishop's beautiful daughters had been riding in the park with the Earl of Aberdeen. 'And did you gallop?' asked Browning of the younger beauty. 'I galloped, Joyce galloped, we galloped all three.' Then we all laughed at the happy and hearty retort, and Browning, beating the time and clang of galloping horses' feet on the table with his fingers, repeated the exact measure in Latin from Virgil; and the Archbishop laughingly took it up, in Latin, where he left off. I then told Browning I had an order—it was my first—for a poem from the *Oxford Magazine*, and would like to borrow the measure and spirit of his 'Good News' for a prairie-fire on the plains, driving buffalo and all other life before it into a river. 'Why not borrow from Virgil, as I did? He is as rich as one of your gold-mines, while I am but a poor scribe.' And this was my first of inner London.

"Fast on top of this came breakfasts with Lord Houghton, lunch with Browning, a dinner with Rossetti to meet the great painters; the good old Jew garmenting me always, and always pushing back the pay."

But now, just as fame garlanded the poet and success smiled upon the wanderer, his eyes gave completely out. It happened in this wise:

"One evening Rossetti brought me Walt Whitman, new to me, and that night I lay in bed and read it through—the last book I ever read. I could not bear any light next morning, nor very much light ever since, nor have ever since looked upon any page long without intense pain."

When he grew somewhat better he received tempting offers from great newspapers to act as correspondent. One of these he accepted, and for several years thereafter was one of the most popular of America's newspaper correspondents, while all the time he wooed the muse. In 1873 *Songs of the Sunland* was published. *The Ship in the Desert* and *Songs of Italy*

* The extracts from the writings of Mr. Miller in this article are taken for the most part from *The Complete Poetical Works of Joaquin Miller*, published in 1902 by the Whitaker & Ray Company, San Francisco.

followed in quick succession, and in 1881 *The Danites in the Sierras* was published. This novel and the play founded upon it were very popular. Among his other principal works may be mentioned *My Life Among the Modocs*, *Shadows of Shasta*, '49: or the Gold-Seekers of the Sierras, and *Memorie and Rime*. These works and his voluminous journalistic writings, together with many fugitive poems, marked the most strenuous period of Mr. Miller's life after he had boldly launched out upon his literary career.

His work is all marked by a wealth of imagination and a dash of mysticism. The latter is especially in evidence in his poetry. He sees and feels the deeper meaning of life's lessons and experiences and of nature's messages to man—meanings and messages that are only fully appreciated by those chosen sons of earth who possess the poet's soul. Now the mystic element and the deep underlying philosophical truths that lie thinly veiled by the symbolic imagery of his best poems escape the busy, restless and superficial reader of our time and land. Hence what is in fact an element of strength detracts from the author's popularity as a poet.

As the years passed the Orient beckoned the mystic poet. Palestine, the cradle of our religion, the home of the serene Prophet of peace and love, called to him with compelling power; and Egypt, land of mysteries and ancient learning, also lured him to her ruins. He had traveled far and wide, had mingled with many men in many lands, but now Palestine became his Mecca. Yielding to the fascination of the spell he journeyed thither, visiting Jerusalem; and traversing the hills and plains over which so many times the Great Nazarene had traveled, he came *en rapport* with the life of Him who spake as never man spake. Then it was that he determined to weave in verse a life of Christ, and then it was also that there came into his mind the outline of a social vision which had long haunted his imagination at intervals. From Palestine he

journeyed down into Egypt, visiting the ruins of Karnak and pausing in silent meditation before the mighty Sphinx.

His travels in the Orient served to stimulate his imagination in a marvelous degree and to awaken to new life sentiments of social justice, equity and righteousness. On returning to America he set to work upon his life of Christ. Scarcely, however, had it been completed when Sir Edwin Arnold published his great poem, *The Light of the World*, and after reading it Mr. Miller felt it to be a nobler and more comprehensive picture of the Great Nazarene. He therefore cut out more than a score of little poems that formed a part of his life of Jesus, determining to place one at the head of each chapter of his contemplated social vision, which he intended to make the crowning work of his life. The rest of this life of Christ he threw away, and turned with all the enthusiasm of his early years to the composition of his most finished romance, the prose-poem *par excellence*, *The Building of the City Beautiful*. He had read the many stories, dreams and pen-pictures of a juster and a fairer state that had come from the brain of philosopher, poet, sage and humanitarian from time to time, but they all left much to be desired. Plato's *Republic* concerned an aristocracy of intellect. Sir Thomas More's *Utopia* was a marvelous work in its age, but it cannot satisfy the mind to-day. Edward Bellamy did a needed work, yet his ideal state was to the poet in many respects far from ideal. And then there was William Morris, rare and delightful soul; poet, romancer, artist, worker and social reformer, all in one. He, too, had pictured the Utopia of his thought-world, but how vague and unconvincing, how essentially medieval in its atmosphere, how out of tune with much of the best as well as the worst of our own age. No, excellent and suggestive as were all these visions, from Plato to Morris, the last word in the nature of the case had not been spoken; and so our poet began his crowning work, *The Building of the City Beautiful*.

IV.

Before its commencement, however, he had wearied of the homeless life. He yearned for a cottage he could call his own. He longed to be able to cultivate the earth, to grow his own oranges and olives, fruit and vegetables; to live the

now famous Golden Gate, years before gold was found." Of the unsurpassed view which is one of the poet's dearest possessions, Mr. Miller has written as follows:

"Here at dawn we are above the clouds!
What would the world do without clouds?
And at no two hours of the day, no two



Photo. by C. D. Nichols, Grants Pass, Ore.

THE POET AT HOME, 1904.

sane and simple life amid rose-gardens and with a panorama of perpetual glory before his vision. And so, as far back as in 1887, he secured a tract of land on the Oakland heights. Here he set to work planting an orange-grove and making a garden of roses. Several little unpretentious cabins jeweled his garden-spot. In one lives the poet's mother, now far into the eighties. This ideal home is where Fremont pitched his tent half a century ago, "and from which spot he named the

minutes, indeed, are the views along here alike. You see the higher streets of San Francisco above the rolling, surging sea-mist; the great cross of the Lone Mountain Cemetery lifting in grand and solemn loneliness above all things, and looking strangely tall and vast. The clouds roll above Oakland, lift, rift a little, and church-spires are pointing up and through the sea of snow that undulates, lifts, pulses, at your feet. The whole bay is a mobile floor of silver. Not a sugges-

tion of the sea! Tamalpais, with its winding track and trains above the clouds that conceal San Pablo Bay, a white light-house on the headlands below, Black Point, Sutro Heights, Fort Alcatraz, the tips and topmasts of sail, that is all,—

"Where phantom ships unchallenged pass
The gloomy guns of Alcatraz.

"Twelve o'clock, and not a cloud—not a cloud above or about the peaceful fair visage of beautiful Alameda below you. And yet do not despise the clouds, God's garments' hem. Truly, all that is good or great is veiled, garmented in mists, clouds, mystery. The priest has his sacred place; the house of God has its holy of holies. All things in nature have their mantled mysteries. The little seeds take life in the dark mould; all life begins in secret, silence, majestic mystery, the large solemnity of night.

"At morning, noon, or night, especially night, when the heavens and the earth are on fire—for you cannot tell where the lights leave off and the stars begin—the scene is most gorgeously magnificent.

"Deep below us lies the valley,
Steep below us lies the town,
Where great sea-ships ride and rally,
And the world walks up and down.

Oh, the sea of lights far-streaming,
When the thousand flags are furled,
And the gleaming bay lies dreaming
As it duplicates the world."

And so with splendors grander by far than Cyrus or Cræsus could boast, ever unfolded before his vision, and with the eye to see and the soul to value the price-less possessions,—the ever-changing, ever-matchless painting of the divine Artist-Artisan, Joaquin Miller is peacefully passing his days. Here, surrounded by nature, genial, smiling nature, are found the cottages—canvases in fact for the rarest of rose-pictures; and the earth is spangled with flowers and fragrant with perfume. Here are rocks that to the seeing eye are

rich in tints and tones unseen by duller vision. And amid his orange-trees toils with heart and brain the poet who knows the joy of labor that is free from that grinding over-work which dulls the senses, blunts the finer feelings and dries up the divine well-springs of being.

V.

The views of life, the ideals and concepts of those whose creative work has enriched our thought-world are always interesting and not unfrequently inspiring and helpful. Joaquin Miller is nothing if not a teacher. Only second to his splendid descriptions and magnificent word-pictures, often Oriental in the wealth of striking imagery, is his ethical message. As we have before observed, many of his poems are sermons in song; but nowhere is the teacher more in evidence than in his prose. Take for example, the following words which embody in a large way his faith, his creed and his message as it relates to life, condensed into a few expressive sentences:

"The truth is, there is a great deal more good in the world than it has credit for. I doubt if there is a home, never so poor, but has some little unseen altar on which is daily, almost hourly, laid some little sweet sacrifice, some little touch of pity and tenderness for the poor pale mother, the weary, worn father, the little sick baby. It is our place to give them more and more love to lay on the unseen altar, more light, more light; so that they may have more heart, hope, strength.

"The second lesson after the love of man is the love of nature. As there is no entirely bad man in his right mind on earth, so is there no entirely ugly thing in nature. I was told an Arab tradition in Jerusalem, that Jesus, passing down the valley of Jehoshaphat with his disciples, came upon the remains of a dog. They gathered their garments, and with lifted faces hurried by. But Jesus, pausing a moment, and reaching his face a little, said softly: 'What beautiful teeth!'

"The third and undebated lesson after the goodness of man and the beauty of the world is the immortality of man. Yes, there may be those who do not live again. You may sow your field as carefully as you can, yet there are many worthless grains that will not come up, but will rot and resolve again into earth. And may it not be that this fearful disease of unbelief is a sort of crucial test? May it not be, that if you be so weak as to say you shall be blown out as a candle and so drop into everlasting darkness, that it shall be so?

"We begin the next life where we leave off in this. I see this in the little seeds that sift down from the trees, and lie under the shroud of snow in the hollow of His hand the winter through, waiting the roaring March winds to trumpet through the pines and proclaim the resurrection. I read it in every blade of grass that carpets God's footstool. Every spear is a spear to battle for this truth. Every blade of grass is a bent saber waving us forward with living evidence of immortality, for it has seen the resurrection.

"A fourth and very practical lesson is on economy. Nature wastes nothing, nothing; least of all does nature waste time. Yet Nature is never in haste, and this practical lesson broadens and broadens as we go forward. Ah me, the waste that is in this world at the hands of man! Looking away down yonder, I can count more than forty church-spires. More than forty great big churches, and not one single place, except a library or two and a station or two, where a stranger can wash his hands, or observe the simplest decencies of life, without going into some saloon. Forty great, empty churches, with soft cushions, some of them, yet not one place, outside of the jail, where a stranger without money can lay his head."

Again he observes;

"Is there such a thing as genius, inspiration? I think there is no such thing. Rather let us call it a devout and all-pervading love of the sublime, the beautiful, and the good; the never-questioning conviction that there is nothing in this world that is not beautiful or trying to be beautiful. 'And God saw everything that he had made, and, behold, it was very good.'

"Genius is love that is born of this truth leading ever by plain and simple ways, and true toil and care, as all nature toils and cares, as God toils and cares; that is all. I write this down for those who may come after. We shall have higher results from the plain, sweet truth."

Here is a word about art:

"The sweetest flowers grow closest to the ground. There is no art without heart. The art of all art is really to know nature—yourself. Better to know, of your own knowledge, the color, the perfume, the nature, the twining, of a single little creeping vine in the cañon, than to know all the Rocky Mountains through a book. Man reads too much and reasons too little. Great artists are not great readers, but great observers. They see with the heart. The world seems to think the artist should be constantly busy with book, brush or pen. No, his heart, like a field, must lie fallow long to bring forth greatly."

Such is Joaquin Miller, the man and the poet, whose early life was spent so largely in the valleys, in the diggings, and amid scenes of strife and turmoil, and who now dwells in serenity "on the heights."

B. O. FLOWER.

Boston, Mass.

CRISES IN JAPANESE HISTORY.

IV.

THE RUSSO-JAPANESE WAR.

By PROFESSOR EDWIN MAXEY, M.Dip., LL.D.,
Of the Law Department of the University of West Virginia.

IN DISCUSSING the last great crisis in Japanese history, in the November number of this magazine, I found it impracticable to include more than a study of the situation up to the point where force was substituted for diplomacy. I shall now supplement that study with a brief survey of the military and naval achievements and the probable effect of these when viewed from the standpoint of international politics.

As control of the sea was of supreme importance to Japan, she lost no time in securing to herself, in so far as possible, the advantages which must needs result from such control. In fact, so vital was this to Japan that her whole campaign and, indeed, her national safety, depended upon it. Even a drawn battle on sea would render the Japanese land campaign liable to interruption at any time by having its line of communications cut. Naval supremacy was therefore the first care of the Japanese; nor was this supremacy assured by reason of any overwhelming superiority of her fleet over the Russian. For whether measured by tonnage, muzzle-force of their guns, or the number and strength of their line-of-battle ships, there was no very great disparity between the two navies. Mastery of the sea would therefore have to come as a result of superior strategy and seamanship. Though the superiority of the Japanese as seamen might have been foreseen, for the class from which the Russian seamen are recruited are too dense to handle successfully as fine a grade of machinery as is found upon the first-class battle-ships, cruisers and torpedo-boats of to-day, there were few who really expected such marked superiority

upon the part of the Japanese. The disparity in seamanship and marksmanship was about as great as between the American and Spanish navies. Both these wars emphasize the fact that ships, however well-built and armed, do not make a navy. There must be a reasonably large merchant-marine, for trans-oceanic or coasting trade, as a training-school for a navy.

The Japanese admirals were not slow to avail themselves of the fact that the Russian fleet was scattered and hence might be destroyed piecemeal. They followed the Napoleonic maxim, that wisdom in war consists in striking first and in always having a stronger force than the enemy at the point of contact. In accordance with this maxim they disregarded at the outset the Vladivostock fleet and destroyed the Russian warships which were at Chemulpo, and so paralyzed the Port Arthur fleet that it was thrown upon the defensive during the period when the opposite role would have enabled it to hamper most seriously the Japanese operations preparatory to their land campaign. How extremely dangerous to the Japanese transports would have been a fleet which could have maintained the offensive in the Yellow sea was amply demonstrated later by the raids of the comparatively weak Vladivostock squadron.

So paralyzed was the Port Arthur fleet by the first blow that it stayed cooped up under the protection of the guns of Port Arthur for nearly six months. And when at last it had repaired its torpedoed battle-ships so that it had six to Japan's five, it made a dash for the purpose of joining forces with the Vladivostock



Photo. by The Friend Studio, Morgantown, W. Va.

EDWIN MAXEY, D.C.L., LL.D., M.Dip.



squadron. This maneuver brought on the first really great naval fight of the war. As a result of it Russia has samples of her navy on exhibition in several of the neutral ports of Asia. This method of escaping the legitimate consequences of a fight by skulking around in your neighbor's back yard for protection is not well calculated to increase one's self-respect or the respect of others. Especially inconsistent, and, one would suppose, humiliating, was it for Russia to demand protection from China, after having insisted all along that China was not capable of protecting property. I think we may safely say that the manly thing to do in a fight which one has forced upon another is to fight until it is unwise to fight any longer—and then surrender, even though such action be humiliating and expensive.

In the same attempt to affect a junction the Vladivostock fleet fell in with Kamimura's cruisers which sunk the "Rurik" and so damaged the "Gromoboi" and the "Rossia" that they have been in dock for repairs ever since, awaiting the arrival of the thoroughly-domesticated Baltic fleet. The sinking of the "Rurik" will always be coupled with that of the "Hitachi," because of the marked contrast in the behavior of the Russian and the Japanese commanders in the two cases. The "Hitachi" was an unarmed transport carrying over a thousand Japanese soldiers for whose rescue, after torpedoing their ship, the Russian commander showed not the slightest concern; while after the sinking of the "Rurik" Kamimura delayed until all were rescued. His brief sentence—"We offer their living for our dead"—is destined to become a classic.

In the fight with each of the Russian fleets the Japanese displayed superb strategy in compelling their adversaries to fight at long range, for while this lessened the amount of damage they could do to the Russian ships, it enabled them to escape with very slight injuries. When we remember that the Japanese must at all hazards hold control of the sea and that it might yet have to deal with the Baltic

fleet, we see the superior wisdom of this over close-range-fighting in which, though the Japanese ships could have inflicted injury more rapidly, they would have sacrificed a part of the advantage due to their superior marksmanship and would have run a chance of having been rammed or otherwise disabled. Under the tactics they have pursued, they have practically destroyed the Asiatic squadrons and have themselves a sufficient force with which to successfully meet the Baltic fleet, should it come within striking distance of them.

The achievements of the Japanese navy are among the most brilliant and momentous in the whole history of sea-fighting. They have demonstrated that the torpedo-boat is effective, when properly handled, as an offensive as well as a defensive weapon. In this respect, at least, they are entitled to credit for originality. Just how great an influence this departure will have upon the make-up of future navies and upon future naval actions remains to be seen, but that it will have some influence is certain. Nor is it less certain that the Japanese naval-power will henceforth be a factor to be reckoned with in determining the balance of power among nations.

The work of the army, like that of the navy, has been at once brilliant and conservative. The land campaign has not been of the flash-in-the-pan variety, as many had expected. On the contrary, it has followed out a well-defined plan with mathematical precision. This plan included four objectives: the occupation of Korea; the cutting of the communications between Port Arthur and Mukden, Harbin and Vladivostock; the capture of Port Arthur; and the driving of the Russian forces out of Southern Manchuria.

The occupation of Korea was of prime importance to Japan, whether we consider it from the point-of-view of offence or defence. Therefore no time was lost by Japan in securing to herself this advantage. And in order to guard against surprises she fortified it as she went, so that if compelled to assume the defensive she would have the immense advantage of

fighting behind entrenchments. In order to make sure of rapid communications, she is building a railway the entire length of the peninsula. Whether this railway will need to be used for military purposes or not, and it is to be hoped that it will not, it will certainly be an important factor in the economic development of Corea, and hence in developing the commerce of the Orient.

To the occupation of Corea Russia did not succeed in offering any very substantial resistance. The first important clash of arms came with the crossing of the Yalu by the Japanese. In this battle they outgeneraled and out-fought the Russians, inflicting greater loss upon them than they themselves sustained, notwithstanding the fact that the Russians had the protection of the river, of trenches, and were fighting upon ground of their own choosing. The defeat of the Russians under these circumstances opened the eyes of the world to the fact that no race has a monopoly of fighting ability. So complete was the victory of the Japanese that the Russians were compelled to abandon Fung Wang Cheng, one of the strongest positions in Southern Manchuria. This left General Kuroki in a position to protect the flank of General Oku's army, which landed at Pitsewo for the purpose of cutting the railroad and thus isolating Port Arthur. General Oku was not long in accomplishing the task. After defeating the Russians at Nanshan Hill he left the investment of Port Arthur to General Nogi and turned northward to coöperate with the armies of Generals Nodzu and Kuroki in the general movement against the main Russian army under General Kuropatkin.

After the defeat of the Russian army under Generals Fock and Stössel at Nanshan Hill, Dalny fell into the hands of the Japanese. As this is one of the finest ports in the Orient, its possession was of inestimable value to the Japanese as a base of operations against Port Arthur. It was a most humiliating thing for the Russians to have to blow up improvements which they had made in Dalny at a

expense of millions of dollars. But much of the government property they did not succeed in destroying, and this, to the value of about ten million dollars, fell into the hands of the Japanese. Had Russia known the use to which her administrative buildings, warehouses and harbor-works at Dalny were to be put, she would perchance have built less expensive ones.

An army under General Stackelburg was sent to the relief of Port Arthur, but it was defeated by General Oku at Telissu and barely escaped being cut off. This defeat was soon followed by the loss of Kaiping and Tachichao, which necessitated the evacuation of New Chwang. The value of New Chwang to the Japanese was very great, as it gave them a convenient place for the landing of reinforcements and supplies. Being connected by rail with the points against which the three armies were now operating under the direction of General Oyama, it greatly simplified the always-difficult commissary problem.

Soon after the taking of New Chwang, the Japanese lines began to tighten around Liao Yang, where General Kuropatkin had for months been collecting men and supplies and constructing fortifications which it was confidently believed would render the place impregnable. But the Japanese have a fashion of taking impregnable positions. While the armies of Generals Oku and Nodzu made a frontal attack, General Kuroki crossed the Taitse river above the city and by thus threatening the Russian line of communications with Mukden and Harbin forced General Kuropatkin to give up Liao Yang and retreat upon Mukden and Tie Pass. Kuropatkin turned his whole force against General Kuroki with the hope of crushing him before reinforcements could arrive, but the attempt was unsuccessful, and, thanks to the railroad and the impassible condition of the roads over which the Japanese would have to move to cut off his retreat, he escaped complete disaster. As it was, he was compelled to set fire to the supplies he had for six months been col-

lecting at Liao Yang, and in the ten-days'-fighting lost about 25,000 men. The Japanese losses were, according to their official report, 17,573. This is remarkable when we consider that the Russians were fighting behind entrenchments. But, here as elsewhere, the Japanese artillery-fire was the more effective, and considerable of the Russian losses were due to flank attacks during their retreat.

After this battle, which was certainly one of the most severe of modern times, both armies spent about a month in resting, fortifying and bringing up supplies and reinforcements. Finally Kuropatkin, whether by orders from St. Petersburg or upon his own initiative, took the offensive, and, after a bombastic and somewhat puerile appeal to his men, moved southward to "make the enemy do our will" and relieve Port Arthur. But his triumphant march was soon checked, and after a loss of at least 30,000 men, he was forced to retreat across the Shakhe river. In each of these battles the forces engaged were not far short of 500,000, and the losses in the two were not less than 100,000. In each of them Kuropatkin was given an opportunity for increasing his reputation as a masterly retreat.

The campaign of the present year has been decidedly in favor of the Japanese. They have accomplished what they set out to accomplish, with the exception of taking Port Arthur; and while prophecy is not my specialty, I feel safe in predicting that before this article reaches the reader, Port Arthur will have fallen. But even should its fall be postponed for a couple of months more, it is but a question of time, for all reasonable hope of relief is gone and its food-supply so nearly exhausted that starvation will soon be an effective ally of the Japanese arms.

The financial strain of the war upon both parties is severe, but more severe upon Russia than upon Japan. Counting the immensely greater cost of transportation and loss of property on sea and land, the cost of the war has been to Russia easily three times what it has to Japan. Not only in direct cost, but in paralysis

of industries and fall in the price of her securities, Russia has suffered far more than has Japan. When this slump in prices develops into a panic, as it may at any time, Russia will be compelled to make peace. It is a remarkable fact that the commerce of Japan has increased in spite of the war; and still more remarkable that this increase is to be found in her exports as well as in her imports. Nor has the increase in her imports been confined to increased importation of war materials, although these have been responsible for considerable of the increase, but has been partly made up of raw material for manufacture of articles of use only or mainly in peace.

The war has unquestionably produced a change in the balance of power in the Orient. Viewed from the standpoint of international politics, the clash between Russia and Japan is the most momentous event in recent history. Previous to it Russian influence was the dominant influence in the far East. She had within ten years ousted England from her supremacy in that part of the globe and could not brook what she considered the parvenu pretensions of Japan. Had the contest been singly a rivalry between these two nations for prestige, the interest of the world in their struggle would not have been great. It is in the conflicting policies represented by the contestants that the war gets its larger meaning to the rest of the world. The triumph of Russia means the triumph of a policy of commercial domination of Manchuria by Russia, a policy of aggression towards China, and ultimately a war between Russia and England for supremacy in the Yangtse Valley. Victory for Japan means a victory for the "open-door" policy, the reformation of China, and the substitution of commercial for military rivalry in the Orient. Which of these policies best accords with the interests of the United States and other commercial nations, as well as with the general welfare of the Orient, requires no seer to determine.

EDWIN MAXEY.

Morgantown, W. Va.

CHRIST AND THE WORLD TO-DAY.

BY LEON C. PRINCE,

Professor of History in Dickinson College, Carlisle, Pennsylvania.

IT IS related of Henry Ward Beecher that when he was writing his celebrated *Life of Christ* a friend calling upon him one day in his study asked him the question: "When will the *Life of Christ* be finished?" Mr. Beecher is said to have answered: "The *Life of Christ* will never be finished. It is a part of the life of humanity."

Jesus Christ came to stay. There is nothing in the facts of history, in the marvels of science, or in the achievements of genius, one half so wonderful as the miracle of his life, the power of his example and the persistency of his influence. A man who never wrote a line, as far as we know, save when he traced with his finger an unrecorded word upon the ground, his name has inspired the best and noblest in the literature of all subsequent time. Born and reared amid humble surroundings, without fortune or social rank, his precepts have influenced and his spirit has modified the national and international codes and practices of the civilized world. A man who never drew a sword in defensive or aggressive warfare, he has conquered the human heart where armaments and forces are powerless to enter. A man who passed from the sphere of visible usefulness nearly two thousand years ago, he is to-day the most truly alive and the most persistently active force in society. And all this without employing any one of the usual means of self-advertisement to which men are accustomed to resort for success and permanence of fame. It is not, then, too much to affirm that a man who has stamped so ineffaceably the impress of his personality on the history of his race is entitled to the most thoughtful consideration of those whose institutions and destinies he has so profoundly affected. We cannot afford to ignore or pass lightly by one who has revolutionized the life of hu-

manity. The question which perplexed and baffled Pilate on his judgment seat so many centuries ago, has become the one supreme problem for every soul,—“What shall I do with Jesus who is called Christ?”

It cannot be truthfully denied that a rational conception, either of the mission or the nature of Jesus, was impossible so long as Christian thought prostrated itself before the false and arrogant assumptions of Dogmatics.

Medieval theology surrounded the character of Jesus with a cloud of mythical and doctrinal confusion, the result of which was to darken spiritual perception and to repel men of virile and assertive mind. Emancipation from the tyranny of that misconception is even yet far from being complete. “Great is the mystery of godliness,” proclaimed Paul as he contemplated the one perfect life. Perhaps it is this very mystery which has led philosophers and theologians to dogmatize so bitterly in the attempt to explain it. Men not infrequently are most positive when confronted with unfamiliar facts. The late Thomas B. Reed, in a speech delivered during the Presidential campaign of 1896, said: “If you see two men engaged in especially animated conversation, with strong evidence of disagreement, you may make up your mind as to two things; first, they are discussing the silver question, and, secondly, you may be sure that neither of them knows anything about it.”

There is a true and natural as well as a spurious mystery. All life is mysterious, human life is especially so, and great men are great mysteries. Who understands the nature of that spark that flashes from the human brain and illumines a world with its radiance? Whence and what is the wondrous power that gives to literature its beauty and its meaning, that makes the spoken word inspire, that calls

a nation into being? And if we cannot easily fathom or comprehend the genius of Demosthenes, of Shakespere, of Richelieu, men who lived and wrought on the intellectual plane, how much more difficult is it to measure and understand him whose daily walk was in the spiritual realm, an altitude so far above us that it is even now, to the average man, an undiscovered region?

And yet we must account for Jesus on some rational basis. We must give a reason for the faith that is in us, or that faith and its object will alike be discredited by sensible minds. We are told by Jesus himself that the power which was his in so marked a degree may also be ours, but not until we are able to discern spiritual truth. "We shall be like him," but not until "we shall see him as he is." What, then, was he, and in what relation does he stand to the lives of men?

The evolutionary conception alone affords an adequate and satisfactory answer to this question. Even that will fail unless viewed from the theistic standpoint. Evolution, if conceived of as the mere automatic working out of blind forces undirected by a governing intelligence, is powerless to solve the moral "riddle of the universe," however plausibly it may account for physical transformations. Consistency and truth alike require that we include within its scope moral ideas and spiritual ideals no less than physical and social organisms.

The time was when men worshiped brute force. He was greatest among his fellows who was the fastest runner, the mightiest wrestler, or the most accomplished in the art of war. That sort of an ideal produced a race of bullies and a reign of terror. In course of time men outgrew that stage and passed up to a higher conception of manhood and of human greatness. They began to see that it was not enough to excel in deeds of physical prowess; that a giant body without a controlling intelligence was like a huge battering-ram with a blind man to guide it; that the soldiers and statesmen who planned battles and built kingdoms had something more than iron muscles

and big fists. Then they began to cultivate the intellectual as the great end of human attainment. This ideal produced a multitude of orators, philosophers, generals and statesmen, but it did not touch the fountain-springs of character. Nor did it add to the sum of human happiness, for the accumulation of knowledge does not bring contentment. Solomon well summarized the futility of the intellectual hope in this respect when he said: "In much wisdom is much grief, and he that increaseth knowledge increaseth sorrow." And so men were not satisfied. Here and there, in different ages and among different races, arose prophets and seers who voiced the slowly-growing aspiration of the human heart for a nobler and a truer ideal of manhood; a manhood that should stand for something more than strength of body or subtlety of mind. The supreme truth began to dawn on a few gifted spirits that the great man was, after all, the good man. That conviction strengthened until in the fullness of time it took incarnate form in the man Jesus Christ, who ushered in the day of spiritual supremacy, not ignoring the physical or intellectual natures of man, but teaching and exemplifying the perfect harmony of body, mind and spirit, when guided and illumined by that Divine Light of Love which it is within the power of the spiritual nature alone to receive, to comprehend and to reflect. Jesus is the perfect revelation of God in the moral and spiritual realm as the universe is His perfect revelation in the natural and physical realm.

God has always revealed Himself in some form to man, from the very dawn of human intelligence, because man has always wanted to know God. The degree of the revelation was necessarily graduated to the scale of man's spiritual capacity. Hence we find among the great religious systems that have arisen from time to time, a conception sometimes broad and uplifting, sometimes almost degrading, but always partial and more or less distorted by the limitations of founders and followers. The ancient Egyptians worshiped the external forces

of nature. But that is not the highest form of faith since external nature is not the highest order of God's manifestation. The religion of Persia, which was the loftiest of all Pagan beliefs, hinged on the doctrine of two original, uncreated principles of good and evil, coëqual and co-eternal, engaged in perpetual struggle. But the world would soon grow weary and hopeless in watching a conflict predestined by its own conditions never to have an end.

Confucius exalted filial piety and friendship, and impressed upon his followers the negative side of the golden rule,—“Do not unto others as you would not that others should do unto you.”

But there is a vast distinction between the passive indifference that refrains from doing evil and the positive, aggressive charity which sacrifices comfort, convenience and even life itself to do a noble act, and which reaches out the helping hand to an enemy in distress. Among schools of ancient philosophy also is to be found the expression of this innate desire of man to know the true significance of the world around and within him and to adjust himself to a harmonious relation with it. We have Socrates with his insistence on the sovereignty of virtue and his doctrines of Providence and the immortality of the soul; Plato with his exalted views of life and duty; Epicurus who taught that happiness is inseparable from virtue, and Zeno and Epictetus with their rigorous moral codes and abstinence from sensuality and vice. These men were moral and intellectual giants who caught amid their gropings in the dark some glimpse of that higher, holier truth which at a later time and in a different environment was revealed in a fuller degree to the more spiritual sense of Jesus. Pagan religion, however exalted in many of its aspects, never reached that stage of experimental truth where it could grasp and unfold the workings of the Divine heart. It is at this point that Christianity proves its immense and essential superiority over all religious systems. Itself not a system, but a life to which the vitality of other religions contributed, it contains not only

all that is true in them, but the higher, broader, fuller revelation of God's nature and personality. While others truly taught that God is a Creator, a Sovereign, a Law-giver and a Judge, it is Jesus alone who tells us that in nature God is Spirit and in personality God is Love. Jesus was the climax of thousands of years of revelation. He was not a revelation *from* God, he was the revelation *of* God. The mind and heart of the Son were the mind and heart of the Father; so that when Philip said, “Show us the Father,” Jesus could truthfully answer, “He that hath seen me hath seen the Father.” The God-principle so thoroughly permeated his personality that he reflected the divine image as the mirror reflects the human form.

Jesus was the supreme product of the evolutionary process. He is the archetype to which all men must attain, the sure prophecy of what all men shall some day be, for evolution as a divine process cannot stop short of a perfected humanity as its ultimate goal. Perfection may never be realized on the terrestrial plane of existence; but that, although desirable, is not necessary, for the life of man is not bounded by the grave. Man being made in God's image must ultimately reflect and manifest God's nature. This conclusion was affirmed by Jesus himself when he said: “Be ye perfect even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect”; and in the exhortation of Paul to “let this mind dwell in you which was also in Christ Jesus.”

The perfection of Jesus did not consist in insensibility to temptation. He did not belong to a separate and distinct order of creation, but “was tempted in all points like as we are, *yet without sin*.” His perfection lay in the fact that he overcame. Here is to be found the reason why his life is and forever will be an unending source of inspiration to those who, in the words of Tennyson, are striving with straightforward, consistent endeavor to

“arise and fly

The reeling Faun, the sensual feast;
Move upward, working out the beast,
And let the ape and tiger die.”

No soul will ever realize its highest possibilities through the avenues of intellect or sense, but only in spirituality. "God is Spirit, and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth." "God is Love," and they only can know Him who have developed in their own souls the love-nature. "For love is of God, and every one that loveth is born of God and knoweth God." It is this sublime and fundamental truth of Love as the absolute condition to men's knowledge of God, and therefore as the *sine qua non* to the fulfilment of their own divinely-appointed destiny to reflect and manifest God, that Jesus exemplified and taught.

Other preëminent historic characters have made startling claims for themselves and their mission which subsequent judgment has affirmed or denied by infallible tests. Louis XIV., with the arrogance born of undisputed power, proclaimed, "I am the State." It was the expression of transcendent egotism which humanity rebuked with bloody and terrific vengeance. But the confident declaration of Him who spake as never man spake, "I am the Light of the world," is the utterance of incontestable and supreme authority.

LEON C. PRINCE.

Carlisle, Pa.

THE ASSERTIVENESS OF SELF.

By CHARLES C. ABBOTT, M.D.,

Author of *In Nature's Realm*, *Upland and Meadow*, *Notes of the Night*, *The Birds About Us*, *Birdland Echoes*, etc.

BOOKS concerning Nature are distinctly disappointing, if, immediately after reading them we take a walk out of doors, or, remembering them, months later we go a-camping. We are all very prone to talk about Nature, but it is not a frequent occurrence that Nature talks to us, and unless she does, a book that correctly portrays her in any one or more of her moods can not be written. Whether it is Thoreau or any of the wearying list of his imitators, it is the same; the author sets forth himself and calls the picture, Nature.

Nature and man are ever at war and she never so simplifies herself as to fit the fixed lines of a printed page. She is never a prisoner, grinning through bars of printers' ink. The learned author is not so much to her as the unlearned rustic; and above all, she never is found at an author's elbow, guiding his pen.

He who most deftly strings his words so that they fall pleasantly upon the ear, and warms his sentences with so much enthusiasm that the reader feels that warmth, is accorded credit in proportion

as an accurate observer. Rubbish! Let the reader lay down the book and plunge into the fields; will he see and hear that which he reads? Not a bit of it. Will he recognize the song of the bird that the favorite author has described? It is not probable. Burroughs long ago asserted that our oven-bird said *Teacher!* The bird nowhere ever uttered a note bearing the most remote resemblance to this word; not even if we pronounced it, *Tea-churr*. This is but a sample instance of what I here contend for; that Nature's actualities and man's ideas of them are not recognizable as the same, when the two are brought together.

When after a long and wearying walk along a dusty road, we chance to come upon a bubbling spring, tired and thirsty, we stoop down to drink. We are refreshed, we realize what Nature can do for us. If, having a companion, he merely accepted our statement, would he be refreshed to the extent of realizing what Nature stands for to each individual? Surely not. It is most wise to drink when we come to a spring and

neither pass it by nor drink by proxy.

Pictures in books may satisfy the eye for the time being, but the half-tone or etching was never fixed upon paper that had the soul of Nature in it. The landscape calls for motion. Even over the eternal rocks there is the play of light and shadow. Out from every landscape cometh sound. The mountain may be mute, but harbors an echo. The broad river may not ripple so we hear, but the song of a bird on the opposite shore floats across the stream. I never saw a picture in a book that I did not think of a corpse, and if that picture was portraiture of place, how hopelessly stupid ever after, once the place had been seen. But the book and the picture, so far as they have to do with Nature must meet the needs as best they may, of those who cannot wander. The reader is bettered by the vague impression he receives, but let him not wonder, if a happy chance permits visiting the real scene. His surprise will almost reach to indignation, and he will feel as if imposed upon, Nature's actualities being so far in advance of any representation thereof, whether verbal or pictorial.

We cannot delegate to another our relationship to Nature. It must be a personal experience or nothing.

Nature indites a new page of her autobiography every day of the year, but delegates to no man the task of writing her biography. All attempts thereat are without her permission. Who, indeed, would prove equal to the task? Neither Humboldt nor Darwin told us more than what they thought; and they have been contradicted time and again since their day. Doubtless we know more than did our predecessors, just as those who shall follow us will wonder at the little that we know, and so it will be till the end of time. When the last man shall leave the earth, he will leave behind him, a mystery.

Revenons a nos moutons. Books about the out-door world. Many now and more a-coming. But are they not books about their authors? Writes Stevenson: "There is but one art—to omit! Oh, if I knew how to omit, I would ask no other

knowledge. A man who knew how to omit would make an Iliad of a daily paper." How true! and yet in nearly every instance if the author omitted himself there would be little matter 'twixt title page and index.

We often hear Nature likened to a book, but not like any book that man has written. Nature, if a volume, is one written by itself, in its own language, and the highest accomplishment of the naturalist is to so translate it that it may be more intelligible to less favored brethren, and he is the most successful translator who most effectually keeps himself in the background.

Paradoxical as it may seem, a man may be exhaustively educated yet possess little knowledge. Theoretical instruction! We climb the mountains and cross the seas and know nothing of them beyond the very apparent fact that one is solid and the other fluid; but they stand for much more and are not chips from a Creatorial workshop. But what are they? Really, did not education enlighten you? It certainly did not.

At every step in life we cross the threshold of novelty, if we know how to see, and if so, nothing is plainer than that man is too given to be distrustful of himself and this earth, his dwelling-place, and struggles to materialize an unthinkable proposition. More than we have been taught to think, this is a self-governed sphere. Once set in motion, it had "its own row to hoe" and very effectually it hoes it. Are these not something more than ear-tickling, fancy-pleasing words,—"tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, sermons in stones, and *good in everything*"? Aye! *good in everything*, save in *un-natural* instruction, at our life's outset, of what this old earth, as Nature fashioned it, really stands for.

When my neighbor is the bearer of a fact, he is welcome. When he brings only himself, however disguised, I may have an important engagement and am justified, happily, in seeking to be excused.

CHARLES C. ABBOTT.

Trenton, N. J.

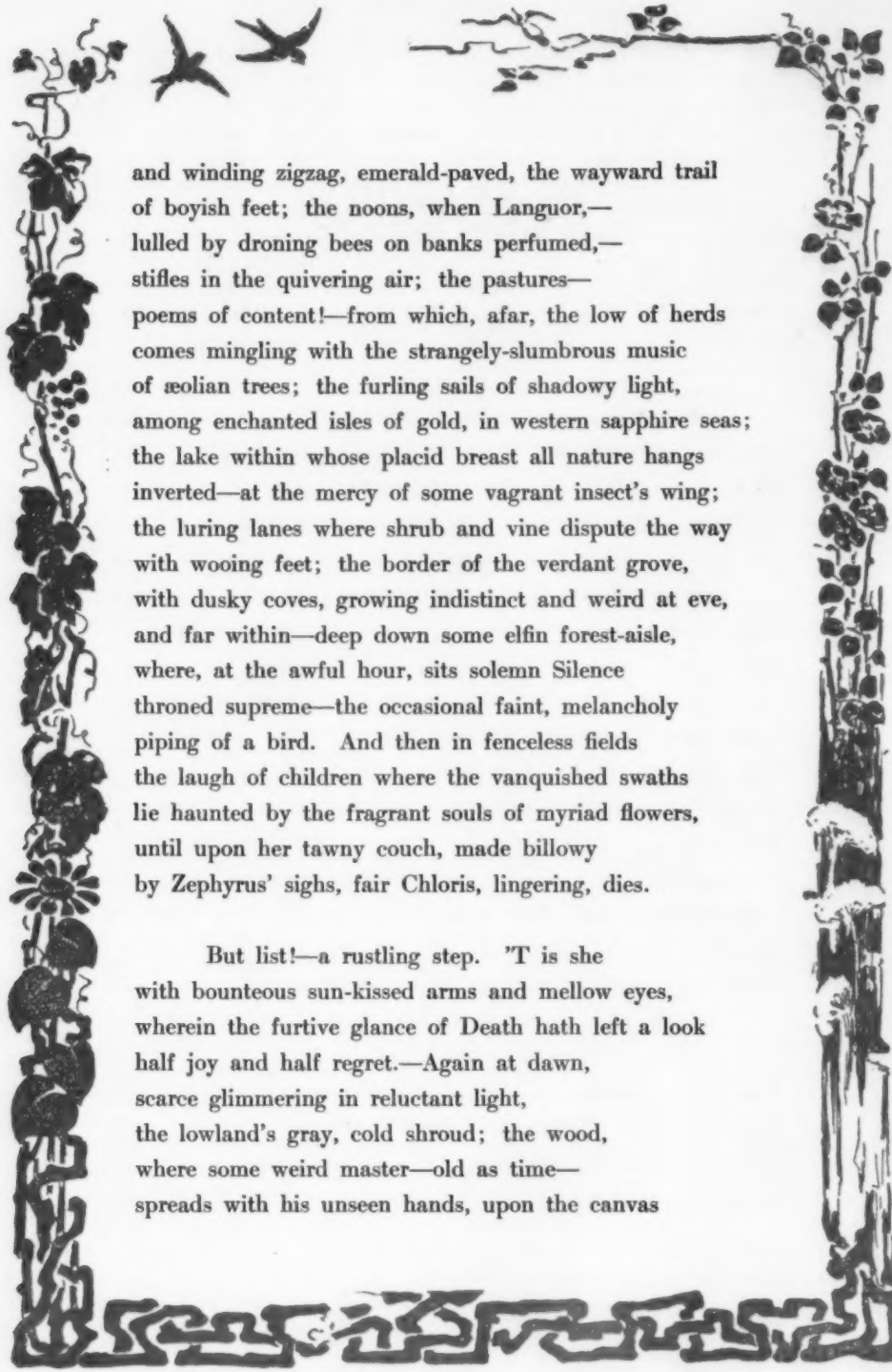


THE SEASONS

BY HERMAN E. KITTREDGE.

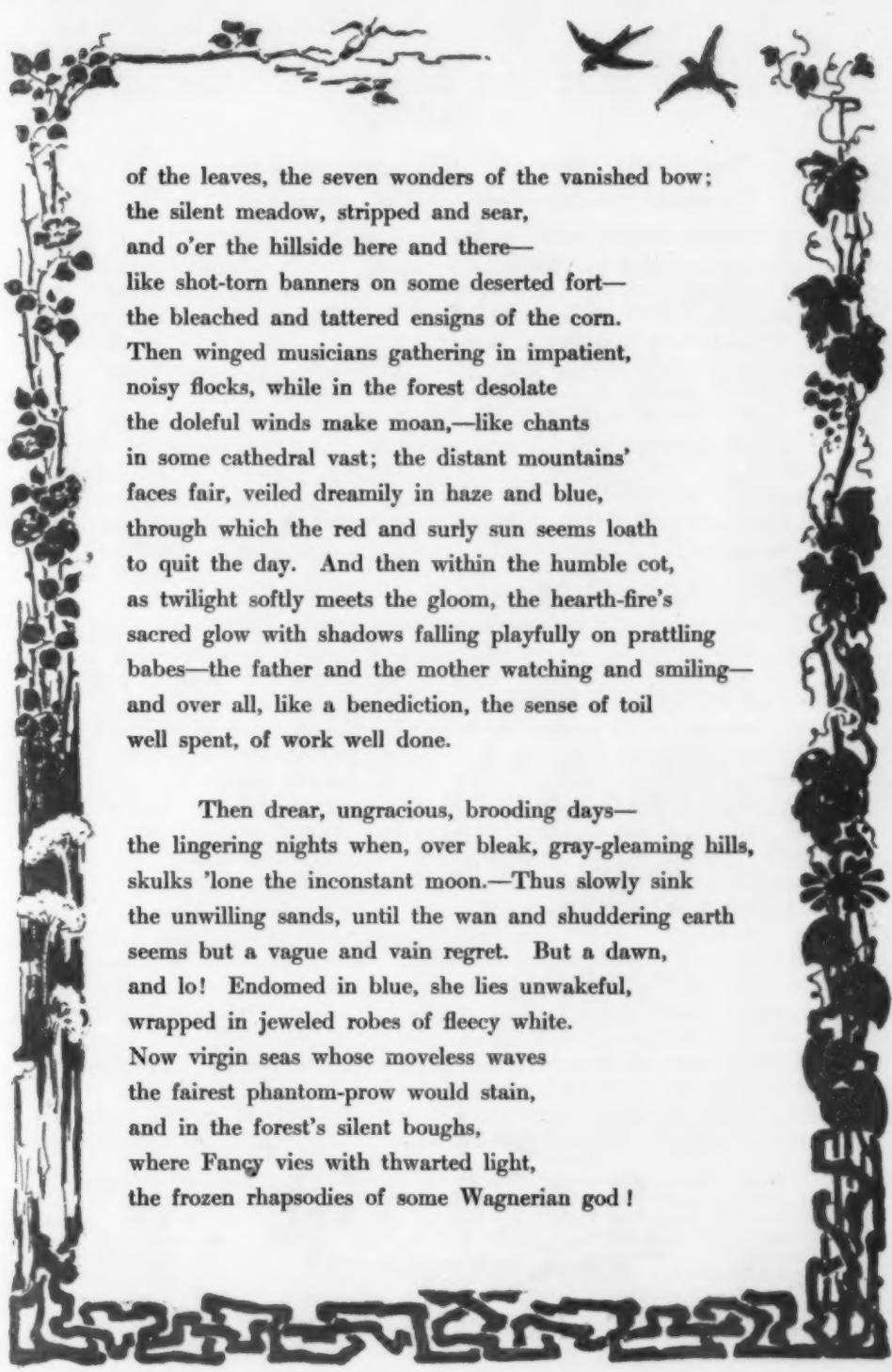
AGAIN long days of sun and blue;
the rhythmic drip and tinkle near disappearing drifts
in warm and favored places; the robin's prophetic return;
the listless, dreamy hours, and brooding everywhere
the familiar, yet vague, mysterious sense of waking life
and love; the viewless amorous message
that the fair South sends, as transient tears and smiles
fall where a freshness rare blends with the odor
of old leaves. And then the pulse and throb and stir.
Once more the magic seed,—by light and dust
and dew-fall thrilled,—repeats the miracle that dares
the subtlest thought and puts to scorn all theories and creeds;
the empurpled bud—within its raptured soul a thousand
verdured hills! while over meadows with hurrying brooks,
where willows wave their changing plumes,
amid the cowslip's flames of gold, comes once again
from pleasant slopes, the planter's hopeful song.

Then all there is of earth and sky
blending in rapturous harmony. Again the tremulous
silver sea upon whose amethystine shores
walks forth the buoyant morn; the grass,
thick-hung with opals, dropped from the robes of Night,



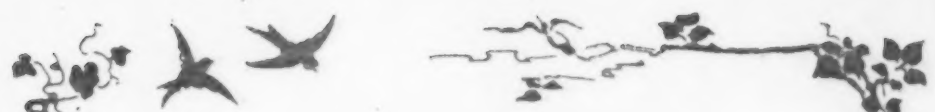
and winding zigzag, emerald-paved, the wayward trail
of boyish feet; the noons, when Languor,—
lulled by droning bees on banks perfumed,—
stifles in the quivering air; the pastures—
poems of content!—from which, afar, the low of herds
comes mingling with the strangely-slumbrous music
of æolian trees; the furling sails of shadowy light,
among enchanted isles of gold, in western sapphire seas;
the lake within whose placid breast all nature hangs
inverted—at the mercy of some vagrant insect's wing;
the luring lanes where shrub and vine dispute the way
with wooing feet; the border of the verdant grove,
with dusky coves, growing indistinct and weird at eve,
and far within—deep down some elfin forest-aisle,
where, at the awful hour, sits solemn Silence
throned supreme—the occasional faint, melancholy
piping of a bird. And then in fenceless fields
the laugh of children where the vanquished swaths
lie haunted by the fragrant souls of myriad flowers,
until upon her tawny couch, made billowy
by Zephyrus' sighs, fair Chloris, lingering, dies.

But list!—a rustling step. 'T is she
with bounteous sun-kissed arms and mellow eyes,
wherein the furtive glance of Death hath left a look
half joy and half regret.—Again at dawn,
scarce glimmering in reluctant light,
the lowland's gray, cold shroud; the wood,
where some weird master—old as time—
spreads with his unseen hands, upon the canvas



of the leaves, the seven wonders of the vanished bow;
the silent meadow, stripped and sear,
and o'er the hillside here and there—
like shot-torn banners on some deserted fort—
the bleached and tattered ensigns of the corn.
Then winged musicians gathering in impatient,
noisy flocks, while in the forest desolate
the doleful winds make moan,—like chants
in some cathedral vast; the distant mountains'
faces fair, veiled dreamily in haze and blue,
through which the red and surly sun seems loath
to quit the day. And then within the humble cot,
as twilight softly meets the gloom, the hearth-fire's
sacred glow with shadows falling playfully on prattling
babes—the father and the mother watching and smiling—
and over all, like a benediction, the sense of toil
well spent, of work well done.

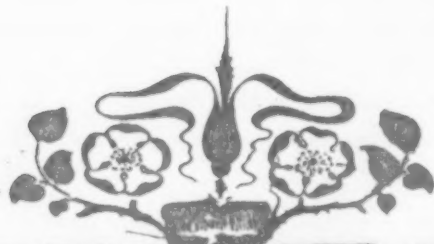
Then drear, ungracious, brooding days—
the lingering nights when, over bleak, gray-gleaming hills,
skulks 'lone the inconstant moon.—Thus slowly sink
the unwilling sands, until the wan and shuddering earth
seems but a vague and vain regret. But a dawn,
and lo! Endomed in blue, she lies unwakeful,
wrapped in jeweled robes of fleecy white.
Now virgin seas whose moveless waves
the fairest phantom-prow would stain,
and in the forest's silent boughs,
where Fancy vies with thwarted light,
the frozen rhapsodies of some Wagnerian god!



Then yuletide cheer—the careless carnival of all—
the skaters reveling where lake and stream,
transformed to pearl, in waveless luster lie;
and, muffled by Old Boreas' breath,
o'er silvered hills, through echoing vales,
the merry sleigh-bells' changing notes.
The homes, where manhood, touched by generous deed,
resolves to do more nobly still—
where those with faltering heart and feeble step
are young again; while children, reft by joy
of meaning words, compare as childhood can
the fairy dowers of dreams fulfilled or, laughing,
scrawl with dimpled fingers on the frescoed panes
the names of the future's good and great.—Then
placing on the Old Year's reverend tomb
a few unfading blossoms of regret,
we turn with joyous hearts and hopeful mien
to rock the roseate cradle of the New.
Thus changed in all there is of life,
the days and nights glide softly by
as Nature sleeps a sleep that is not sleep,
yet is not death.

HERMAN E. KITTREDGE.

Washington, D. C.



THE IMPERATIVE DEMAND FOR PUBLICITY IN LIFE INSURANCE.*

By MILLS WHITTLESEY, A.B., A.M.

MR. B. O. FLOWER, Editor THE ARENA, Boston, Mass.

DEAR SIR: You will recall our conversation about the need of more publicity as to the methods and management of life-insurance companies. The *Era* begins in its November number a series of articles that promises to throw light on some dark corners of the business. It has long been my opinion that life-insurance companies are divided into two groups, one of which is composed of companies that intend the utmost faithfulness in the handling of the funds entrusted to their care for very definite and important purposes; the other and far larger group seems to fail in many important particulars to serve the interests of those who contribute the money. I have long hoped to see a fair and impartial analysis of the situation, as it affects policy-holders and the general public.

I saw in THE ARENA the announcement of the series of articles that are to appear in the *Era* for some months to come.

In many purchasable columns on editorial pages, there will doubtless appear paragraphs depreciating and trying to minimize the effect of the real and valid revelations contained in this first article and promised in succeeding numbers of the *Era*. The independence of THE ARENA warrants me in making one suggestion. Just because the fair discussion of evils in the life-insurance business will be studiously belittled by subservient editors of some journals professedly pub-

lished in the interests of sound life-insurance practices, some of us may owe a duty which we can discharge by doing what we can to assure a chance for fair play and all desirable publicity. A fair field and no favor is all that legitimate life-insurance management should need or seek to secure.

The writer of the article in the November *Era* does well to "say at the outset that there is no question of solvency, nor any dispute as to the beneficent purpose of life-insurance." The first article confirms the promise in the announcement that "The articles will be temperate, fair and impartial." I am glad that the pages of the *Era* are open "to the insurance companies themselves." I trust that the "unassailable" attitude will be abandoned by the companies concerned, because it will appear as most ridiculous posturing and strutting, if wrongs that cry out for a remedy are brought to light, as I think they will be.

How apt is the phrase, "The public has become disturbed in its too complacent confidence in the conduct of life-insurance affairs" by some companies! I have often felt that the public has a too great, and a too indiscriminate confidence in the handling of the life-insurance business. Will the author of these articles make it clear to the public that companies are not "all about alike," and that the "equitable rights" of policy-holders are as fully secured in some companies as

the great insurance companies, largely rendered possible by lack of proper publicity. The exposure of facts in regard to these insurance companies, he contended, was imperatively demanded for the protection of the people. It was in his judgment a matter of incomparably greater importance to the American people than the revelations being made by Mr. Lawson.

—B. O. FLOWER.]

*[I desire to call special attention to the above letter from Prof. Mills Whittlesey touching the important exposures of the evil features in some of the greatest present-day life-insurance companies, and in this connection I wish to say that about the first of October, when in Trenton, New Jersey, Prof. Whittlesey discussed with Mr. Brandt and myself the importance of a series of papers warning the public about certain grave abuses in the methods of some of

they are effectively denied by other companies? It is our clear duty to sustain the apparently honest effort of the management of the *Era* to turn on the light. It is more than a gracious courtesy to stand up for fair play and a full hearing, when such an issue is joined on so important a matter affecting the public welfare.

Minor points of criticism will occur to any trained student of life insurance, as he reads this first article of a series destined to promote momentous reforms in the conduct of the life-insurance business. Some decline in dividends since 1880 was inevitable; some inspection of its business is necessary in a fair guardianship of the common interests of the body of honest and decent members of life-insurance companies. But the vigor, correctness, and necessity of the main contentions of

this first article, coupled with a rare self-restraint and fairness of statement give ground for hope that a better day is dawning for life insurance.

The revelations of Lawson in "Frenzied Finance," as given in *Everybody's Magazine* for July and following months, interesting though they are, have not one-tenth the significance of the questions raised by the series of articles now beginning in the *Era* as an "exposure" of some questionable practices in the life-insurance business. These articles are evidently not the attack of any company or companies on other companies, but they touch on abuses uneasily felt and half-consciously resented for a long time by the long-suffering public.

Faithfully yours,

MILLS WHITTLESEY.

Trenton, N. J., November 3, 1904.

THE DISINHERITED.

BY THOMAS MUFSON.

IT WAS a warm, mid-summer Sunday night. The ferry-boat which steamed out of its slip on the New York side of the Hudson was crowded with happy men and women returning from a day's outing. The moon beamed on the gleaming Hudson which lay peacefully communing with itself and smiling contentedly at the beauty of things which are in perfect equilibrium. It smiled at the happy people who, crowded about the prow of the boat, were talking and looking out upon the silent waters. Their voices pitched in a low key, produced a soft, restful hum in the air. Now and then the buzzing stillness was broken by the laugh of a careless woman, a laugh pure and childish which can come only from the lips of a person who dreams not that suffering exists. At times the voice of a man rose above the others and floated out upon the waters. And certainly the joke

must have been a good one if its quality were judged by the hearty laughter and slaps upon the shoulder which it elicited. An over-driven, tired horse, hitched to a heavy wagon, drowsily contemplated the people before him. His sleepy eyes seemed to throw out a question, Why were these people so happy?

Suddenly a change came. With startling abruptness the clear notes of an harmonica struck the ears of the crowd. Immediately other sounds ceased and all turned. There, seated on the raised section which separates the parts of the boat for the passengers and for trucks were three young men, so-called "bums" or "hobos," the unhappy beings who are supposed to be only bone and not spirit, only flesh and not soul. The light of the moon fell upon the three in all their wretchedness and revealed to the pleasure-seeking crowd that by-product of our

social forces, man murdered in the spirit. Strange indeed, that the onlookers did not feel the burning mark of Cain upon their foreheads.

The three young fellows were shabbily dressed. Two of them, especially, lounging somewhat apart from the third, were in tatters. Breasts, elbows and toes were exposed to view. They were bare-headed having thrown their hats upon the floor. Their faces were thus fully exposed and could be studied. They were dull faces, hard and lifeless. The eyes and muscles did not seem to be controlled by human minds but appeared more as though they worked by the power of an electric current. Yet around the corners of their mouths there had long frozen a bitter, indelible expression, an expression of the desperate dare-devil, hurling defiance and accusation into the face of society which was enjoying itself in watching a part of its own body palpitating in unconscious misery.

The third young fellow, who had begun playing the mouth-organ sat a short distance from his companions. He was pitifully dressed, although not so wretchedly ragged as the others. His face had something more of the human in it, something more of mental control, and this made it all the more terrible. Some spirit yet was left him, and this spirit flashed from his eyes in looks of fear, of shame, of unutterable misery. He seemed like one oppressed to death, who suffered under a load, who wished to shake it off but was rendered helpless by the pressure of unnatural circumstances. The mouth-organ at his lips seemed to become alive with the music which he was drawing from it. Into this vibrating instrument he was pouring his soul, his spirit, although, alas! it was the spirit invisible, hidden and cramped by that which he was powerless to remove, which was gradually changing him from man to beast.

While this young fellow was satisfying his thirst for music the other two were gratifying a material thirst. Alternately putting a black bottle to their lips, they

took exhilarating gulps of that liquid which is the pain-allaying friend of the wretched, namely whiskey. They seemed to enjoy it. Suddenly one of them, holding the half-filled bottle in his hand looked toward the player.

"Hey, Ben, stop yer blowen'; here is sumthin' that 'll give you more wind."

He approached the musician, holding the bottle temptingly before his eyes.

The other drew the mouth-organ from his lips.

"Let me alone, Mugsey. I ain't hankerin' after the stuff."

"You ain't, hey? Haw! haw! Say, Aleck, Ben's turned baby; he's dyin' for milk and water."

"He is, is he?" growled the other, "'nough water down here," and he stamped his foot significantly upon the deck.

"Let's christen the baby," and Mugsey, suiting the action to the word, raised the bottle and poured some whiskey on the player's bare head.

"You blamed fool," yelled the tipsy Aleck, staggering forward and grabbing the other's arm, "do n't yer waste sech good stuff as thet. I'll finish it."

"No yer do n't," protested the other, "it's my go."

And then commenced a struggle for the possession of the bottle.

Suddenly, with a quick wrench, Mugsey pulled his arm from the other's grasp, raised the bottle to his lips, drained it to the bottom and hurled the empty flask far out into the Hudson.

"Dead men tell no tales," he growled, as the splash of the bottle striking the water reached their ears.

"Now Ben," he commanded, turning to his companion, "play us sumthin' lively, and we'll show the ladies and gents how to do the latest jig."

Ben started a merry tune and Aleck and Mugsey, though both tipsy, began to jig, skilfully keeping time to the music by scraping their feet upon the floor and slapping their hands upon their thighs.

"Bravo!"

"Faster!"

"Go it, boys!"

These cries were hurled at them from the crowd, and the dancers, encouraged by the favoring shouts, were exerting themselves to the utmost when, without the least warning, the music stopped. Ben seemed transfixed. With wide, staring eyes, pale and immovable as a statue he sat with his gaze fixed upon two persons whom he had just perceived. They were an old woman and a pretty young girl who had come forward to see the dancers. The moment the sharp eyes of the young girl caught sight of the wretched player she trembled violently and laid a hand upon her mother's arm.

"Mother," she whispered, "it's Ben!"

The old woman, almost falling with sudden weakness stepped forward.

"Ben, my boy!"

She stood thus. Her mind was back in the past. She thought of those days, years ago, when her boy worked hard but gladly doing his share to help the family in this sordid, spirit-crushing struggle for mere animal existence. How he had worked and read, and read and theorized! His ambition had been high. He had consecrated himself to a great purpose, to free the oppressed, to rend the chains of the worker, to become a greater Lincoln, and abolish a greater slavery. But he had forgotten that he was a slave himself. One day his master said to him:

"Go, I do not want you for a slave any longer. You are free—to search for another master."

"But why," he asked, "may I not continue thy slave?"

"Because," was the answer, "a slave should not be ambitious."

And he had gone and searched, but could not find. For many others were seeking, and slaves were a drug on the market. For a whole summer he sought, but to no purpose. Then winter came.

It was a terrible winter, full of gloom and horror to the unhappy slave who could not find a master. The tramp of his fellow-men on the same quest as his own rang in his ears and deafened him. At last he could bear it no longer. One day he fled and the pale face of Ben the dreamer, the martyr, was seen no more.

And here, on the quiet Hudson, he who had been lost for many years, appeared again.

The old woman's face was white. In her eyes there was the look of a mother whose dead child had come to life. She seemed to be looking not at anything in this world; her gaze was fixed upon something beyond, way past the confines of earthly things into the mysteries of another sphere.

The young fellow had risen. He stirred. He cast a glance over his own person. How ragged, how wretched, how miserable he was. A last gleam sparkled in his eyes. He turned slowly like one in a dream, and began to push his way roughly through the crowd.

A piercing scream from the young girl awakened the dull sense of the people.

"Stop him! hold him!" she screamed.

She rushed forward but it was too late. The young fellow had reached the side of the boat, clambered over the rail and leaped headlong into the river.

A half-hour later the onward-steaming ferry was as quiet as before. The moon beamed, the Hudson smiled, the people whispered. But in a corner, clasped in each other's arms were two human beings weeping for one who was lost.

A form glided forward, with arm raised and finger pointed toward the skies.

"He's better off, leddies; he's happy thar', and he war' n't here."

It was Mugsey.

THOMAS MUFSON.

New York, N. Y.

THE BUILDING OF THE CITY BEAUTIFUL.

BY JOAQUIN MILLER.

CHAPTER I.

AN OLD WOMAN WITH A LOAD OF WOOD.

"Now HE is dead. Far hence he lies
In that lorn Syrian town;
And o'er his grave with pitying eyes
The Syrian stars look down."

"How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom of God! For it is easier for a camel to go through a needle's eye, than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God."

SIR MOSES MONTEFIORE, of the house of Rothschilds, and one of the very richest men in all the world, was in Jerusalem. It was his last of more than a score of pilgrimages to the Holy City.

He had founded little colonies near Bethlehem and in many places round about Jerusalem. True, he was very old now; but this remarkable man, who lived for more than a century, was still full of purpose.

His last coming had created quite a sensation among the Jews as a matter of course. The great hospital hard by, the burial ground, the synagogue,—all these were his gifts to the Jewish people, and they were not ungrateful.

As for the Christians, they were scarcely less eager to see the very rich old man. Bibles were opened, and the lines at the head of this chapter were read over and over again.

The man's great age now compelled him to leave the direction of his work almost entirely to others. Still he must know all that had been done in his long absence in London. He wanted to know just how the little colonies were getting on. Were the people from Poland content? Were the Peasant Jews from Russia united and tolerant of their less stalwart brothers? Strange how much stronger were those of the extreme North than those who had been for generations in Jerusalem and other warm lands!

There were Jews returning to Jerusalem from the banks of the Volga after an absence of a thousand years! and these were strong men. They had crept out from under the snows of Russia and come down to the city of David with hair almost yellow and eyes as blue as their sacred Syrian skies. Their expulsion from Jerusalem had surely done them good.

The Jews of all kinds and of all countries who had been established in their new homes by Sir Moses came pouring in through the various gates and passes on this day of his arrival.

And a little crowd of Christians, after reading over and over again the words of Christ to the ruler who was very rich, went down to a narrow pass leading to the dirty and dismal market in the valley of Jehoshaphat.

Peasants were crowding through the narrow pass, about which so much has been said and written, and about which really nothing, so far as the words of Christ are concerned, is understood. And a tall, dark woman stood there, looking at the crowding peasants,—a young and strangely beautiful woman, silent, serene, dignified, and commanding.

Some of the people had heavy loads on their backs; one had a lamb, one carried only a dove. They were all on their way to market. They then would go and see Sir Moses, and possibly beg some money.

How they did jostle and wrangle, and abuse and bully one another! The man with only a dove to carry would not give an inch of road or room to an old woman who was bowed almost to the ground under a load of sticks.

It was altogether a sad picture, and the serenely beautiful face of the silent woman, who stood there on the edge of the group of garrulous tourists, grew sad at the sight of it.

Time, then, taught nothing. Each

was for himself as of old. No pity, no sympathy, no sincerity! They were all mad, in haste to have done with their marketing so that they might run to where Sir Moses lodged and be the first to beg a little money.

But this tall, dark woman on the outside of the group of Christians was very patient. The dust of travel was still on her sable garments. She was seeking in vain for some gentle soul in that multitude of loud, aggressive, and half-savage Jews.

After the peasants had all crowded through and left the "Needle's Eye" to the inspection of the group of Christians, she turned with a sigh to go away.

Suddenly some one in the knot of people who held red guide-books in their hands, said emphatically and right in her face:

"That settles it for the rich man, I guess. Sir Moses ought to put his money on a camel's back and see if it could get through the Eye of the Needle, eh?"

There is an intoxication not always of the wine-glass. Men and women say things and do things in foreign places, especially when in crowds, which they would not say or do if alone and at home. Set a guard at the portals; and if you cannot keep sober, you can at least keep silent. Every one at certain times and in certain places is entitled to his own thoughts. They are his property more entirely than his own money is his. He has journeyed far to meditate here. This rare moment has cost him much. And yet he oftentimes hears only a rushing of feet over sacred ground, and a Babel of voices in solemn abbey or sublime cathedral. At such times one thanks God that man is so very insignificant that he may not be heard far.

The tall, dark lady did not reply. She preferred to pass on and seem not to hear. The better portion of the crowd of tourists were angered; but as two or three laughed their assent the man repeated his remark to the silent woman, thinking, perhaps, that she did not understand English.

This young woman—was she a Jewess?—was traveling with Sir Moses Monte-

fiore, as secretary, or something of the sort. The remarkable philanthropist, as said before, was making the last of more than a score of pilgrimages to the city of David. He had spent millions on millions in his noble effort to re-people Palestine.

As you go up toward Jerusalem from the sea you pass by pleasant little settlements, new and fair and verdant as if in Idaho. Indeed, nearly all of the land of Syria seems much like the varied plains that stretch from the slopes of Idaho southward to the sea of Cortez,—cattle and sheep and horses, little fields of grain, orchards, thrift and industry, in spots, as on our plains to-day.

It was mainly to look after these, and to add to them with those of his people who were being driven out of Russia, that the old Israelite had resolved to come once more all the way from London at his advanced age.

And it was the good fortune of his coming that caused a new man of the new world and this wondrously beautiful and strong and strange woman of the old world to meet together at the Eye of the Needle. Let us not recount the details of their meeting. Strong souls meet suddenly, as rivers meet when rushing to the same great sea.

"Yes, that gate settles the fate of the rich man," added one of the crowd. The new man of the new world was indignant.

And now her great, dark eye took fire. Her brow grew dark. Her dark immensity of hair seemed to take on a faint tinge of fire about the face and at the tips. The new man of the new world did not know at this time, nor did she deign to tell any one,—for she was a woman of few words, like all really great women,—that she stood in very close relation to one of the very richest men in the world.

Again she turned to go in silence. The man, who had only half concealed his indignation at the persistence of the garrulous tourist, stepped forward, hat in hand, but said nothing. He was not of the group of people who had come, guide-books in hand, to see the so-called Eye of

the Needle. Perhaps he had seen all there was to see there long before. You can generally distinguish traveled from untraveled people by their quiet bearing.

The woman turned the third time to pass in silence; but still she persisted in glancing back.

Is it the remnant of wild beast in us still that makes all hunted or wounded human beings turn quickly about to give battle? But here was a battle in her own heart. She was bursting with indignation, yet she had trained her soul to soar above resentment. So the cloud that lowered about her glorious face blew over as the stranger stood respectfully before her. But she did not address herself to him or seem to note him at all. She was concerned only to answer the man who had so persistently referred to the fate of the rich man. Slowly and softly she said:

"Yes, I have read, and I have also heard it from the pulpit, that it was to this gate that Jesus Christ referred when he spoke of the rich man."

The tall, grand woman drew her loose mantle more closely about her throat, and lifting her eyes looked away toward the hill on which stood the camp of Titus when Jerusalem was overthrown; and without intending it, or really knowing that she did so, she looked entirely above the man before her as she went on in an earnest, far-away voice:

"Yes, men have published, and men have stood up and proclaimed, that Jesus referred to this gate when he spoke of the eye of the needle, because it was so extremely hard for a camel to pass through here. That is to say, a camel could pass through it only with great difficulty." She paused, her proud lip curled as she continued:

"How pitiful and helpless this interpretation, and yet how simple and sublime the few plain words of Jesus Christ! Let us read them!" and as if reading in the air she repeated: "'How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom of God! It is easier for a camel to go through a needle's eye, than for a rich

man to enter into the kingdom of God.'"

She paused, still looking far away; then she said: "That is to say, it is literally easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for a man to pass into heaven after death with his riches on his back. He must lay aside his wealth at the door of death, and enter the kingdom of God poor as the poorest."

She turned to go, and then again came back.

"Sir Moses Montefiore," she said gently, "is a very rich man to-day, one of the richest in the world; yet surely if any rich man enters, or ever has entered, the kingdom of God he will. No, no! To say that the divine young Jew, Jesus, shut the gates of heaven in the face of a man because he had riches on earth, would be to say that he was not Christ at all. True, he said to the rich man, a ruler who came to ask him the way, 'Sell all that thou hast, and distribute unto the poor, . . . and come, follow me.' But this must have meant a literal following; for soon he took unto him the twelve and said unto them, 'Behold, we go up to Jerusalem, and all things that are written by the prophets concerning the Son of Man shall be accomplished.'"

The crowd had melted away, all but one man. This man had bowed his head as she continued to speak. When she ceased, his chin was on his breast and his hat was still in his hand. He knew he was hearing the voice of a soul. But who could she be? She spoke English fluently, yet with an accent. She had been conversing in French with a party as he approached. There was a Catholic priest in this French party, and was she not a Jewess? A Jewess knowing more of Christ than Christians!

"All civilized peoples, whether Jews or Christians, of to-day are comparatively rich; and when this world shall be all civilized we shall all be very rich. Yet shall we not all enter the kingdom of God?"

These few last words of the dark and silent woman were said as if entirely to herself.

CHAPTER II.

"FEED MY SHEEP."

COME, let us ponder; it is fit—
 Born of the poor, born to the poor—
 The poor of purse, the poor of wit
 Were first to find God's opening door,
 Were first to climb the ladder, round by round,
 That fell from heaven's door unto the ground.

God's poor came first, the very first!
 God's poor were first to see, to hear,
 To feel the light of heaven burst
 Full on their faces far or near,
 His poor were first to follow, first to fall!
What if at last His poor stand forth the first of all?

THIS is not entirely a love story. It is not a religious or irreligious story. It is the record of one, or rather two persons who believed that man is not only entitled to the pursuit of happiness but to the attainment of happiness, real and substantial, upon earth.

The woman, Miriam, was indeed a Jewess, a Jewess—and it is said with reverence—as Mary, the mother of Christ, was a Jewess.

She was from Russia, or, more properly, from Siberia, where she had spent her hard, bitter girlhood sitting by her broken and exiled father's bed. Death, his death, had liberated them both at once, and she had gone direct to London, and found employment with Sir Moses in his effort to ameliorate the condition of her people.

Her trustworthiness, her quiet wisdom in all matters intrusted to her, had soon placed her in the highest position and most influential relations with the great men of her race. But she was growing, growing rapidly, and soon she grew beyond the narrow limits of race or creed. She came to believe in all good of all religion. Forms and fashions she put aside, as the cloth that covered His face was put aside on the third day.

Miriam was a devout worshiper in the synagogue. She had knelt quite as devoutly before the Greek cross in the Kremlin, had bowed low in the mosque of Omar, and had crossed herself reverently in St. Peter's; for she loved all peoples, and she pitied all peoples in all their pitiful forms of idolatry.

Her heart was almost broken here, this first morning of her arrival at the city of David and Solomon. For here, in the very dust and ashes of the Temple, she saw the same old hates, enmities, jealousies, narrowness, and uncleanness of soul and of body; narrow and unclean as the little gate through which her people crowded.

What had two thousand years done for God's people? They had not been borne forward at all. The world, Pagan, Christian, Jew, under the old system of selfish money-getting, place and power-seeking, was still the same. The old order of things had been on trial, in all climes and under all conditions, for years and years, and what was the result? Sorrow, suicide, despair. Man stood staring on before him, even in the most civilized places under the most favorable conditions, and kept asking, "Is life worth living?"

"God in heaven!" she cried, "with all this glory of sky and earth, the sweet air, the flowers and birds, our boundless capacity for enjoyment, shall the world still be joyless? Why, every breath, even to the most wretched, should be to Him as a benediction. Yes," she continued very seriously, "this old order of things has been on trial long enough; and if we could and should restore Jerusalem to-day in all her ancient splendor, what then? Why, some new Rome would rise to encompass her. There would be born within her walls another Simon and another John, with all their burning hates and jealousies; and the streets would run with blood the same as two thousand years ago. Then why restore her? Men would stand on the Temple's porch, as in the high places of London and Paris to-day, and gravely ask, 'Is life worth living?'"

The man, with his hat in his hand and his head bowed, was again before her. He lifted his face slowly to hers.

"You were pained at what those tourists said?"

"Those tourists? I had forgotten

them. But I was greatly pained to see these poor people with their burdens, great or small, crowding in such rude competition to the market."

"*"Competition is the life of trade,"*" he said lightly; not that he felt that there was any truth or any good of any sort in this old saw, but he said it as all of us who have not considered the sanctity of speech will say silly things. Ah, how much wiser we should all be were we dumb as beasts, or, at least, as silent!

In a moment the flashing of her dark eyes told him he had not said quite what he should have said.

"*"Competition the life of trade!"*" she began, as if to herself. "These old sayings are more than millstones about the neck of this world. Trade! what is trade? No wonder that the English gentlemen centuries ago forbade those in trade to sit at their tables or to come into the presence of their king. Not one of the million tradesmen ever grew one grain of corn, or fed so much as one little bird. They battle to the death among themselves in this competition of trade; ninety in every hundred fall on this field of competition; they sacrifice time, truth, honor, energy, life itself, in competition for the robbery of the people. This very competition makes them hard, heartless to one another. They should, in very defence of themselves, be forbidden this fatal competition, destroying their souls and their bodies together."

The man caught his breath. He raised his two hands, came up and threw both out to her heartily. She did not misunderstand. She grasped his two hands as earnestly as he extended them. The world is round, and he came into her life as a stately ship enters a harbor after circling the earth.

Who was he? It hardly matters. The future of our story and of this man is not behind us. Enough to say that he had been born near the banks of a great river in the far-away new world, nearly half a century before. And this meant that he had met and walked with poverty and peril in the wilderness.

Faint and dubious was the light that fell across the path of anyone born of his period and station there. Gentleness was not encouraged. Man grappled with man and contended from the time when he left the cradle till he reached the grave. Cabin homes under the beech and maple-trees, that ought to have been Edens, were often homes of enmity, bitterness, and continual unhappiness. Neighbor was often arrayed against neighbor. Bitter family feuds grew out of the most trivial matters, and the nearest neighbors were often the bitterest enemies. True, they would meet now and then at the little church, but would scarcely speak one to another. They would meet sometimes in the graveyard, drop tears in the grave together, as they covered up their dead, and then go away. Let the truth be told. Let romance picture no road of roses here. All men were unhappy, miserably unhappy here. Their feuds often ended in battles to the death, as in Kentucky to this day.

And was this the fault of the good God? Not so. Plenty there was, abundance after its kind, for all. Wild game, wild fruits, wild nuts, and in abundance, and to be had for the taking! and yet man oftentimes went hunting for man as for a wild beast. This wretched hatred of man toward man, this continual unhappiness, was so conspicuous on every hand that this man, even in his childhood, had noted it.

When travel came with time, and carried him far and wide and up from the cabin door to the castle hall, all the way, and at all times, and under all circumstances and all conditions, he found his fellow-men continually unhappy. The king on his throne he found as full of rivalry and contention as the pioneer in his cabin.

And he found that all history, sacred and profane, rose up and testified, from King David down, that "All is vanity and vexation of spirit."

And he read that one mighty in power and opulence had cut upon a column of

granite in the four corners of his kingdom, ages ago, this fearful confession: "Eat drink, and love. The rest is not worth a fillip."

Traveling in Persia, our searcher for happy people had picked up a tradition which read thus: "Send forth, O King! search and find a happy man. Take that man's shirt and wear it, and thou, too, shalt be happy."

And the king sent forth men, and they searched, and they searched throughout the four corners of his kingdom. And in the third year, as they came down a pleasant mountain pass where water flowed by the mouth of a cave half hidden in laden vines, they saw a man playing joyously on his pipe.

"You seem happy!"

"Happy! I am happy. The sun is warm, the grapes are sweet, and God is good. Oh, yes, I am very, very happy."

"Then come, come with us. Your fortune is made, our fortunes are made! Come, rise up and go with us."

"And where shali I go, my good masters?"

"Why, go with us to the palace of the king, and the king will give you the fortune of a prince."

"And what shall I give the king in return for all this, my good masters?"

"Nothing, nothing at all except the shirt you wear."

"Ah, my good masters, I was never bothered with a shirt."

So saying, he threw aside the sheepskin that hung about his shoulders, and dropping his lips to his pipe, played pleasantly as the weary men on their weary camels rode wearily on in this hopeless search.

Yes, here was a happy man, but of what manner? He was not a man in the true sense of the word. He was more nearly a domestic and kindly beast. His negative happiness was surely not the sort of happiness to which man made in the image of God was destined.

Should a bestial king perpetuate to all posterity the outrageous declaration on his columns of granite and brass that

there is nothing better in life than to "eat, drink, and be merry"?

Even were there a grain of truth in his folly, any man with a heart in him would be made miserable all the time when sober enough to reflect how many, or rather how few, how very, very few could, under, such a condition of things, be allowed to "eat, drink, and love."

What wonder, then, that this stranger threw out his two hands to this brave and beautiful woman who stood there on the ruins of Solomon's Temple, lamenting the enmities and hates and common misery of the human race!

CHAPTER III.

"THE TIME IS FULFILLED, AND THE KINGDOM OF GOD IS AT HAND."

UNDER THE SYRIAN STARS.

DEAR Bethlehem, the proud repose
Of conscious worthiness is thine.
Rest on. The Arab comes and goes,
But farthest Saxon holds thy shrine
More sacred in his stouter Christian hold
Than England's heaped-up iron house of gold.

Thy stony hill is heaven's stair;
Thine every stone some storied gem.
Oh, thou art fair and very fair,
Thou holy, holy Bethlehem!
Thy very dust more dear than dust of gold
Against my glorious sunset waters rolled.

And here did glean the lowly Ruth;
Here strode her grandson, fierce and fair,
Strode forth in all his kingly youth
And tore the ravening she-bear.
Here Rachel sleeps. Here David, thirsting, cried
For just one drop from yonder trickling tide.

ONE NIGHT this man and woman walked together in the Garden of Gethsemane under the Syrian stars, and she said, in the same sad, far-away voice:

"That strong man who carried the dove should have carried the old woman's wood. She should have remained at home, or, if she desired, should have been carried in a cart, sitting on her burthen and resting from the gathering of it, looking about her at the flowers and the birds, or above her at these wondrously beautiful blue skies of Syria."

"That is a great truth," he cried; "and I would joy in being a missionary in the cause of that truth; but what are we to do when every man, from the throne down, must have his own selfish way, except when forced to submit?"

He leaned his head to hear what she might say. Possibly her thought was in line with his own plan for the redemption of man from man. As they passed on under an ancient olive-tree she began slowly:

"Let us be very practical. The salvation of the world now depends on a little hard, sound sense only. It has been going around and around and around, like a little whirling, merry-go-round with helpless and heedless children, till its head has grown dizzy. We have costly churches here and costly cathedrals there, of every nation and of every name; enough to buy horses, ploughs, carriages, —all things needed for all who need them. We claim to build those temples for the people; yet the people are broken in body and in spirit. Some of them will sleep in the streets and alleys to-night, while every church and temple stands empty and bolted against God's poor. The rich must have a place where they can come and find God now and then; and so God's houses are bolted and barred, while God's poor sleep in the rain and frost before the bolted doors."

The man looked away from the Mount of Olives. He began to wonder whether the great, big world, after its cruel fashion, would be pleased to brand this woman as a nihilist, or a communist. Finally he said:

"Surely we are in the wilderness; but is there any way out?"

"There is a column of cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night. Look back, back even beyond Exodus, back to the first cry and confession of sin from man to his Maker. 'The woman tempted me and I did eat.' And she—the serpent tempted her. And behold! when your Christ prayed he prayed this one prayer, after the prayer for bread and for forgiveness: 'Lead us not into temptation'!"

"I see, I see," he said; "it is plain indeed. You would not have the man tempted to crowd past the old woman with the load on her back in his haste to be first at the market. You would not let the poor, bent body be tempted to give the price of her load to sustain her broken body. You would not open the houses of dissipation to the poor at night, and at the same time lock the doors of God's house."

The woman's face took on a new and glorious light.

"Man is good," she began; "man is almost entirely good. Yet if he was tempted to be bad in Eden where all was so perfect and lovely, how shall we dare hope he will not fall in the terrible trials with which he is so continually beset to-day?"

"There seems to me but one thing to do: Pray the prayer and live the prayer of Jesus Christ, 'Lead us not into temptation,'" said the man earnestly, with bowed head.

"Ay, then," said the woman at his side, "then we shall see the cloud of smoke by day, after we have followed the pillar of fire in the darkness; and we can then read, and can then comprehend these other words of Jesus Christ: 'The time is fulfilled, and the kingdom of God is at hand.'"

"Yes, yes," he murmured to himself; and yet he feared that all this would melt and fade away, as had melted and faded out of sight so many theories and pretty sermons to which he had listened for years. It all seemed too bright and beautiful to be true. But that plan of hers to buy a cart for the old woman to ride in, on her load of wood, was not the plan of a theorist. Let many churches be sold, since they are so rarely in use, and then many old women with bent backs could have carts to ride in. Carry the idea on and on and on; and then no one could jostle any one at all. The temptation to jostle an old woman with a load of wood on her back would be removed.

"Let this idea enter all departments of life. Let it be possible for all to ride.

Let every man be a king, and there will be no contention for thrones," urged the woman, earnestly, as she saw that her listener was intensely interested. "Listen to me. God is the great emancipator of man; not Lincoln, not the Czar. God has written the emancipation proclamation of man in lightning on the walls of heaven. A message that consumed half a year a little time ago is now delivered in an hour. A single hand on an engine will give out in a day garments that cost a thousand hands a year to fashion half a century back. And so with bread, with houses, with all things. God has emancipated man, I say, but man still enthralls man."

They had slowly descended, and walked toward the city. It is all plain, this which we offer you here. The way by which we set out to lead up out of Egypt may appear to you a desert course; it may seem tortuous, may look to you like the contortions of a serpent, of the brazen serpent for the fainting people to look upon; but bear in mind we, the human race, are in the wilderness. Faith must be put to the test, and it may be forty years before we look down into the promised land. It may be that none of us shall live to enter there. But that makes the exodus none the less a religious duty. You and you and you may turn back to the flesh-pots of Egypt; the writer may perish in the wilderness and no man know his burial-place; but that shall make the truth none the less truth as the centuries roll forward.

As they stood in the serene starlight before the low white door of the little hotel, the woman reached the man her hand to say good-by and let him go his way; then she said slowly:

"The kingdom of heaven is at hand when temptation is not at hand. And this is the whole story, as briefly as it can be stated. In this search for the highway of happiness for man I did not at once decide that all men are good at heart," she said. "In the course of my hard life

I have found so many sad exceptions to this general rule that it seemed impossible to accept it. But that one piteous little sentence which is indeed the substance of the prayer of Jesus Christ,—'Lead us not into temptation,'—seemed so full of confession that the conviction gradually fastened itself upon me that all men are at least trying to be good. If the prayer had read, 'Make us strong against temptation'; if the prayer had said, 'Be with us in the hour of temptation'—but the confession, 'Lead us not into temptation, or we shall surely fall,' includes all men and all that is in man. A penny may be a temptation to one, a kingdom to another; and so 'Lead us not into temptation.' Stop and consider a moment how unequal are all men and how unequal are our human laws. Some of us are strong, so strong that ordinary things are not temptation; but a poor wretch bearing a load of sticks on her back comes by, is weary, tempted to drink, and falls. And we who are above the little thing that tempted her turn and take God's sunlight out of her eyes for days together. Better take temptation out of her way; for God made her, and she is good, whatever man may make her. Whoever she may be, she is God's, and she is sacred, wherever she may be."

Pausing a time, she lifted her face and said earnestly: "Read attentively the very first chapter of the Bible,—and God saw that it was good.' Time after time is this repeated: 'And God saw that it was good.' 'And God saw everything that he had made, and, behold, it was very good.' And yet man dares say by word and deed continually that it is not good. Why, even the wild beasts are good. The fiercest lion of the desert is bravely good."

For an instant, as she ceased to speak, her lifted face had all the awful splendor of a lioness aroused.

She suddenly again gave him her hand and went hastily in at the low, white door. He stood alone, looking after her for a long time, and then went his way, a truer

man and a better man by a great deal than he had ever been before.

The stars were shining through his inmost soul; for he loved her so. Loved her! He deified her. Beautiful as was her face and form, her beauty of soul, her unselfish sincerity and devotion to the cause of humanity made her his angel, his ideal.

He had hated, or at least feared and avoided women up to the time when he met her. Now a woman was his whole world. She was his earth and his heaven.

CHAPTER IV.

THE GROWING OF A SOUL.

HEAR ye this parable. A man
Did plant a garden. Vine and tree
Alike, in course of time, began
To put forth fair and pleasantly.
The rains of heaven, the persuading sun
Came down alike on each and every one.

Yet some trees wilful grew, and some
Strong vines grew gayly in the sun,
With gaudy leaves that ever come
To naught. And yet, each flaunting one
Did flourish on triumphantly and glow
Like sunset clouds in all their moving show.

But lo! the harvest found them not.
The soul had perished from them. Mould
And muck and leaf lay there to rot,
And furnish nourishment untold
To patient tree and lowly creeping vine
That grew as grew the Husbandman's design.

Hear then this lesson; hear and heed.
I say that chaff shall perish; say
Man's soul is like unto a seed
To grow unto the Judgment Day.
It grows and grows if he will have it grow;
It perishes if he must have it so.

THIS man had seen the world,—all the civilized world, and more of the savage world also than many. For years he had traveled continually, traveled in a quiet way, keeping always among the poor and toiling. He wrote, taught, toiled with his hands, turned his hand to what he could, but all the time remained with his peers, the poor; not the low, mind you. Now and then he happened to write something that attracted the attention of the thinkers and then some

strong hands would reach out and lift him up into the great white light that beats upon thrones. But he was glad always to get down and out of it all, to get back to his peers, the poor; for there was work to do.

It had begun to appear to him as hardly fair that the man who laid the brick and mortar and made the great sewers through the mud and malaria of Paris and London and such like cities should not be able to eat meat more than twice each week without robbing his children, while the man who did no work at all, but walked about with his face held high in the sweet air should have meat and wine twice each day; ay, many kinds of meat and wine if he so desired.

He said one day to one of these men down there in a deep sewer, as he leaned over and bade him look up: "Why do not you men unite and build a city of your own? Go to America, go away out in the unsettled deserts of Arizona or Mexico, find a warm, beautiful spot, plant vines, build a city, and have peace and plenty all your own."

The man shook his head slowly, and finally said: "No; we built Paris and we are going to burn Paris, and then have peace and plenty here."

This was a few months before the Commune.

Now the burning of Paris was not so much,—not so much in comparison with the deep and terrible hate in the heart of that man. Man can easily make a city, but it takes God to make a man. And it takes even God generations upon generations, under His own laws, to build up a single manly, sweet-souled human man out of such hardened and bitter material as that.

Here is what the woman whom he met in Jerusalem wrote to him, soon after they first met as described, on the subject of city building:

"The flow of population is steadily to the great centers of the earth. This cannot be stopped or stayed. The people are pouring into the cities. The only

thing to be done is to make the cities fit for their reception. There is not to-day one farm-house in all Russia or France. A new order of things has come upon cities and villages, and the man who loves his fellow-men must now meet this new order of things like a practical man.

"The man who lives for himself only lives for a very small man.

"Man should lay the foundation stones of his city where God has laid them. Why will he not choose the beautiful mountain slopes of America, instead of the marshes of Liverpool, the mud of London, or the malaria-reeking ruins of Rome? Is it because he has not hope, heart unity, strength?

"Well, then, since these workers, these world-builders, have not these qualities, let those who love the world go forth, find sunny slopes and natural hills of health, and there, with God to help them, lay the corner-stones of the new cities under this new order of things, for these new people who so persistently and so helplessly pour into the cities.

"Man must be saved from man. Jesus Christ lived and died to save man; to save man from man, not man from God; to save man from himself by His example of patient pity and forgiveness and the precepts of the Sermon on the Mount.

"Is man an antediluvian monster, that he shall for all time wallow in the mud and mire of some old seaport? Is man a beast, that he should be led along forever with blinds before his eyes for fear that he may see the light and run away?

"Let us go forth and build a city where there are roomy, sunlit, untrod mountain-sides; build it on the beautiful foundation stones that God has laid with his own hand; and let us lay the moral and social foundations on the sacred and immortal precepts of the Sermon on the Mount; build in Faith and Hope and Charity, and leave the rest to Time, to God's first-born.

"No, you should not compel men to believe that Christ died to save man from

God. Let all believe as God has given us to believe, as to whether Christ died to save man from man or to save man from God. Nor should you insist that Christ is the only begotten Son of God. This has been argued by sword and pen, till every venerable city that was ever founded has been drenched in blood and tears. Only let each man try to believe in man and obey the precepts of the Sermon on the Mount.

"The good God made us all very beautiful in soul and body to begin with; and very, very happy too; therefore we know that He desires us to be continually happy and continually beautiful. And if we are not continually happy and continually beautiful is it the fault of God or the fault of man?

"Indisputably it is entirely the fault of man. Let us then see that man be made less miserable. Let us look less dogmatically after God, who can well afford to pity us for our wrongs to His beautiful image. And now let us go forth with the Sermon on the Mount in hand and build the City Beautiful; and as we go forth on this mission, as good men go to far countries and lay down their lives in dark lands, let us ponder on His words for the poor and oppressed: 'Peter, feed my sheep.'

These few quotations will show you more of the soul and character and lofty purpose of this woman than would a dozen chapters of ours.

It would be idle to record his replies to these sincere appeals for man. Like a strong swimmer, borne forward by a mountain torrent, he was entirely at her will. He asked nothing more, nothing better or higher,—only to help her help man; that was all in all to him.

How he worshiped her! And yet she ever seemed so far away. Once he dared to take her hand. She did not reprove him; she did not withdraw it, but he felt no response, such as he hoped as some reward for his daring. What did her passive serenity mean?

(To be continued.)

EDITORIALS.

FORWARD! THE CALL OF DEMOCRACY.

TIME and again since the sturdy sons of Europe settled our country, the American people have been compelled to meet dangers or evil conditions that at times seemed to threaten the integrity of the colonies and later of the nation. Yet always when the supreme crisis arose the people proved invincible and superior to the most deadly perils from without and within. Two historic examples will prove sufficient to illustrate this point.

When England determined to treat her American colonists as subject vassals, the colonies remonstrated and inaugurated a general agitation that proved in the end to be one of the most wonderful educational propaganda movements known to the colonial history of any people. Each oppressive act of England awoke again the flame of indignation and started afresh the educational agitations that ever must precede a great advance step in a people's history or the overthrow of an ancient wrong. To the careful on-looker it was apparent that the mother-country was slowly but most surely riveting the chains of oppression. Even the seeming yielding, when the exigencies of conditions compelled it, was merely the result of enforced expediency, while England in no wise receded from her unjust position; and as opportunity favored she was not slow to indicate her ultimate determination to reduce the colonies to subjection to her imperious and unjust demands. Every advance step, however, furthered the educational agitation and won new friends to the side of freedom and justice, until the great crisis arrived. Then the outlook appeared almost hopeless. A weak and apparently loosely-knit band of struggling colonies was pitted against the mistress of the seas and one of the most formidable military powers of the world. If ever a forlorn cause was led by faith-illuminated souls, it was the cause of American independence; but our fathers had laid hold on mighty principles that were fundamentally just—principles that embodied the noblest ethics in the sphere of government. They had leagued

themselves with progress and the dawn and they were invincible, though by all human calculations their cause at the outset was hopeless.

When the slavery question overshadowed all issues and filled the nation with stormy hate which intensified as the years passed; when the republic became subservient to the slave-power and the Dred Scott decision seemed to dash forever the hopes of those who clung to the belief that the day would come when emancipation should be proclaimed throughout the land, even as liberty had at an earlier date been proclaimed for the children of the white men; when everything seemed to be proceeding from bad to worse; when the dragon's teeth of hate began to bear fruit in bloody crimes; when Lovejoy was assassinated; when Sumner was brutally assailed in the United States Senate; when the fruitful plains of Kansas were drenched with fratricidal blood,—then it seemed that slavery was destined to steadily spread or that the Union must be destroyed. But when the crisis arrived, though men were too blind with hate to be wise, strong, or sane enough to act on the splendid suggestions made by that master statesman, Thomas Jefferson, in which he outlined a rational, just and wise method of emancipation without bloodshed and which would have been infinitely less costly than our Civil war,—though, we say, men had passed the point where judgment and justice were greater than blind passion and hate, yet still the nation was powerful enough to meet and rise superior to the deadly peril that threatened it from within.

To-day our republic is confronting another crisis no less momentous than the perils that have confronted it in supreme crises of the past. For fully a generation and a half there have been growing up in our midst conditions inimical to republican government—conditions that nullify the fundamental theory upon which a democracy rests. In our cities, in our states and later in our national government

there arose rings that in the hands of masterful men developed into political machines under the management or control of certain individuals who exercised an authority as absolute and autocratic as the ancient feudal barons. These men were as a rule born leaders, masters of men, and frequently possessed of more than ordinary mental powers, but as a rule they were wanting in that without which the most powerful mentality becomes a deadly menace to a free government—moral rectitude. Though gifted by nature with the genius for organization and for leadership among men, they possessed no high ideals of government such as animated the fathers of our republic. They were not hampered by moral scruples. All they needed was money. With money they could become the rulers of men, precisely as the de Medici family became the absolute masters of Florence, while the people guarded most jealously the shell or form of the republic, vainly imagining that in so doing they preserved that which had long since departed.

Now when the ruling or master-spirits in the rings, who soon came to be known as "bosses," were perfecting their political machines and casting about for the wealth that should supply the lacking element by which popular government should be subverted to government of the bosses through the machine, they encountered on every hand a comparatively new element in our commercial life,—corporations chiefly but not always formed for operating public utilities, but in all instances aiming to secure great wealth through special privileges at the hands of the municipalities, the state or the national government. Thus interests seeking to secure monopoly rights, franchises and privileges that would enable them to acquire enormous wealth through these rights and powers conferred—rights that in the nature of the case would place the producing and consuming masses at the mercy of the privileged classes, soon came in touch with the bosses. A compact was made. For large contributions to the machine, favors were secured. Here we have the genesis of the reign of graft, recent revelations of which have amazed and appalled our people. This condition could result in nothing short of (1) the wholesale corruption of government throughout all its ramifications, (2) the virtual overthrow of popular government, however carefully the shell and form might be preserved,

and (3) the creating of a ruling class sustained by and dependent on an aristocracy of wealth which was the result of privilege and monopoly rights granted by government.

Now nothing is more fatal to a republic than the spread of corruption among the people's servants. Its influence in the state is not unlike the effect of opium on man. It destroys all sense of moral proportion; it anaesthetizes the conscience; it enervates the will; it paralyzes the power of initiative. Subtly yet steadily it lowers the ideals or standards of national life until the representatives of the people come to consider themselves their irresponsible masters, free to bargain and covenant for personal gain and advantage, though in that bargaining they sacrifice the interests of the state and make it possible for unjust burdens to be placed on the people—the electorate whom they have sworn to faithfully serve. In time the moral sensibilities of these public servants become so blunted that they think it no crime to accept bribes in the form of passes and courtesies from railroads, and free conveyance of goods by express companies, though they know full well that the corporations are ever seeking concessions and privileges that place the people at their mercy and that result in the plundering of millions of dollars in excess charges from the masses, and, furthermore, that these public carriers are thwarting legislation which the interests of the state and of the people demand should be enacted, while they are securing grants from the government, such as the postal contracts made with the railways, by which the nation is shamefully plundered. When presidents, senators, congressmen and judges accept bribes in the form of courtesies it is inevitable that corruption more flagrant and sweeping in character should spread through all departments of national life, throughout state legislatures and municipal governments, and that machines and rings in league with special interests should more and more wrest the power from the people, defeating the ends of justice and public weal, tampering with the ballot-box, and corrupting the electorate. Moreover, the graft and corruption that enter into public life, the bribery, direct and indirect, that like opium on the brain of man weakens that upon which a nation to be great and just must rely, becomes a moral contagion, spreading through commercial and social life. It taints society, it paralyzes the will to be sternly just

or the power to hold fixedly to the fundamental demands of freedom, justice and righteousness.

Happily for the republic, our people are beginning to awaken to the momentous peril. The educational agitation is beginning to impress the public mind. But this work of awakening the sleeping conscience throughout the nation and arousing the moral sensibilities of the people to such a point that they will not merely see the danger and apprehend the injustice from which they are suffering, but will realize that upon each one devolves a solemn and an inescapable duty—a duty owed to manhood, to home, to the nation and to humanity, the duty of utterly overthrowing that which is destroying democracy, corrupting the nation and enriching the few at the expense of the many, demands the continuance without intermission of the educational agitation already so auspiciously begun by the magazines of America. And more than this, it calls also for the setting forth in a clear and intelligible manner of the way out of the wilderness of corruption and reaction, whereby through peaceable methods the republic can and will regain its old-time moral prestige and purity while becoming in a greater degree than ever before a government of the people, by the people and for the people.

This is the work most imperatively demanded to-day, and this is one of the great objects to which *THE ARENA* is dedicated.

From now on we propose to carry forward a relentless warfare against graft, corruption and the subversion of free government, and a vigorous battle for republican government through popular sovereignty; and we call upon all who love our republic and who have faith in free institutions to consecrate life's highest service to this great end. No nobler cause ever called for the loyal service of conscience-guided men. No sacrifice is too great to be made in order that our republic should be at once all that a true democracy should be and the greatest moral leader among the nations of earth. Our trust is too sacred for any man to hold himself quit of moral responsibility. The hour has arrived for all friends of free government to take a bold and uncompromising stand. In the splendid lines of Arlo Bates,

"Here freedom's trumpets one last rally sound;
Here to the breeze its blood-stained flag is
tossed.

America, last hope of man and truth,

Thy name must through all coming ages be
The badge unspeakable of shame and ruth,
Or glorious pledge that man through truth
is free.

This is thy destiny; the choice is thine
To lead all nations and outshine them all;
But if thou failest, deeper shame is thine,
And none shall spare to mock thee in thy
fall."

TURN ON THE LIGHT.

IN THIS issue of *THE ARENA* we present the sworn testimony of two men who have long held trusted positions as officials in the Charlestown prison, substantially corroborating the charges of numerous discharged criminals in regard to the barbarous treatment of prisoners in the Charlestown jail. We believe that no reader of *THE ARENA* can peruse the sworn statements of ex-Officers Lawrence E. Kiely and George O. J. Harcourt, and the affidavits of Reuben Johnson and Levi Brigham, which are, as Dr. Galvin points out, merely typical of at least a dozen other sworn statements of wanton brutality, without having the conviction forced on his mind of the truth of the charges. They are simple, direct,

forcible and realistic recitals that bear all the evidences of verity; yet they are stories of such inhumanity, such barbarous brutality, that they seem almost incredible. The charges made are of so grave and heinous a character that they call in trumpet tones for an investigation. Massachusetts cannot afford to ignore these revelations. If the charges are false, the commonwealth owes it to herself to prove their falsity. If, as we firmly believe, they are true, the conscience and humane spirit of the commonwealth have a right to demand that a radical reformation be inaugurated, just as the enlightened humanitarian spirit of sixty years ago compelled the abolition of abuses in the treatment of the insane poor after Miss Dix

had turned on the light. So long as the alleged outrages in the treatment of our prisoners was unknown to the public no great blame could attach to the people; but now that these exposures have been made and an investigation has been demanded and denied, a grave duty devolves on all our people, especially on our ministers, editors and thought-moulders, but also on the humblest citizens—the duty of agitating for and demanding a full, impartial

and honest investigation. The hour has passed when people interested in the perpetuity of the "system" can be allowed to ignore such evidence as Dr. Galvin offers in substantiation of his grave charges of inhumanity. Let every conscience-guided man and woman in Massachusetts demand a full and searching investigation.

Turn on the light!

THE MESSAGE OF THE MASTERS.

TO DO THE work that lieth nearest us, faithfully, resolutely and untiringly; to strive to further the highest interests of humanity by conscientious efforts, ever placing the demands of the larger life or the furtherance of some principle or cause which holds the potentiality of blessing and enlightenment for the many, above all thought of self; to be loyal to duty's call and faithful to the broader ideals of advancing civilization; to so realize the truth eloquently expressed by Mazzini, that "Life is a mission," that you become a cell in the battery that lightens the intellectual firmament and vivifies the conscience-life of the age,—this it is to live nobly and to come *en rapport* with the highest and best currents of being. This it is to enter the Holiest of Holies and feel that peace of soul and joy of

being that can be realized in no other way. This it is to drink of the living fountain that ministers to the divine in man. And this lies within the reach of every man and woman great and resolute enough to place the higher above the lower, to exalt altruism above egoism, and to be faithful to the call of duty—to consecrate life to the highest. This is the heart of the message of the prophets and teachers, the apostles and torch-bearers, throughout the ages. He who lives for self dies; he who loses his life for others finds life. That is, he who sinks self for the happiness, well-being, development and advancement of other selves, finds a newer, richer and deeper life than it is possible for those who are living for self alone to even vaguely conceive.

WHEN JUSTICE BECOMES INJUSTICE.

WHEN the bandage is removed from the eyes of Justice she becomes Injustice. This fact must be burned into the consciousness of civilization. When the judge, the senator, the congressman, the alderman or other official who accepts a bribe, direct or indirect, will as surely go to the penitentiary as the poor man who commits the same offence; when the millionaire who under the mask of a corporation breaks laws and defies criminal statutes, and is able as in the case of the coal-trust, with his fellow-criminals to rob the American people of over seventeen million dollars every year in pure extortion, will go to

prison just as surely as the poor man who steals a loaf of bread for his starving family, or a bucket of coal to keep them from freezing; when also the soldier who loots homes, palaces and temples of their priceless treasures, as did the soldiers of all the Christian countries loot Peking and as they have done in almost every war, will be treated as others who purloin that which does not belong to them, then will the bandage be replaced over the eyes of the goddess and Justice will again justify her claim.

This fact is strikingly indicated in Mr. Beard's cartoon this month; but it is not the



WHEN JUSTICE BECOMES INJUSTICE.

HOLD-UP MAN.—Put up your gun, Brother, and tell me why it is that I am outlawed and prosecuted for my retail crimes, while you are honored and called a hero for doing a wholesale business in killing, robbery and arson?

Drawn by Dan. Beard expressly for THE ARENA.
(See Editorial.)

only vital truth suggested by this picture. Mr. Beard is one of the small but growing band of thinkers who see things as they are—that is, who are able to distinguish between the artificial and the real, to differentiate between that which is fundamentally just, honorable, equitable and righteous and those things whose pretensions to justice, morality and uprightness rest on claims—some specious and others palpably artificial—that have long gone unchallenged because they are sanctioned or tolerated by conventionalism, the church and society, though primarily they were secured through force or cunning, or grew into undisputed acceptance in times when arbitrary standards, dogmatic assumptions of authority by rulers, and the theory that might makes right dominated society.

There can be no such thing as a just social

state, or a civilization that shall enjoy perennial youth, or a people that shall grow in greatness and virility as the generations pass, until society is wise enough to mete out equal and exact justice to great and small, to rich and poor; until the basic principles of justice, equity and morality or those universally recognized ethical verities are made the guiding principles of national life and economic relations in society; and finally until society is great enough and Christian enough to recognize the common brotherhood of all men as the offspring of a common Father, bound together by the law of solidarity,—a law which decrees that every wrong done reacts on the doer and every injustice wrought against the weak sooner or later poisons, enervates and undermines the nation, society or civilization that commits the wrong.

MR. JOHN MOODY'S ATTITUDE ON THE MONOPOLY ISSUE.

IN THE August ARENA we published a review of Mr. John Moody's monumental work, *The Truth About the Trusts*, making some strictures which seemed to us warranted by some passages in the work, which on the whole impressed us as being one of the most important and valuable volumes of late years. Recently we received a personal letter from the able author, setting forth most clearly his purposes in writing the book while pointing out that the apparent justification of monopoly was merely the setting forth of pleas advanced by the beneficiaries of trusts, and that these did not represent his personal views. This letter, which Mr. Moody distinctly stated was not written for publication, so clearly expressed the author's personal attitude on a subject of such importance, and was so well calculated to correct any false impression of the book which our review might have given our readers, that we have prevailed upon Mr. Moody to permit us to publish it:

"While you seem to have examined the work with a great deal of care and have published a very comprehensive notice of it, yet I do not think that you have entirely grasped my purpose in writing the book, or the attitude which the author of such a work would necessarily take towards monopolistic conditions in

general. Instead of its being an attempt to justify monopolistic conditions, my purpose in publishing this book was almost entirely to impress the country with the overpowering strength of monopoly. The great majority of books written to show the strength of monopoly lose much of their effectiveness because of the fact that they base their arguments partially on assumption and not entirely on facts. In preparing my book I depended entirely on facts as I know them, and instead of assuming an attitude of criticism towards the Trusts I simply endeavored to show, in an entirely unbiased way, what the facts are and how they are regarded from a Wall-street point-of-view. The book is really a picture of actual conditions which exist in this country, as seen from the stand-point of thinking monopolists themselves. The apparent justification of monopoly which you refer to is not a justification made by the writer, but is the justification which largely exists among monopoly beneficiaries themselves. If you will examine the book more carefully, particularly those chapters in which comments on the character and scope of monopoly are contained, you will note that I carefully state, not my own opinions, but those of the financial public in general. If I had personally assumed any definite stand either for or against monopoly in writing this

book, or had made it at all controversial in character it would have lost much of its strength as an effective presentation of facts and would be chiefly regarded as merely a polemic against, or a defense of monopoly, as the case might have been. But as the book stands it is a cold statement of facts, the existence of which none can deny.

"I think that if you will examine the book in this light you will immediately see that it is not a work which any intelligent monopolist would, for one moment, be a sponsor for. For instance, no one who wished to actually justify the existence of monopolistic features in the Copper or Steel-Trusts would handle them as I have, where I frankly show that every vicious feature of them is based on a monopoly. Furthermore I do not believe that any justifier of a protective tariff would use in his arguments the facts which will be found between pages 209 and 281, which show how largely the element of monopoly in the Trusts described in those pages depends upon tariff-benefits, and in addition to this, no one who actually wished to demonstrate that the Trusts are an essentially good and benevolent thing for the public would publish the facts given in my chapters on the Asphalt and Ship-building Trusts. Nor would any champion of monopoly ever show, as I have done between pages 373 and 428, the monopolistic strength of the public-service corporations of the country, and if you will look further into the chapters on 'The Great Railroad Groups,' with the charts which I have given, showing the concentration of railroad control throughout the country, I think that you will agree with me that I have said nothing therein which

would indicate that I believed monopoly to be a good thing.

"And then to sum up the whole situation, if you will once more read the chapters in Part VII., giving a general review of the Trust movement, I think that you will clearly divine my whole purpose in presenting this volume of facts to the public. In these last chapters I endeavored to show the great magnitude of the Trusts as they exist to-day and to indicate with certainty their chief characteristic of monopoly, and show how absolutely this monopoly-power is concentrated in the hands of a few men. Having shown this situation I have naturally pointed out how futile all current anti-Trust legislation has been, and without going into details or pushing to the front my personal views (which are not necessarily of any interest to the public), I have tried to leave the reader or student in a position where his natural deduction would be, in analyzing this situation, that the only effective action on the part of the public to eliminate the bad effects of monopoly is to abandon restrictive and artificial legislation (which is more or less proposed by all political parties to-day) and instead to repeal the restrictive laws and give competition an actual chance to operate unimpeded. Inasmuch as the evils of combination are based on monopoly it would seem, at least to me, that the way to abolish these evils is not to 'regulate' monopoly, but as far as possible to eliminate it. A large part of the monopoly element being embraced in the protective tariff and other special legislation, an effective step will be made in the right direction only when the people are ready to repeal all such legislation and give a fair opportunity for the free working of economic laws."

THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION.

THE ELECTION is over, and the people in no uncertain tones have declared that they will not have two Hamiltonian parties. From the hour when Wall-street and trust influences, under the promise of an enormous campaign-fund from predatory wealth and privileged interests, seduced the Democratic representatives and led them to desert a radical progressive Jeffersonian programme and place the fortunes of the party under the guardianship or guidance of those who represented corrupt influences and privileged interests; from the time the delegates of

the national convention permitted August Belmont, with the bad odor of the Cleveland secret-bond-deal clinging to his garments, and Patrick McCarren, the notorious legislative advocate and special-pleader for corporate wealth and influences as inimical to the genius of democracy as they are to the interests and rights of the people, to become the master-spirits and virtually dictate the national ticket, —from that hour, we say, the doom of the Democratic party, in so far as this election was concerned, was sealed.

The people demanded an income-tax;

predatory wealth refused it. The people demanded relief from the shameful oppressions of the trusts and railroad extortions and discriminations; Democracy's delegates replied by placing the virtual naming of the ticket in the hands of one of the great Wall-street magnates of secret-bond-deal ill-fame and one of the most odious of the Eastern special-pleaders for trusts and corporate interests. The people demanded that the government should be restored to the people and that the rule of the corporations through corrupt party-machines should be forever destroyed; and the delegates exalted to the position of high-priest David B. Hill, preëminent as a personification of the most odious machine-methods. Thus to the three-fold imperative demand of the millions of wealth-creators and consumers of America, the party that claimed to be preëminently the party of the common people turned a deaf ear and with unblushing effrontery bid for the support of privileged interests

and delivered the party over to the management of men who represented predatory wealth and trust-domination, saying in effect: "There shall henceforth be two Hamiltonian parties, two parties of privilege, two parties dominated by 'safe and sane' corporate wealth." The doom of the national Democratic party was sealed in the hour of its surrender. The people decided that if they must have a party of privilege and centralization, they would take the genuine Hamiltonian party and not its weak imitation. The Democratic party is essentially radical. It cannot succeed by masquerading as a party of centralization or privilege. It must be Jeffersonian and progressive in spirit or it will fail, and fail miserably. It must be dominated by the ideal of equality of rights and opportunities for all and special privileges for none, it must depend on the people and oppose the rulership of corporations and corrupt machines, or it must go down to defeat as it has this year.

GUBERNATORIAL VICTORIES.

SOME months ago we pointed out the fact that in our judgment the most momentous conflicts this year were those being waged in Missouri and Wisconsin, where Joseph W. Folk and Robert M. LaFollette stood as the impersonations of pure government, democratic ideals and the cause of justice and righteousness, against the combined influence of predatory wealth, corporate domination, the corrupt elements in their own parties and the opposition parties. The people in each of these great commonwealths were on trial. The result has vindicated the claim of Mr. Folk, that "the heart of the people is sound." In each instance the people proved more powerful than all the combined influences of the public-service corporations and other privileged interests and corrupt party-machinery. Never were battles fought in the history of commonwealths against more desperate odds than those fought by Joseph Folk and Robert LaFollette in Missouri and Wisconsin, and their victory is of inestimable importance to the cause of pure government and sound Democracy.

Colorado, though one of the states that came under the full influence of the Rooseveltian land-slide, has resented the unconstitutional usurpation of Governor Peabody and has rebuked his subservieney to corporate

wealth, and this in spite of the vast amount of wealth that was poured into the state by the corporations to maintain their mastership through military rule.

In Massachusetts one of the most striking and encouraging victories was won by William L. Douglas, who was elected to the office of governor by over thirty-five thousand votes, though the state gave President Roosevelt over eighty-six thousand majority. Governor Bates, who was defeated, had rendered himself odious on account of his vetoing bills looking toward shortening the hours of labor required of women and children in the mills and factories. He had treated labor's just demands with contempt. Moreover, he was responsible for the head of the police department of Boston, who had rendered himself exceedingly obnoxious to the people through such acts as that mentioned by Dr. Galvin in his article in the November ARENA, wherein he pointed out that over three hundred out-of-works were taken in a single night from their lodging-houses in Boston, without warrants, and carried in patrol-wagons to the station-houses, where on the following morning all those who could not prove that they had permanent employment were either sentenced to the work-house or sent out of the city.

IN THE MIRROR OF THE PRESENT.

POLITICAL, SOCIAL AND ECONOMIC.

THE RISING TIDE OF POPULAR INTEREST IN FAVOR OF PUBLIC-OWNERSHIP.

SIGNS are multiplying on every hand which indicate that at last the people are awakening to the importance and the necessity of owning and operating the public utilities. The examples of almost all other progressive nations and the signal success attending public-ownership are forcing even the slow-thinking among those who think at all, and who have no personal interest in private-ownership, to see that through abandoning the government to the rings, party-machines and corporations, our nation is becoming a camp-follower along the lines of democratic progress. New Zealand and Switzerland have far outstripped us along many lines of republican advance, while in regard to public-ownership, Great Britain, Germany, Austria, Italy, France, Canada, Australia and other nations have distanced the United States. Moreover, at last the more independent dailies as well as intelligent people are coming to see that the two sophistical pleas so long industriously employed by the hired special-pleaders for private-ownership are worse than fallacious. It has been claimed by those influences which have been the chief sources of governmental corruption that public-ownership would foster corruption and the extension of graft. This cry has been probably made largely to divert public attention from the corruptors and debauchers of our public morals, just as the thief who stole a large roll of bills from a bank at noon-day a few years since rushed into the crowded street crying, "Stop thief!" so as to divert attention from himself. Certain it is that revelations during recent years prove that the chief well-spring of bribery and corruption of the people's servants has been found in the public-service companies operating natural monopolies, while public-ownership in New Zealand, Great Britain, Germany and other countries has been conspicuously marked by honesty and wisdom.

Secondly, the claim that the government, state or municipality could not successfully operate public utilities has been proved equally untenable by experience in other lands and

wherever in this country the experiments have been made, save where public-service companies have been able to corrupt or so influence public servants as to make them recreant to their duty, as in the case of the post-office and the railways. But here, it will be observed, the cause of the lack of business wisdom is found in the corrupting influence of the corporations that operate utilities which by right belong to the public and should, nay, must be owned and operated by the people before we can enjoy the fruits of pure, just or economical government. The following editorial from the *St. Louis Daily Chronicle* of October 19th, is a typical illustration of many recent utterances in American dailies indicative of the rising tide of public sentiment against the exploitation of the public and the corruption of the people's servants by private corporations operating natural monopolies:

"Most people who oppose public-ownership of steam and street-railroads do so because of a belief that politics would enter into the management and that inefficient men would be employed.

"Partisan influences and services, it is contended, would count for far more in the distribution of the high places than experience and efficiency would.

"By the same argument we might let out to private contract the whole business of governing. It can be argued that a syndicate would employ better lawmakers, better judges, better executive officers than the public does, with its political methods. If the argument is good in the one case, why not in the other?

"Ample experience has shown that the argument is not good in either case.

"The Chicago street-railway situation right now is in illustration. The Union Traction Company, organized, built up and conducted by the customary syndicate methods, had become so deeply involved that stockholders called upon a United States court to take the company's affairs out of the hands of the syndicate. This court, presided over by Judge Grosscup, has been running the road for a while, with the result that expenses have been reduced at the rate of \$75,000 a year and the service improved. The trained managers,

the men whose services are deemed so valuable that no government could afford to pay their price, have very conveniently been dispensed with.

"This is but one instance. There have been many others quite as satisfactory. It is customary for railroad companies, when they get in trouble, to depend upon the government to help them out. This is particularly true in case of strikes. With this phase of government operation of roads the public has become painfully familiar.

"The question that suggests itself is this: If the government can operate railroads when they are in trouble better than private syndicates can, why can't they operate them better when there is no trouble?

"Since the government is successfully operating the street-railways of the second largest city in the country, having taken charge when they were badly involved, and is giving better satisfaction to the public than the syndicate ever did, what argument is there left against the government operation being made permanent?"

HOW THE PEOPLE ARE BEING ROBBED BY THE COAL-BARONS.

THE AMERICAN people have been recently favored with another revelation of the high-handed robbery being to-day practiced against them by the law-defying coal railroads and trust, through the proceedings instituted by Mr. William Randolph Hearst. At the investigation recently held certain facts were brought out through the unwilling admissions of the witnesses for the coal companies, which are well calculated to hasten the day when an aroused and outraged public will put an end once and for all to the high-handed spoliation of the many by the lawless and privileged few. On October 27th, the *New York American* published the following digest of some facts brought out by the investigation and upon which Mr. Shearn, the able attorney for Mr. Hearst, dwelt at length:

"From figures submitted by the Philadelphia & Reading Company Mr. Shearn pointed out that by their own statement it was shown that the increase in the cost of mining in the collieries of that company had been but 52 cents since 1900, a period of four years, and that in that time the price of coal to the consumer had been increased \$1.00.

"From these figures Mr. Shearn lucidly

prepared the following statement, showing the profits of the Coal-Trust taken from the pockets of the buyers of anthracite coal.

"The annual output of the Coal-Trust is 60,000,000 tons. Of this 60 per cent. or 36,000,000 tons, is coal in prepared sizes. The increase on this kind of coal has been \$1.00 a ton in four years, or \$36,000,000 a year, a total in four years of \$144,000,000.



Sullivant, in *New York American*. (Reproduced by special permission of W. R. Hearst.)

HITCHES ALL TO HIS CAR.

"No man can do business unless he does it under our direction."—*Secret Minutes of the Coal-Trust.*

"The increased cost of mining, according to the figures of the Reading Company, has been 52 cents a ton, or a total increase in mining 36,000,000 tons of \$18,720,000, or an increase in cost during the four years of \$74,880,000.

"Graphically presented, the robbery of the people by the Trust may be represented in this manner:

"Increased cost of coal to the people.....	\$144,000,000
Increased cost on mining this coal	74,880,000
Increased profits to the trust,	\$69,120,000

"This sum, \$69,120,000, Mr. Shearn declared had been taken from the coal-buying public absolutely without justification. No increase in the cost of mining, no added expenses at the mines had been responsible for this frightful increase in the tax upon the public, levied upon the consumers arbitrarily."

"No attempt was made to reply to the deductions of Mr. Shearn. The figures spoke for themselves. The coal-barons, knowing that the public lay helpless in the grasp of the monopoly the tariff-built trust had created, had forced from every man within their reach a portion of the amount which in four years had amounted to \$70,000,000.

"The danger in this condition lies in what may yet be done unless the monopolistic outreach of the Coal-Trust is checked. It has raised prices one dollar in four years. What may it not do in the years to come?

"Another dollar added will mean an increase of \$17,280,000 a year to the Trust. Whether the Trust-masters can refrain from further robbery with such an inviting field is the question that only the future and the success of the suit of Mr. Hearst can answer.

"In Chicago the Track-Dealers' Association still exists and the members, nameless and known by their number-tags, meet and strike down with boycott and by withholding from trade all who endeavor to establish anything resembling competition. In New York agents of the coal-carrying railroads meet at luncheon in the same manner and undoubtedly employ the same means to see that competition is killed before it buds. The machinery that made possible the extortion of \$70,000,000 from the people in four years is still in existence, and there is nothing fixed or definite about the figures used except that they will never be lowered."

DARK-LANTERN METHODS OF THE COAL-TRUST EXPOSED.

PERHAPS the most amazing phase of the coal-trust revelations brought out at the recent hearing is found in the exposure of the methods employed by these commercial brigands to destroy all competition and place the purchasing public entirely at their mercy. In order that the men engaged in this iniquitous crime against the people might be saved from detection, a secret code was adopted and each member was numbered, just as the state numbers her criminals in the penitentiary. Was this



Putnam, in Boston Traveler.

UNCLE SAM.—"NOW CHOP!"

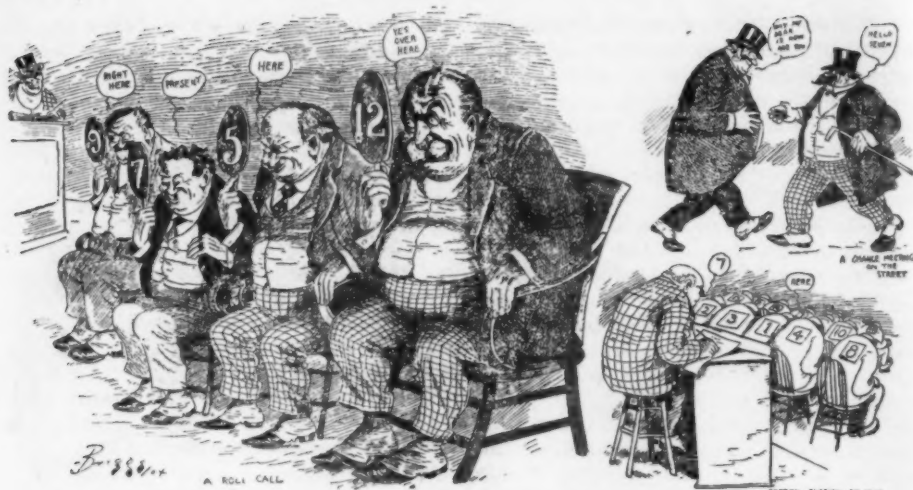
prophetic of the future, when the people, who have already slept overlong, shall have their reckoning with the despoilers of their wealth, shall place the bandage again on the eyes of Justice and see that these rich men receive precisely the same treatment as the poor? Stranger things than this have happened.

In the following, taken from an editorial leader in the New York *American* of October 27th, the dark-lantern methods of the coal-trust are brought out by liberal quotations from the minutes of their secret meetings which the government compelled them to place in evidence:

"For the first time since criminal trusts began to do business, the inside workings of a trust have been brought to view. In the Hearst suit against the Coal-Trust the transactions of the Chicago branch of the Trust have been laid bare. It is no general charge of coercion, killing competition and controlling prices. It is more—it is proof absolute, for the Trust wrote a history of its guilt in its minutes, which were produced. The minutes cover the transactions of a year.

"The Trust met to fix prices, to put independent dealers out of business and to punish an occasional free act on the part of one of its customers. One purpose over-shadowed all things—to kill competition and make the Trust an absolute master of the anthracite coal business.

"The minutes read like those of a Black-Hand society bent on killing. The members



Briggs, in New York American.

(Reproduced by special permission of W. R. Hearst.)

"EVERY MAN HAD HIS NUMBER."

had numbers, and if any act criminal on its face was to be done, the minutes were put in code form.

"One criminal trust is like all other criminal trusts.

"That a meeting of the Trust members is like that of a Black-Hand society, look at this extract from the secret minutes:

"CHICAGO, May 7, 1902.—Office of Number 1. All present except 7 and 9.—*Secret minutes.*

"Do honest corporations put their representatives behind numbers? What good purpose did any man ever have in view to permit the name he bore from his father and mother to be thrown aside for a number?

"But the minutes of the Coal-Trust show that its business was against the people and the government. Read this:

"It is learned that Gilmore & Blessing, who are demoralizing prices, are buying from the Riverton Coal Company and the coal is shipped by W. Nichols & Co., Wilkesbarre, Pa.—*Secret minutes.*

"Gilmore & Blessing were not in favor with the Trust. They were on no list. The Trust had their yard watched, and by its perfect system of espionage traced its source of supply.

"That firm was selling coal cheaper than

the Trust, and the Trust marked it for its destruction.

"Because a man offers his goods at a price he sees fit he must be crushed. That is what a trust exists for. Do the American people want this sort of a rule?

"C. L. Dering will not sell any more coal to Hull & Co. if there are any more charges against that firm for cutting."—*Secret minutes.*

"If I sell you a hundred thousand dollars' worth of merchandise and tell you you must sell it to the consumer for one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars, what will you say to me? If you had no credit elsewhere and bought the stuff and then concluded after all you had a right to sell the stuff for what you pleased, and you did this, what business is it of mine? None. But the trust will ruin you if you do a thing like this.

"The Trust gives the consumer, the retailer the wholesaler, no voice in the management of his business. All must stand and deliver. Is it true that if a man sold at a reduced price that the Trust went after him? What business was it of the Trusts so long as the Trust got its money? We might doubt with you, but here is the evidence from the Trust itself:

"Crerar, Clinch & Co. have sold to Mr. Wright, 85 Astor street, and cut price. (Referred to Mr. Comstock.)

"Following dealers reported as selling at cut prices and buying their coal from Richardson."—*Secret minutes.*

"And these are merely extracts from a book of minutes, and every line is a story of oppression, extortion and czarism over a people supposed to be free."

It matters not whether we follow the astounding revelations as brought out in Mr. Hearst's suit against the Coal-Trust, Mr. Lawson's unmasking of the methods of the Standard Oil vampires in Wall street, Miss Tarbell's carefully-authenticated history of the Standard Oil Company, or the revelations made by Governor LaFollette showing how the railways and other public-service companies of Wisconsin are oppressing the people—all, all tell the same story of evasion of law or open defiance of statutes, of criminal extortion and of merciless destruction of all competitors. And wherever the investigations are extended so as to show the secret power of the trusts, railways and other corporations, by which the people are rendered helpless, it is found that their corrupting influence exerted in government is the mainspring of their strength. Through campaign-funds, through the selection of men who have long been their attorneys or whom they know they can depend upon, through defeating at the nominations or elections men who could not be bribed or browbeaten into silence, and through wholesale bribery of the people's representatives by courtesies and favors, these oppressors of the people have been able to march steadily forward, reimbursing themselves in the course of a few months by extortionate charges, for all the outlay expended in controlling legislation during the period of four years.

Men of America, how long will you supinely submit to this iniquitous irregular taxation for the corruption-funds of a few lawless over-rich men, who through the plunder of the millions are becoming so rich as to be above the law? The duty you owe to yourselves and to your families, no less than the interests of the republic, calls upon you to agitate, educate and unite in a determined campaign for the emancipation of the people from a tyranny incomparably more odious and oppressive than that which led our fathers to throw off the yoke of Great Britain.

ONE OF THE FRUITS OF IMPERIALISM.

THE RECENT trial of Lieutenant Sidney F. Burbank, at Leavenworth, Kansas, serves to



Bartholemew, in Minneapolis Journal.

PIERPONT MORGAN MAKES RESTITUTION.

U. S. CITIZEN.—"Say, Mr. Morgan, while you're making good, where do I come in?"

throw a strong sidelight on the corrupting and debauching influence of our imperialistic policy over our soldiers. In this case the American officer sued to set aside an alleged marriage between himself and a negress named Concepcion Vasquez, who claimed to have been married to Lieutenant Burbank on January 25, 1902. Burbank held that the alleged record of the marriage solemnized before Justice Mapa was part of a plot on the part of the justice to compromise him because his detachment had killed Mapa's brother-in-law. But here are the significant facts to which we call special attention: (1) Lieutenant Burbank on the stand testified that the negress had been his mistress, but he denied that he had legally married her or introduced her as his wife. Lieutenant Young and other friends of Burbank testified that they knew Miss Vasquez simply as Burbank's mistress, and not as his wife. (2) The press dispatches stated that the case was being watched with keen interest in the army, for there were fifty or sixty officers with Filipino wives whose marriages to American girls were being held up pending a decision in the Burbank case.

If such is the record as it relates to the officers in our army of duty and destiny, whose high moral mission has been dwelt upon so eloquently by recreant clergymen who have upheld the immoral policy of benevolent assimilation pursued by our government, what must

be the record of the soldiers under them? How many hundreds of thousands of Filipino girls are to-day deserted and burdened with children by American soldiers who have come home to seek the arms of pure-minded American girls?

The above facts hint at one phase of the demoralization that is a result of our policy of criminal aggression; and yet we hear on every hand cant about our sacred mission in the Philippines, our duty to hold them in subjection that we may elevate and Christianize them.

PROFESSOR FISHER'S PLEA FOR JUSTER SOCIAL CONDITIONS.

THE AWAKENING to activity of the conscience-side of life in numbers of leading thinkers who have long thrown the weight of their influence on the side of parties and interests that place money above manhood, is a striking symptom indicating that we are approaching a moral renaissance such as from time to time stirs the stagnant life of nations and civilizations and eventuates in an upward

step in social, economic and political life. Recently several strong men have bravely taken a stand for progress, some of these finding it necessary to break with party affiliations of a life-time. One of the most notable instances of this character is found in Professor William C. Fisher, who occupies the chair of Economic and Social Science in the Wesleyan University of Middletown, Connecticut. This eminent educator and authority in economic matters has publicly renounced the Republican party, because he has been forced to the conclusion that it is hopeless to look for the establishment of social or economic justice from that party. In a recent interview Professor Fisher expressed his opinions in the following words, which are worthy of the thoughtful consideration of all earnest lovers of justice:

"The present conditions of life are altogether too hard for a large part of the laboring classes. The distribution of the comforts and luxuries of life is uneven, and out of all reasonable proportion to desert, among different classes of men.

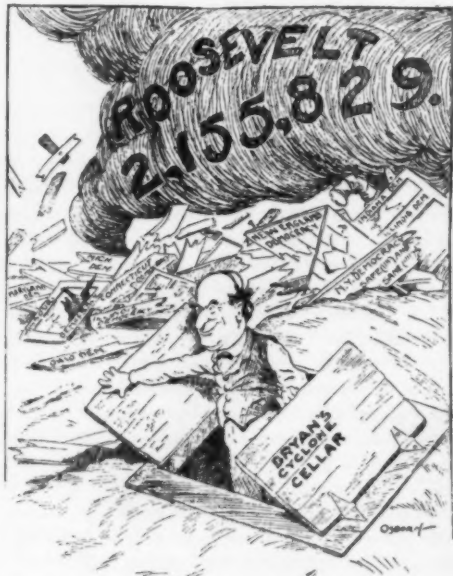
"A few specifications will suffice to make my meaning clear. Dr. Spahr has shown that



Osborn, in Philadelphia Press.

SMOTHERED!

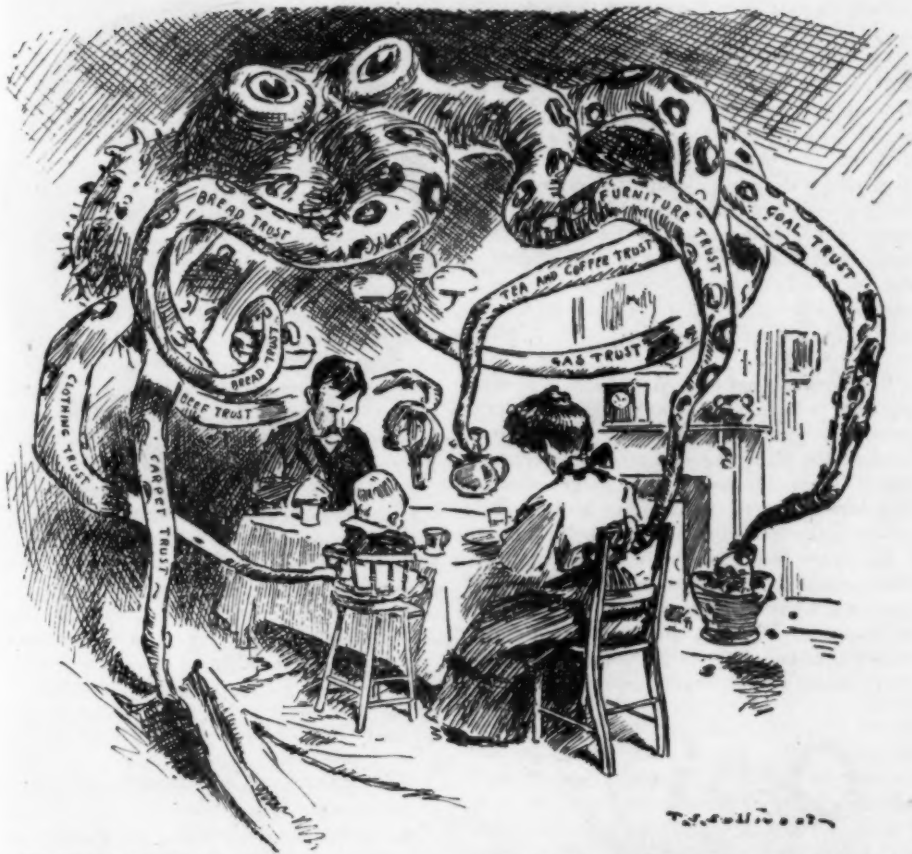
—PARKER—(As the votes continue to pour in like an avalanche)—“I tell you money did it, money did it, did it —wow!”



Osborn, in Philadelphia Press.

STILL HOPEFUL.

BRYAN—(As he emerges from the cyclone-cellar and looks around at the wreck)—“Ahem! I think things need a little reorganization with me as the reorganizer.”



Sullivant, in New York American.

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THE OCTOPUS

in our land of boasted equality, one per cent. of the families have more wealth than the other ninety-nine per cent., and that one-eighth have seven times as much as all the rest.

"A comprehensive study by the Massachusetts Bureau of Statistics of Labor, based upon no less than 432,000 laborers, shows that in 1900 of the total, 65.81 per cent. were receiving less than \$10 a week, while of the minors of both sexes 71.86 per cent. were receiving less than \$6. Yet wages such as these are in return for the faithful honest use of the laborers' productive powers, during long hours of exhausting toil, under conditions often perilous to the health and safety of the workers. The hours are so long that many a working man has as a matter of sober fact, no real participation in the fruits of our much-vaunted Christian civilization, has not time to form and

enjoy friendships, can indeed scarcely know his own wife and children.

"I cannot doubt that the labor problem is the great problem of the near future in America as well as in other lands, nor that it is a problem, which far overshadows in importance all the problems of our earlier political history, the currency, imperialism, the tariff, even slavery itself."

If the republic is to live, the feudalism of wealth that has through corrupt practices secured a preponderating influence in government, must be overthrown. The people must again become the real as well as the theoretical rulers, and the public servants must be taught that they are indeed servants and not irresponsible masters.

TWO PARAMOUNT ECONOMIC QUESTIONS.

GREAT interest has been awakened among our readers by Dr. Holder's paper on "The Dragon in America" and Joaquin Miller's reply, which appeared in the August and October numbers of *THE ARENA*. Among many interesting and thoughtful letters touching these contributions which have been received, the following communication from Mr. Herbert A. Hodge, General Organizer of the National Farmers' Exchange, is so suggestive and timely that we give it to our readers:

"It seems to me that Mr. Miller is at fault on two points. The children ('daughters,' he speaks of) of laboring men are not in school because the fathers cannot meet the necessary bills. Their income is not large enough. The hiring of a domestic—even a cheap little yellow man—would not add to the income, so I fail to see how that would remedy matters. Cheapening the cost of labor in one avenue of human activity tends to cheapen labor-cost in *all* avenues. If, then, this cheapening comes through lower wages, it means inevitably lower wages for all wage-takers.



Scott, in New York Telegram.

"DE-LIGHT-ED!"



Pritchett, in Philadelphia Record.

ADDICKS—"WHO SAID I WAS BUSTED?"

"The paramount question for us to decide is the *distribution* of what we now produce. The ability of California fruit-growers and railroad corporations to secure cheap labor, the presence of cheap, efficient domestic servants for *one-tenth* of the householders of California—or Eastern—cities, will not help us solve the question of distribution. The importation of any quantity of cheap, industrious yellow men *who labor for individuals and not for all of us* must tend to make conditions harder for all wage-earners in all parts of the country.

"A democracy needs self-reliant citizens—not servants; and self-reliant citizens can only be trained by doing things for themselves. A democracy must rest on equality and the absence of classes. To hire alien people, no matter how cheap and efficient, with the express intention of securing servants, looks like a step backward."

The two points emphasized by Mr. Hodge are fundamental facts that cannot be too impressively or insistently dwelt upon.

MUNICIPAL OWNERSHIP AND COÖPERATION.

TRIUMPHANT RESULTS OF MUNICIPAL OWNERSHIP IN PARIS.

WHILE America continues to pay millions upon millions of dollars annually into the pockets of the private corporations that operate public utilities, and receives in many cases very inadequate service in return, European municipalities are, one by one taking over these immensely valuable natural monopolies and operating them for the good of all the people. One of the latest and most striking demonstrations of the wisdom and practicality of municipal-ownership of traction-companies is offered by Paris. In a recent interview M. Deville, president of the board of aldermen of Paris, gave some extremely interesting and important facts relating to the experience of the French capital under private and public ownership. He showed that for a quarter of a century Paris implored, threatened and commanded the traction-companies to give the city better service, but all to no purpose.

"Finally," he observed, "the city took things into its own hands. The result is that we have the best and at the same time the cheapest system of intramural transit in Europe, and are making money, which will be used later to rescue Paris from the clutches of incompetent and greedy private gas-companies. There is every sign that when the entire metro-



Bush, in New York World.

"HERE WE ARE AGAIN."

politan system is completed the surface monopoly lines will be driven out of business. All this has come to pass because we took the bull by the horns and determined to restore the people to their rights. Thousands of Parisians wear happy smiles this morning on account of the new possibility of reaching the heart of the city in fifteen minutes from any point on its circumference, in clean, comfortable, well-lighted cars, in which three cents gives a seat as well as a ride for ten miles."

What Paris has done New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago and every other American municipality should do, and, let us add, will do when the people are awakened to the duty they owe to their own pocket-books as well as the high duty they owe as citizens of a free commonwealth to check corruption and graft in government and promote public economy, efficient service and wisdom in the larger affairs of life. We use these expressions advisedly. The tax-payers are every year putting into the pockets of the Boston Elevated Railway Company between three and four million dollars in net earnings, and in return are subjected to a shamefully inadequate service. Under municipal-ownership the service would be incalculably improved, while the tax-payers and traveling public would be enriched by the saving of millions of dollars annually. Secondly, not only would the



Bartholemew, in Minneapolis Journal.

MAKING UP TO THE WIDOW.

citizens thus enrich themselves through public-ownership, but they would be destroying the greatest feeders and promoters of graft, corruption and political degeneration in present-day life; as almost every political scandal and sickening exposure of corruption in municipal and state affairs, from the days of the Tweed ring down to the present time, has revealed the fact that a chief, and often the chief, influence in promoting political corruption, debauchery and betrayal of public trust by the people's servants was found in the private corporations operating public utilities and that to-day have the American municipalities by the throat through their control of the political machines, party-bosses and the great daily press.

Glasgow, Liverpool, Birmingham, Paris, and scores of other Old World cities are showing the way. How much longer will our municipalities remain camp-followers in the march of progress?

A MUNICIPAL THEATER IN MINNESOTA.

FRIENDS of the drama in America, and especially those who appreciate the enormous potential value of the theater as a factor in the education of heart and brain, will be deeply interested in the success of the new municipal theater at Red Wing, Minnesota. Under trust domination the theater has of late years more and more catered to a frivolous when not a vicious taste. The box-office receipts rather than the production at reasonable profits of noble and wholesome dramas which are literature and whose influence could not fail to

broaden and deepen the culture and lift the ideals of the audience, have been too frequently the supreme object of the theatrical managers, with the result that the public taste has been educated downward and the popular appetite has been taught to seek the frivolous and the shallow, or the unwholesomely erotic plays. The establishment of a National Art Theater, as already pointed out in *THE ARENA*, would do much toward correcting this evil. It would give our more thoughtful and earnest-minded citizens the privilege of enjoying great plays, while it would also afford an opportunity for really fine dramas—that is, plays that rank as literature and which are essentially educative in the highest sense of the term—to be adequately presented.

Another institution that if well conducted would accomplish much along this line is the municipal theater. The success and wholesome influence of such play-houses in the Old World emphasizes the practicality as well as the educational value of such institutions.

The facts connected with the Red Wing, Minnesota, theater are interesting and suggestive. The late T. B. Sheldon left funds for the theater which was to be presented to the city, to be operated by the municipality for the benefit of the community. From the donation thus made a beautiful little theater, known as the Sheldon Memorial Auditorium, has been erected at a cost of eighty thousand dollars. The seating capacity is about fifteen hundred, but in order to make it comfortable only one thousand seats have been placed in the building. The house is heated by steam, lighted by gas and electricity, and what is especially interesting and commendable is the liberal spirit shown in regard to the comfort of the actors. There are fourteen handsomely-furnished dressing-rooms, all supplied with hot and cold water. The paramount purpose of the city is to make the theater a wholesome educational influence in the community. For this reason only strictly first-class attractions will be presented, while the prices will be made very moderate, as the city does not seek to make the municipal theater a money-making enterprise. We shall not be surprised if Red Wing proves to be the pioneer city in the inauguration of a movement that shall become popular and general throughout America. The stage can be made one of the most powerful educational factors in the country. It can be utilized as a positive engine for progress, so as to exalt the ideals and minister to the



Morgan, in *Philadelphia Inquirer*.

THE HORRORS OF WAR.—SEARCHING FOR A PARTY ON THE BATTLEFIELD.

DR. BRYAN.—"The carnage was certainly fearful. I shall be lucky if I find the Party I'm looking for."

highest cravings of the mind; and it should be the settled aim of men and women of progress in every community to aid in fostering a sentiment favorable to municipal theaters that could easily be made efficient auxiliaries to the public schools in broadening the culture, stimulating the brain and elevating the concepts of the people.

A SUCCESSFUL COÖPERATIVE MARKET.

A SUCCESSFUL experiment in coöperation among the toilers has been in progress during the past six months in Oakland, California, which is likely to lead to extension of coöperative work in marketing, much as the coöperative work among the farmers in handling grain has extended and grown until our agrarian population in Kansas, Nebraska and adjoining states is to-day realizing tens of thousands of dollars which up to the time of the establishment of their association went into the pockets of the elevator-trust. The story of the Oakland coöperative market is briefly as follows:

Last March the employing butchers of Oakland refused to grant their employees the same conditions which obtained in San Francisco. The wholesalers united with the largest butchers of the exchange in a coercive movement against the smaller dealers who were favorable to the union men, compelling them under threat of shutting off their supplies to discharge the union men. In this extremity the union butchers conceived the idea of establishing a coöperative market. Ex-Mayor J. L. Davie of Oakland, who was one of the discharged union men, took the initiative and leadership in the movement. The responses were beyond the most sanguine expectations of the coöperators, and early in June a wholesale market and one retail shop were opened.

The venture proved a signal success from the outset, and since its inauguration three additional retail markets have been opened, the wholesale plant has been enlarged, and a sausage factory established. All the discharged employees who remained loyal to the union are now employed in the coöperative markets under the conditions which were demanded but refused by the butchers' exchange. As all business is conducted on a strictly cash basis there is little danger of failure in the future, since the entire plant is paid for. A recent issue of the *Labor Clarion* states that "the directors are now considering the question of opening two more retail markets in Oakland and extending the business to San Francisco." This paper also thus explains the coöperative feature of the enterprise in which the public has a general interest:

"The Coöperative Meat Company has practically brought the consumer and the producer together, eliminating the wholesaler and jobber, and the profits of the two latter go to the former. When the company was formed it was decided that no individual should be allowed to purchase more than one share of stock, which was sold for \$10. These shareholders pay the company the retail market price for meat, and an account is kept of the meat purchased. At the end of the year the shareholder will receive a rebate of 10 per cent. on his purchases for the twelve months. Many of the stock-raisers are shareholders in the company, and they are paid for their product the price the retailer under the old system is charged by the local wholesaler. The difference between this price and that paid by the stock-buyers of the big meat firms, such as Miller & Lux and the Western Meat Company, is considerable, and this difference now goes into the pockets of the stock-raiser who is a shareholder in the Coöperative Company."

WORLD ISSUES AND EVENTS.

UNPARALLELED HEALTH RECORD OF THE JAPANESE ARMY.

A PAPER of great interest and value was recently read before the Association of Military Surgeons at St. Louis, by Major Louis Seamon. The writer, who is a well-known member of the medical profession connected with our military department, recently returned

from Japan and in this address gave the association the result of his personal observations and the official records up to July first relating to the health of the Japanese soldiers. His discussion was a revelation to the medical profession and will do much toward proving to the people the fact that through sane, temperate, well-ordered living and proper observance in regard to purity in food and drink, as

well as cleanliness, disease can be reduced to a degree little appreciated heretofore. Thus, for example, Dr. Seamon reports that up to July first no disease such as typhoid fever or intestinal disorders—diseases that have caused such ravages in the armies of the Western world, had appeared. Indeed, so wonderful was the record of the Japanese army that it justified the broad statement that there was no disease present; for the whole number of soldiers dying from all kinds and forms of sickness after their leaving home was but two per cent. of those who were killed in the battles. The significance of these figures will be appreciated when we call to mind the fact that seventy per cent. of our soldiers who died during the Spanish-American war succumbed through disease.

Another most remarkable fact noted by the American physician was that of the thousand Japanese soldiers that up to July first had returned home wounded, not one died. Dr. Seamon holds that this wonderful record is chiefly due to the fact that the Japanese live so hygienically and that wise and rational precautionary measures are taken to prevent sickness. Thus, the soldiers are all thoroughly instructed in regard to the proper food to eat and the hygienic means best calculated to insure health. All water drunk is first thoroughly tested to ascertain if any disease germs are present. Each squad of soldiers carries portable baths, that the bodies of the men



Warren, in Boston Herald.

NERVOUS? WELL, SAY!

shall be kept clean, and soldiers are even instructed in the smallest details of health and cleanliness; as, for example, they are advised to keep their finger-nails closely pared and thoroughly cleansed.

When the war broke out a leading Japanese medical authority observed that while Russia might put two million men in the field against Japan's half million, a large per cent. of Russia's soldiers would die from disease, while there would be practically no deaths among the Japanese, save from the weapons of the enemy. The results seem to justify this prediction which at the time it was uttered appeared so extravagant. Japan has taught Western civilization one of the most practical and important lessons relating to public health that has been given man in many years.

THE RUSSIAN PERIL.

MORAL obloquy not unfrequently leads to mental irresponsibility, an irresponsibility that calls for outside interference in order to protect the lives of the innocent. The action of the Baltic fleet in firing for twenty minutes on a fleet of British fishermen and later concocting a story of the midnight attack by Japanese boats, which they seek to substantiate by the claim that their own vessels were damaged and men wounded through shots from other vessels, would seem to indicate a condition in which moral turpitude is only equaled by mental irresponsibility. We do not doubt but what some of the Russian vessels were hit and that some of her men may have been wounded or killed, for men so crazy as to mistake a peaceable fleet of fishing-craft, carrying the proper signal-lights, for Japanese torpedo-boats, or so ignorant of the signal-lights



Bartholemew, in Minneapolis Journal.

"SEEKIN' THINGS AT NIGHT."

"I woke up in the dark and saw things standin' in a row, a-lookin' at me cross-eyed an' p'intin' at me—so!"



From the London Westminster Gazette.

CONGO—ARMENIA

THE SULTAN.—"Mon cher Leopold, comme ils sont droles, cest moralistes!"

(Earl Percy, in speaking during the Congo debate in the House of Commons, said that Turkey is one of the Powers giving earnest consideration to the British Note with regard to the Congo State.)

which their own vessels should carry as to mistake these craft for those of the enemy thousands of miles distant, would be likely to shoot at their own vessels. There would be nothing surprising in such action in view of Russia's faculty for blundering and the aptitude she has shown in sinking her own ships. But the fact remains that a nation so irresponsible as Russia is a peril to all other nations. Her ships are likely to sink any peaceable vessel that might come within their range. Indeed, the press dispatches state that Norwegian, German and Danish vessels were all fired upon by



Morgan, in Philadelphia Inquirer.

NERVELESS NICHOLAS.—"She certainly is trying to flirt with me. Oh, if I only had the nerve to speak!"

these madmen of the sea. Russia has had much to say about the yellow peril, but if Japan had been guilty of a hundredth part of the offences against morality, integrity and humanity that Russia has committed since she violated her solemn pledge given to the civilized world to evacuate Manchuria, there might be some foundation for the cry. As it is, civilization has no greater outside peril to face than the morally insane, corrupt and thoroughly barbarous government of the Czar.



Bushnell, in Nashville American.

ONLY WAITING.

Detention of a portion of the Russian Baltic Fleet at Vigo, Spain, will delay for a while their joining the Port Arthur Squadron.

APPALLING LOSS OF RUSSIAN SOLDIERS IN THE SHAKHE RIVER BATTLE.

THE OFFICIAL report given out by the Czar's government of the loss sustained by the Russians in the battle around the Shakhe river, in killed, wounded and missing, is 45,000 soldiers and 800 officers. To realize the essential criminality and barbarity of unjustifiable war, such as Russia is waging, one has only to go in imagination to the thousands of homes of the Russians where the prop of the family, the hard-working father, was ruthlessly taken from his wife and babes, almost driven in many cases, as Tolstoi clearly showed in his recent utterance. That father was once a happy child, reared in love. He became a man, loved in turn, won the girl of his choice, builded his little home; children came, all depending on the father's labors, and all went well until he was suddenly ordered to the front to help hold a territory Russia had

Warren, in *Boston Herald*.

UNDER CONTROL.

stolen from the Chinese. He was thus torn from his wife and little ones, and to-day they are facing winter, perhaps foodless and fireless, and at best with poverty dogging their steps. And such is the story that thus far could be truthfully written of thousands of homes in Russia which have been despoiled of their staff and prop through the criminality of the government of the Czar.

of war. We believe that in spite of the appearances unfavorable to the spread of a compelling peace sentiment, the mind of the Christian world is being made fallow, and that the hour approaches when the wisdom of statesmanship and the might of public sentiment will be cast in the balance for peace.

ARBITRATION'S LATEST TRIUMPH.

THE GREAT PEACE CONGRESS.

THE GREAT Peace Congress held in Boston witnessed the assemblage of a band of as noble men and women pledged to the higher civilization as was ever gathered together in behalf of a great moral issue. The thoughts expressed and views exchanged cannot fail to add to the great ground-swell that is coming, despite many signs that to superficial thinkers point to the maintenance of the old regime of bloodshed and devastation incident to war. Every such congress further educates the intellect and arouses the conscience of the people, and makes public sentiment hostile to war; and it is to this enlightened and informed public sentiment that we must look for the abolition

ONE of the most important recent victories for civilization was achieved when France invoked the principle of The Hague Convention to avert war between England and Russia at a moment when the arbitrament of force seemed inevitable. Had it not been for The Hague Congress, the popular education that has followed as a result of its establishment, and the precedents already established by settlements through arbitration under its general provisions, there can be no doubt but what to-day England and Russia would have been at each other's throats, with France dragged in to defend her brutal ally and with a strong probability also of Germany taking a hand in an effort to destroy the prestige of Great Britain on the high seas.

THE DRAMA.

MISS O'NEILL IN BOSTON.

A FEW months ago we ventured the prediction that in Nance O'Neill, the remarkable young tragedienne who last winter and spring achieved one of the most signal victories ever won by an actress in Boston, America had a rising tragedienne who promised to become second to no great woman artist of our time and land. Early in October Miss O'Neill returned to Boston for a one-week engagement, during which time she crowded the Tremont Theater with a highly-cultured and enthusiastic audience. Her success was in every respect most pronounced. On this occasion she produced Ibsen's *Hedda Gabler*, Sudermann's *Magda*, and Thomas Bailey Aldrich's *Judith of Bethulia*. In each role she demonstrated the possession of real genius by merging her individuality into the character portrayed in a most astonishing degree. In *Hedda Gabler*, for example, it appeared that she could be nothing else, so completely did she shadow forth that terrible modern impersonation of a body without a soul,—the type of the moral maniac who naturally moves toward mental insanity, with suicide at the goal. But on the other hand, when she appeared as *Judith* there was no trace of the woman of Ibsen's brain, no trace of that Northern type that has become so startlingly common under the hot-house conditions of modern urban life; but in its place stood before us as clear and strong an impersonation of the self-hypnotized sybil of the tropic lands—the religious fanatic whose ecstasy has completely overmastered her rational processes, until she is the slave of a phantom—as could be imagined.

That Miss O'Neill's work is in the nature of the case marred by certain palpable faults, there can be no question. She is very young to play many of the parts which she enacts with such remarkable power and fidelity, and it is not to be expected that her work will at the present time be marked by the finish of those who have long been before the footlights. Again, she lacks somewhat in grace and ease in her movements, and her bow, both during the performance and before the footlights, is stiff and awkward. These faults,—indeed, all her faults—are those which time and experience, it is reasonable to believe, will overcome;

while above and beyond them rises her unquestioned genius. In Nance O'Neill we believe America possesses a tragedienne who will ere long rank with the greatest dramatic artists that the republic has produced.

As to the kind of reception that will be accorded her in New York, it is difficult to say, for the metropolis is so given over to light and frivolous productions that great serious work, unless it comes with the stamp of foreign approval, is less likely to score a success when first presented than in a center like Boston, where strong serious work that evinces real talent and merit never fails of an appreciative audience. Thus, for example, Julia Marlowe was so mercilessly attacked by the critics in New York that she long played to almost empty houses in that city, while Boston was quick to appreciate her merit. We remember several years ago seeing her play to empty benches in New York, while a short time later she came to Boston and played before crowded houses. In time the metropolis was compelled to recognize her worth. It may be so with Miss O'Neill. Boston's hearty acceptance of the actress was on account of her merit and that alone. Her phenomenal success here was due solely to her great genius.

"PARSIFAL" IN BOSTON.

THE GREAT musical event of the season in Boston was the magnificent presentation of *Parsifal* in English by Mr. H. W. Savage's grand-opera company. This noble religious music-drama was presented without the slightest abbreviation of the original text, with superb stage scenery, rich costumes, and by a remarkably intelligent and competent company of interpreters. The solemn and deeply religious spirit that the great master desired should always mark its presentation was carefully preserved. Our description of *Parsifal* as it was presented under Wagner's supervision, which appeared in *THE ARENA* a year ago this month, would have been equally applicable to this production, with the single exception of the costume of Gurnemanz in the last act. It would be difficult to overestimate the educational value to a community of so noble a creation as *Parsifal* so admirably presented and at comparatively low prices.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.*

The Little Book of Life After Death. From the German of Gustav Theodore Fechner. Translated by M. E. Wadsworth. With introduction by Professor William James. Cloth. Pp. 108. Boston: Little, Brown & Company.

THIS extraordinary work from the pen of one of Germany's many-sided philosophers of the nineteenth century contains as bold a speculative theory of the future life, promulgated by a great thinker who lays no claim to the possession of any supernatural or occult sources of information, as can be found in literature. Of the standing of the philosopher so eminent a thinker as Professor William James of Harvard, who contributes a luminous introduction says:

"Fechner's name lives in physics as that of one of the earliest and best determiners of electrical constants, also as that of the best systematic defender of the atomic theory. In psychology it is a commonplace to glorify him as the first user of experimental methods, and the first aim at exactitude in facts. In cosmology he is known as the author of a system of evolution which, while taking great account of physical details and mechanical conceptions, makes consciousness correlative to and coëval with the whole physical world. In literature he has made his mark by certain half-humorous, half-philosophic essays published under the name of Dr. Mises—indeed the present booklet originally appeared under that name. In esthetics he may lay claim to be the earliest systematically empirical student. In metaphysics he is not only the author of an independently-reasoned ethical system, but of a theological theory worked out in great detail. His mind, in short, was one of those multitudinously-organized cross-roads of truth, which are occupied only at rare intervals by children of men, and from which nothing is either too far or too near to be seen in due perspective.

*Books intended for review in THE ARENA should be addressed to B. O. Flower, Editorial Department, THE ARENA, Boston, Mass.

Patient observation and daring imagination dwelt hand in hand in Fechner; and perception, reasoning, and feeling all flourished on the largest scale without interfering either with the other's function."

This work was first written in 1838, but it appeared just as the great wave of positivism was engulfing the transcendental and idealistic thought of the age, and for a time it attracted little attention. During the last quarter of a century, however, it has steadily gained in popularity and several editions have already been exhausted. The heart of Fechner's message is found in these oracular declarations from the first chapter:

"Man lives upon the earth not once, but three times. His first stage of life is a continuous sleep; the second is an alternation between sleeping and waking; the third is an eternal waking.

"In the first stage man lives alone in darkness; in the second he lives with companions, near and among others, but detached and in a light which pictures for him the exterior; in the third his life is merged with that of other souls into the higher life of the Supreme Spirit, and he discerns the reality of ultimate things.

"In the first stage the body is developed from the germ and evolves its equipment for the second; in the second the spirit unfolds from its seed-bud and realizes its powers for the third; in the third is developed the divine spark which lies in every human soul, and which, already here through perception, faith, feeling, the intuition of Genius, demonstrates the world beyond man—to the soul in the third stage as clear as day, though to us obscure.

"The passing from the first to the second stage is called birth; the transition from the second to the third is called death."

The volume is devoted to the elucidation of these thoughts. The philosopher is at all times bold, direct and confident; he is as dogmatic as a theologian, as positive as though he

had been upon Sinai and communed face to face with the Infinite. Yet notwithstanding this, the comparative lucidity of thought and aptness for happy illustrations render the work far more fascinating and suggestive than most volumes dealing with the problem of the future life. There is here much that is more plausible than the theories advanced in most of the alleged revelations of the to-morrow of life as found in the bibles of the world; while among purely speculative treatises on this theme Fechner's thought impresses us as being more rational than that of most philosophers who have sought to solve Job's problem without recourse to dicta that assume to come from beyond the veil.

It is impossible at the present time to discuss this book as fully as we could desire, and we must therefore content ourselves with the following brief excerpts which will illustrate the author's style and something of his thought:

"The problems of our present spiritual life, the thirst for the discovery of truth, which here seems to profit us but little, the striving of every genuine soul to accomplish things which are merely for the good of posterity, conscience, and the repentance that arouses in us an unfathomable distress for bad actions, even though they bring us no disadvantage here, rise from haunting presentiments of what all this will bring to us in that world in which the fruit of our slightest and most hidden activity becomes a part of our true self. This is the great justice of creation, that every one makes for himself the conditions of his future life.

"Man uses many means to one end; God one means to many ends.

"The plant thinks it is in its place for its own purpose, to grow, to toss in the wind, to drink in light and air, to prepare fragrance and color for its own adornment, to play with beetles and bees. It is indeed there for itself, but at the same time it is only one pore of the earth, in which light, air and water meet and mingle in processes important to the whole earthly life; it is there in order that the earth may exhale, breathe, weave for itself a green garment and provide nourishment, raiment and warmth for men and animals. Man thinks that he is in his place for himself alone, for amusement, for work, and getting his bodily and mental growth; he, too, is indeed there for himself; but his body and mind are also but a dwelling-place into which new and

higher impulses enter, mingle, and develop, and engage in all sorts of processes together, which both constitute the feeling and thinking of the man, and have their higher meaning for the third stage of life.

"I saw once a mother anxiously seeking through garden and house for her living child which she was carrying in her arms. Still more mistaken is he who seeks his dead in a remote and deserted place, when he had but to look within to find him still present. And if he does not find him wholly there, did the mother then completely possess her child even while she was carrying him in her arms?

"Woe to him who is followed by execration, cursing, and a memory full of dread. Those whom he influenced in this life will not release him in death; this belongs to the hell which is awaiting him. Every reproach that pursues him is like an arrow which, with sure aim, enters into his inmost soul.

"The longing in every man to meet again after death those who were most dear to him here, to have communication with them, renewing the old relations, will be satisfied in a more perfect degree than was ever anticipated or hoped for."

This work will prove highly interesting to many who will not find the author at all times convincing,—and, indeed, what philosopher is wholly convincing who undertakes from purely rationalistic deductions to solve the stupendous riddle of the ages? Still the effort is a noble one, and the ideals that animate the philosopher are lofty. The dream of the future life that to him is so real, so reasonable, so conclusive, is based on an order that is nothing if not moral—a life in which consequences follow causes as day the night, and wherein every noble, pure and lofty thought or deed lifts the soul and throws a golden thread into the fabric of the future life.

Disraeli: A Study in Personality and Ideals.
By Walter Sichel. Illustrated. Cloth.
Pp. 336. Price, \$2.50 net. New York:
Funk & Wagnalls Company.

THE AUTHOR of this work possesses most of the essentials requisite for a master in biographical writing. He is in thorough rapport with his subject and the ideals for which his

hero fought. He has evidently made as thorough a study of the subject as the material yet at the command of the public rendered possible. He is therefore admirably equipped for his work. He has saturated his mind with his subject,—so much so that he seems to be able to see things exactly as did the great statesman, or at least to see them as Disraeli would have had the masses think he saw them. He has fine control of language and a clever faculty of contrasting opposites in such a way that while he may not greatly disparage the one, he heightens the effect of the other so as to make that with which he is in sympathy appear to the superficial reader and to those unacquainted with the history of the age in which Disraeli lived, to incomparably better advantage than the opposite views or personality. A striking case of this character is found in the comparison that Mr. Sichel institutes between Disraeli and Gladstone, in which the former is made to appear the far greater statesman.

On the other hand, our author has that which in a biographer is a real vice when carried to extremes. He is nothing if not a special pleader. His whole heart is with Disraeli and he champions his views in such a manner that they appear to be at once the fruits of high ethical ideals and of a far-reaching intellectual vision. In this respect he reminds us of Froude when the latter is indulging in his special pleading for Henry VIII. It is brilliant, ingenious, and, if you are unacquainted with the facts, it may be convincing.

Another weakness is found in taking the glittering generalities and specious justifications of Disraeli for his policy as the expression of facts and as illustrations of the results that could or would follow the theories which the great Hebrew statesman sought to substitute for the rising tide of democracy that expressed itself in the splendid current of nineteenth-century liberalism under the masterly guidance of such statesmen as Gladstone, Cobden, Bright and Morley. Disraeli always assumed that his reactionary course was for the good of the people and the conservation of the dearest rights that had been obtained for them, just as time and again monarchs and tyrants have justified their acts on the ground of public policy and the weal of the people. A Charles the First of England, a Louis the Fourteenth of France, or even a Philip the Second of Spain ever assumed that what was done was for the highest good of the people; but the trouble lay in the fact that the

interested individual assumed to be the sole judge of what was best for other men, while his acts were such as frequently to be oppressive and contrary to the happiness, development and prosperity of the masses, who were assumed to be incapable of knowing what was best for them. In judging Disraeli it is not his words but the drift, the spirit, the tendency of his ideas, thoughts and acts that must be our criterion; and these were reactionary. They were ever for the bulwarking of the throne and the hereditary aristocracy. They were opposed to the spirit and genius of democracy, as Gladstone's were favorable to free institutions. The strong reactionary and imperialistic currents that have been responsible for so many crimes against freedom and humanity during the Salisbury-Balfour-Chamberlain domination were the legitimate offspring of the statesmanship of Benjamin Disraeli, just as the fact that in many respects England during the last half of the nineteenth century became more republican than America and a greater conservator of the rights of the individual was due to the incessant battle waged by the Liberal giants against whom Disraeli was pitted.

The great Hebrew statesman was one of the most brilliant intellects of the political life of the last century. He was one of the most specious special-pleaders of his age, a man who could make what in the hands of one less skilled would appear a glaring fallacy, seem for the time being to be a self-evident fact or a logical deduction. He was a wizard with words, a shrewd, far-seeing, optimistic egoist, just as his great antagonist was a mighty conscience-force that made for liberalism and democracy. The political position on most questions, especially relating to internal affairs, taken by Disraeli was not only inimical to the genius of democracy and an expanding free government, but his views were especially pernicious because they were such adroit presentations of the fallacies and sophistries of class-interests and reactionary ideals. As Gladstone represented on the whole and in his ever-developing conceptions and broadening range of vision the spirit of democratic progress and justice for all, Disraeli represented reaction, class-privileges and the mastership of the many by arbitrary authority. He distrusted the people. He declared that "the paroxysm of the French Revolution produced two hollow fictions: the rights of man and the sovereignty of the people," and he held that

all systems builded on the these concepts must fail, because "man is born to adore and to obey." These observations are characteristically Disraelian. They handle facts of history with scant regard for strict verity. They assume as facts things which are unproven, and state as truisms things that cannot be established and that the vast majority of enlightened and thoughtful people reject.

Disraeli commenced his public life as an extreme Radical, but made little progress along the highway of popularity. When he beheld the Conservative party furious beyond measure because its great leader had gone over to the Free-Traders, he saw his opportunity and improved it by one of the most bitter and brilliant philippics ever heard in the House of Commons; an attack against Sir Robert Peel that was greeted by the ultra-Conservatives with rounds of applause. From that hour the die was cast. Disraeli felt that his future would be best conserved by strict adherence to the interests of throne and aristocracy. He became the leading spirit of reaction, the prop of the nobility and throne against which the waves of democracy beat. The fundamental weakness of his position as a statesman lay not in intellectual limitations, or in any inability to penetrate into the heart of the most cunning diplomacy, but in the fact that his position was reactionary and *en rapport* with the theories of thrones and hereditary aristocracies instead of the broader, truer, nobler and juster ideals of democracy which the revolutionary epoch that he held in contempt had inaugurated, and in the fact that egoism rather than altruism dominated his life. He placed intellectual opportunism before conscience or the high demands of justice for all the people.

Those who read this volume and who would gain a just and true knowledge of the relative worth of Disraeli and Gladstone and of the ideals and policies for which they stood, should not fail to carefully peruse John Morley's *Life of Gladstone* as well as the best histories of England during the Victorian era.

The Youth of Washington. By S. Weir Mitchell. Cloth. Pp. 300. Price, \$1.50. New York: The Century Company.

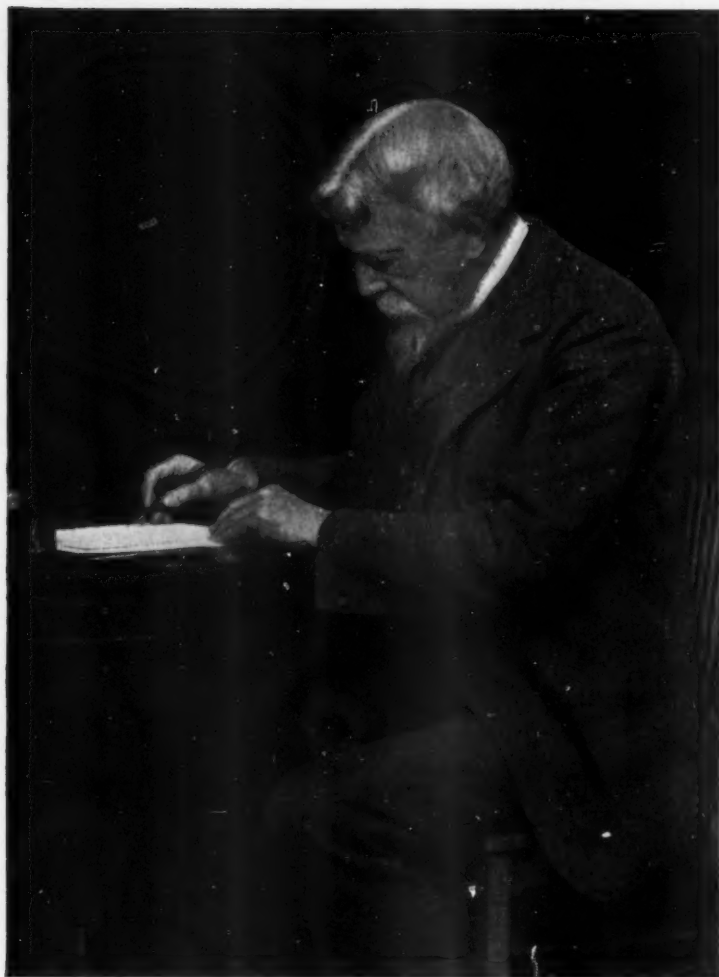
THIS is a volume that it affords us pleasure to recommend to our readers. It is a kind of literature that cannot be too widely circulated, being at once instructive, wholesome and inspiring while possessing much of the fascina-

tion of romance clothed in the charm of a finished yet simple style and dealing authoritatively with the early life of one of the noblest men among the high-minded soldiers and statesmen who have contributed to the onward and upward march of civilization.

A work of this character is potentially valuable or worse than worthless. In the hands of a careless or inexact author or one not scrupulously conscientious in his work, or who is not great enough to so rise above prejudice that his writings shall not be colored by his opinions, a biography that is written as an autobiography is dangerous, misleading and worse than valueless. But when an author like Dr. Mitchell, whose whole heart is in his task, who possesses a mastery of the facts involved through long years of research and loving study, and who has the time and ability to so enter into the life and habits of thought and the methods of expression of his subject as to produce a work that rings so true to historical verity and the character of Washington that it might well have been penned by the great statesman in the eventide of his life, the work becomes one of exceptional interest and value.

There is for us a peculiar charm about all the writings of Dr. Mitchell. He possesses a rare and pleasing style, and the method of presenting his subject-matter is such as to lure the reader on much as does the beauty of the woodland and meadow, when the flowers of spring are at their height, lure the eager child from beauty to beauty.

This volume is, as we have observed, couched in the form of an autobiography. Washington is represented in the eventide of his well-rounded life as setting down for his own satisfaction, but not for other eyes, reminiscences of his boyhood days, much as did the Emperor Marcus Aurelius set down his wonderful philosophical meditations, which were penned for no eyes save his own. The facts here given are the fruit of exhaustive study into all authentic sources of information bearing on the youth and early manhood of Washington. This gives the story the value of being faithful and authentic in matters of historical detail. Next the author, with the gift that is possessed by writers of ability who can come into intimate or sympathetic relation with other lives, has succeeded in entering so completely into *rapport* with Washington that he has been able in a remarkable degree to sink his own individuality—to lose himself as it were and for the time being to live and be the



S. WEIR MITCHELL,

Author of *The Youth of Washington*, *Hugh Wynne*, etc.

great patriot chief, writing of his boyhood and giving to it here and there an added interest by introducing later events which would naturally be suggested to Washington were he thus penning the story of his boyhood life after the sweep of those fateful years in which he occupied so commanding a position. Being written in the first person, the story, unlike most biographical literature, is vibrant with human life and interest. The reader is made to see the living Washington, to feel the charm and power of his personality and to thus understand his real youth in a way that

would be impossible if depicted in an ordinary biography, unless the reader possessed an exceptional imagination. The volume is refreshing in its modesty, simplicity and directness of style. It is exactly such a work as we would expect from the pen of Washington, which is to say that it is diametrically opposite to the flamboyant, pseudo-heroic, egotistical novels that have surfeited to satiety even the shallow-minded during recent years. It is as interesting as a well-written romance, as valuable as a carefully and conscientiously compiled biography, and it deals with the

boyhood of one whose life was a splendid evolution as well as a priceless possession of democracy.

William Shakespeare: Pedagogue and Poacher.
A Drama by Richard Garnett. Cloth.
Pp. 112. Price, \$1.25. New York: John Lane.

THIS drama is supposed to deal with the poaching episodes that immediately preceded the exit of William Shakespeare from Stratford. In it the great dramatist, his wife and Lady Lucy are represented as being decidedly lax in their morals, while Sir Thomas Lucy is an impossible simpleton. Shakespeare is represented as a school-master who has won the love and admiration of the boys by reason of his telling wonderful stories, reading to them from books of adventure and the quaint and interesting lives of old-time heroes, and taking them on excursions into the woods and dells to snare rabbits and catch other game. Shakespeare has ere this won the heart of her who is now the young wife of Sir Thomas Lucy with his wonderful poetry, his well-woven tales of love, his romantic speech and overflowing life. That their relations have been intimate is strongly hinted, while the evident desire of the lady to have her one-time lover so compromised in other directions as to compel him to leave the shire gives additional emphasis to the tales on the wagging tongues of the gossips.

Anne Hathaway, so much older than the poet, one of many maids of various ages with whom the dramatist is represented as having been on intimate terms, fails to secure Shakespeare as she hoped to do, until her brothers, breaking in upon the lovers at an unsuspected moment, compel the young poet to take her to wife. The marriage, naturally enough, is anything but congenial, and Anne, who now assumes the role of an ultra-moral matron, is ever on the lookout for some evidences of her husband's infidelity. When at length he tells her he intends leaving for London and becoming an actor and dramatist, and that he has already described her in part in a play he has written entitled *The Taming of a Shrew*, her indignation knows no bounds.

Shortly after this Shakespeare and the boys of his school are apprehended while poaching on Sir Thomas Lucy's grounds. Next follows the trial scene, in which the poet defends his course on the ground that Sir Thomas has robbed the people of their lands and sustenance.

These charges are not calculated to mollify the irate knight, who forthwith condemns the prisoner to be lashed, imprisoned for a certain period, and then banished from the shire. Before the execution of the sentence however, the Earl of Leicester arrives with a command for Shakespeare to report at court, where the Queen desires to hear him read a certain comedy of which a maid of honor has spoken, entitled *The Taming of a Shrew*. The poet leaves in triumph, while Sir Thomas is ordered by Leicester to support Anne Hathaway and Shakespeare's children during his absence from Stratford.

The play, although containing some admirable lines, does not impress us as being particularly brilliant in dialogue or otherwise attractive.

Plays. By Leo Tolstoi. Translated by Louise and Aylmer Maude. Cloth. Pp. 250. Price, \$1.50. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Company.

THE PLAYS of Count Tolstoi, which constitute the second volume of the handsome new edition of the works of Russia's greatest moral and intellectual light, will, we think, prove the least interesting to American readers of any of his works, not only because dramas are a little-read form of literature with us, but because of the difficulty of holding in the mind the great number of personages whose names would tax a lexicographer to remember and a linguist unacquainted with the Russian language to pronounce, and the intensely modern realistic or veritistic methods of the author, which like those of Ibsen and Sudermann appeal with great force to the few, but are not attractive to the general reader who, if he must peruse a drama, desires that it shall be written in a bright, nervous manner, with plenty of action and sufficiently suggestive to keep the imagination stimulated.

The present volume consists of three plays and a folk-lore tale entitled *The Imp and the Crust*. The plays are *The Power of Darkness*, *The First Distiller*, and *Fruits of Culture*. *The Power of Darkness* and *Fruits of Culture* chiefly call for notice. *The First Distiller* is not regarded, even by the author, as of much importance. *The Power of Darkness* is unquestionably Tolstoi's greatest as it is his most gloomy dramatic creation. Of this the translators rightly observe that it "is intensely

moral, terrible in its earnestness and force, but somber almost to the last degree. Tolstoi might well have been thinking of some of its scenes, when, in *What is Art?* he declared that: 'Many things the production of which does not afford pleasure to the producer, and the sensation received from which is unpleasant, such as gloomy, heart-rendering scenes in a play, may, nevertheless, be undoubted works of art.'

Fruits of Culture represents the author in a role rarely seen, as the writer of a light work—one preëminently intended to amuse, or, to be more accurate, a drama which seeks to impress lessons and thoughts which the author holds to be true by means of a work sufficiently light to attract readers who would shun a more gloomy portrayal. Yet in *Fruits of Culture* it seems to us that Tolstoi appears to less advantage than in almost any of his works. His humor is often of the ponderous variety, and though one can feel that the play if acted with consummate art might prove highly entertaining, yet in the hands of poor players it would be execrable. There are plays in which the brilliancy, the sparkle and irresistible humor, wit and satire of the author are sufficient to atone for many lapses on the part of the actors, but this work is not of that number.

What impresses us most strongly in *Fruits of Culture* is the exhibition of the chief limitation of Count Tolstoi as a safe leader of men. The great Russian is one of the noblest prophets of any age, one of the bravest and best men who dignify and ennoble our present civilization, one of the greatest conscience-forces in this or any other age; but his work is marked by the limitations common to men who are overmastered by convictions of right and duty who become great prophets and reformers and in time, through leadership, assume to speak with oracular tongue rather than to rely on deductions based upon personal experience or that familiarity with a subject which alone justifies one in assuming a dogmatic attitude.

In *Fruits of Culture* Count Tolstoi displays his scorn of psychical phenomena that have commanded the most thoughtful consideration and that have established convictions of verity in the minds of several of the greatest scientists and psychologists of our age who have made these phenomena the subject of years of the most patient and exhaustive study. Count Tolstoi in his representation of fraud and gullibility conveys the idea that the presenta-

tion he gives represents the facts or alleged facts of present-day psychic phenomena. Now while there has unquestionably been a vast amount of fraud and deception practiced by men and women wanting in moral rectitude, there is also a vast array of facts about which there can be no reasonable question, that cannot be dismissed on the grounds of ignorance, fraud, gullibility or carelessness on the part of the investigators,—phenomena which have been produced under the most exacting conditions and observed by the finest and most thoroughly trained intellects of the age; and to even intimate that the great accumulation of psychical facts which have been sifted and the verity of which has been thoroughly established, is the result of fraud or trickery is to display a degree of ignorance that is pitiable and extremely unfortunate when it comes from so noble a thinker as Count Tolstoi.

Sir William Crookes, one of the world's most famous chemists and one of the foremost scientific men of our age, has testified to the verity of the most astounding psychical phenomena, but not until after he had spent years in exhaustive personal investigation. So also with Dr. Alfred Russell Wallace, second to no physical scientist in England to-day. Camille Flammarion, the great astronomer; Sir Oliver Lodge, one of the most eminent scientists of England; the late F. W. H. Myers; Professor William James of Harvard University, and scores of others equally or almost equally eminent men familiar with the modern scientific methods, have all been forced to admit the verity of a large amount of psychical phenomena, after exhaustive investigations. Yet Count Tolstoi would have us believe that these phenomena are without any valid foundation. In the nature of the case the great Russian has not had the training and experience to warrant him in his dogmatic assumptions; yet his position, instead of being tentative or that of the open-minded child of science and truth, is that of the autocratic theologian who has arrived at a conclusion from inadequate investigation fortified by prejudice and preconceived opinions, and who forthwith assumes to speak as an oracle.

We have dwelt at some length upon this point because it illustrates the one great weakness in Count Tolstoi's writings and his propaganda work,—a weakness that constantly appears when he treats certain subjects that do not appeal to him or the works of writers with whom he is not *en rapport*. It is in our judg-

ment the chief flaw in his work and a fault that greatly weakens the good he would otherwise achieve.

The volume is handsomely printed and bound. The American public owes a debt of gratitude to the Funk & Wagnalls Company for giving us the works of this master-mind, published in large, fair type and in volumes that it is a delight to possess.

The Tomb of Burns. By William Watson. Illustrated by D. Y. Cameron. Cloth. Pp. 48. Price, 50 cents net. New York: John Lane.

THIS little volume is number twenty of John Lane's series of famous poems illustrated. It is a noble tribute to one of the world's bravest poet-souls and one of the truest characterizations of Burns which we have in verse. Here are some lines which will be appreciated by all lovers of the poet of freedom:

"He came when poets had forgot
How rich and strange the human lot;
How warm the tints of Life; how hot
Are Love and Hate;
And what makes Truth divine, and what
Makes Manhood great.

No mystic torch through Time he bore,
No virgin veil from Life he tore;
His soul no bright insignia wore
Of starry birth;
He saw what all men see—no more—
In heaven and earth.

But as, when thunder crashes nigh,
All darkness opes one flaming eye,
And the world leaps against the sky,—
So fiery-clear
Did the old truths that we pass by
To him appear.

Not ours to gauge the more or less,
The will's defect, the blood's excess,
The earthy humours that oppress
The radiant mind.
His greatness, not his littleness,
Concerns mankind.

A dreamer of the common dreams,
A fisher in familiar streams,
He chased the transitory gleams
That all pursue;
But on his lips the eternal themes
Again were new.

With shattering ire or withering mirth
He smote each worthless claim to worth.
The barren fig-tree cumbering Earth
He would not spare.
Through ancient lies of proudest birth
He drove his share."

This is a dainty little volume that should be highly appreciated by friends of the poet.

The Evolution of Modern Liberty. By George L. Scherger, Ph.D. Cloth. Pp. 284. Price, \$1.10 net. New York: Longmans, Green & Company.

THIS volume is a careful, painstaking, compact, yet lucid study of one of the most interesting and important subjects that claim the earnest consideration of all who would assist in the onward and upward movements of the present age. It is divided into four parts, which are devoted to the consideration of "The History and Development of Natural Law," "History of the Doctrine of the Sovereignty of the People," "The American Bills of Rights," and "The French Declaration of the Rights of Man and of the Citizen."

In a scholarly yet engaging manner the author describes the many attempts through the Middle Ages to safeguard public liberty, and the relation of these movements to the great culminating act in the revolutionary epoch, foreshadowed by such writers as Locke in England, and Rousseau and the Encyclopedists in France, but which was inaugurated in America, where the first Bill of Rights was given to the world.

The chapters in part three which are concerned with the political institutions and doctrines of the American colonists and the American Revolution and the Bills of Rights, are of special interest and value to our people. We are especially gratified to find the author giving proper emphasis to the part our country played in the great revolutionary epoch from the womb of which was born modern democracy. It has been the custom of Old World authorities and writers, and especially of French writers, to minify the part of America, and especially the formulating of the great principles that became and are the guiding principles of democracy. Our author shows clearly and conclusively how great a part our people took as initiators as well as exemplars of democracy.

Though the reader may not always concur in the opinions of the author, no thoughtful student of government should fail to carefully peruse this volume. The facts here brought together and presented in a clear and pleasing manner are invaluable to friends of free institutions. Indeed, the volume is one of the really important works for students of social, economic and political problems.

Black Friday. By Frederic S. Isham. Illustrated. Cloth. Pp. 409. Price, \$1.50. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

THE MANY admirers of Mr. Isham's last romance, *Under the Rose*, will hail with pleasure this new novel, *Black Friday*, a story that is incomparably superior to his former work and which, being distinctly American and dealing with one of the most exciting and dramatically tragic passages in the history of the rise of the present feudalism of corporate wealth, will hold a special interest for the American people. The hero of the romance, Richard Strong, is a masterful character who well represents the highest type of manhood among the great business-spirits who have played so large a part in the commercial development of the republic, and who, if from the start they had been held in wholesome restraint by the people's representatives, so that the public should have been the beneficiary of their genius without at the same time being the victim of their unjust spoliation, would have proved an altogether beneficent as well as masterful aid in the development of democracy, instead of becoming a real menace to free institutions. Strong is a Western man with the high ideals that one so frequently finds among the sons of the farm throughout the South and West—a man who loves the right, who scorns the base and dishonorable deeds of men like Fisk, Gould and their confederates, and who, though engrossed in business to such a degree that the romance side of his life is little in evidence, loves intensely and with the pure and deep affection that marks high-minded and essentially-great natures.

The heroine, Elinor Rossiter, is neither so attractive in nature nor so typical in character as is Richard Strong. Of the other fictitious personalities or those that are composite pictures, Dalton, Mr. and Mrs. Rossiter and Uncle Brewster are well drawn. So also the

real personalities, such as Jim Fisk, Jay Gould and President Grant are on the whole admirably presented. Grant has been, we think, somewhat idealized, and it is to be regretted that Mr. Isham had not heard from the lips of the late James A. Herne the latter's personal reminiscences of Black Friday. This popular playwright and actor was at that time stage manager for Mr. Fisk at the Grand Opera House, and in the building were the Erie



FREDERIC S. ISHAM,

Author of *Black Friday*, *Under the Rose*, etc.

offices. There were held many conferences at which Gould, Fisk and their confederates discussed the details of their diabolical plot. Grant, according to Mr. Herne, was no stranger at these conferences, but some time before the scheme was consummated, on what is known as Black Friday, the President appeared to have become alarmed and was seen no more at the offices. Mr. Herne's description of the hasty exit of Fisk and Gould at the rear of the Grand Opera House on Black Friday, and of a highly dramatic episode that occurred the night Gould slipped back into the Opera House several days later would have been valuable material for our novelist to have

woven into his story,—material that would have heightened the interest of the novel and easily formed a part of its warp and woof.

Uncle Brewster's personality will impress many readers as being very thinly veiled. On the other hand, he stands as a type, as Gould and Fisk were types of very different egoists who were touched by the insanity of gold—the madness of the world of chance.

The story opens with a picture of a once-wealthy and old-time aristocratic family, the Rossiters. The head of the house has come to the end of his resources, and his wife's money, having been invested in the bonds of a Southern state which afterwards repudiated its obligations, has likewise vanished. Their only daughter, Elinor, is cultured, vivacious and exceptionally beautiful, but highly romantic, or rather, she is living in that enchanted world of poetry and idealism that youth unaccustomed to battling with the stern realities of life is prone to enter; and while dreaming of her romantic Prince Charming she suddenly finds that she has found favor in the eyes of the great railroad-magnate, Richard Strong, and that he has asked her father's permission to call upon her with a view to making her his wife. The unromantic and business-like methods of Strong are naturally enough repugnant to the romantic maiden, and she conceives for him a violent dislike not unmixed with a wild desire to conquer this master of men and money. Moreover, the gulf of financial ruin is yawning before her father, and she sees an opportunity to save his embarrassment through a marriage alliance with Strong. These are leading factors that finally culminate in her acceptance of the railroad-magnate. But on their bridal tour the old-time repulsion comes over Elinor, and when her husband is hastily summoned to return to the Street, as Uncle Brewster and other traders have seized upon the opportunity offered by the absence of the bridegroom to hammer his stocks, a bitter altercation occurs between Elinor and Strong, and she tells him she does not love him. From thenceforward matters go from bad to worse. An old lover of the girl—a shallow spendthrift not overburdened with conscientious scruples—plays a prominent part in widening the breach between husband and wife.

At last we come to the dramatic pen-picture of Black Friday, which, though it lacks the force and power of the work of a writer of Zola's strength, is nevertheless admirably

done. On this day the wife, believing her husband to be ruined, hastens to his office, hoping for a reconciliation, but an evil fate prevents her from seeing him, and a later meeting only works ill for Elinor, who then goes with her father to Paris. Here the old man is taken ill. Before he can be moved to London the Commune takes possession of the French capital. The father, feeling his end approaching, secretly telegraphs Strong, begging him to come to Elinor. Her husband hastens to Paris, but arriving there he has no address to guide him to his wife, while the city is in an anarchal condition. This condition offers Mr. Isham an opportunity to indulge in some of the hairbreadth adventures so dear to the heart of the romantic novelist who has lingered for a time in the swash-buckling age when knighthood was in flower; and it is needless to say that he improves the opportunity to the utmost, for here the spirit so much in evidence in *Under the Rose* is again dominant. The chronicler of one of the greatest tragic passages in the history of Wall street becomes the romancer of the Dumas school, and the book takes on for a time a marked dramatic atmosphere. But the ending is as the fairy-stories of old, so the reader who cares for the story more than aught else will not quarrel with the author because some of the Parisian experiences are as improbable as the majority of climaxes in a conventional melodrama.

The story is on the whole well written. It is one of the best American novels of the season, being full of action and not wanting in dramatic strength or human interest; while owing to its dealing with Black Friday and because several well-known characters are admirably depicted, it possesses elements of reality not present in most of the stories of this school of novelists. But above and beyond all else the romance is healthy; and in saying this we are not referring to the conventional reward of virtue and punishment of vice that are found more often in the melodrama and romantic novel than in actual experience, but rather to the subtle atmosphere that permeates the treatment of a passage in our commercial life where the sordid, the commonplace and the grosser sides of life were more in evidence than that noble yet practical idealism which makes men and women stronger than fate and that ever develops character and exalts while it feeds the deeper well-springs of spiritual life.

Manassas. By Upton Sinclair. Cloth. Pp. 412. Price, \$1.50. New York: The Macmillan Company.

IN THIS, the latest Civil-war romance, we have the most vivid and convincing picture of the political conditions North and South during the ten years that antedated the war that has yet appeared, though we think Mr. Sinclair's portrayal of President Lincoln hardly a fair presentation of the great statesman and far less sympathetic in treatment than the subject rightfully demands, and possibly he has pictured conditions in the South immediately preceding the war in somewhat more lurid hues than the facts warrant. In some particulars he has surpassed other novelists or historians, for that matter, in making us see, feel and know the conditions and the points-of-view in Mississippi and elsewhere in the South, and in Boston and to some extent in other Northern communities. In this masterly presentation of the two sections swiftly moving toward civil war, and the graphic descriptions of the various acts, North and South, East and West, that added fuel to the smouldering fire until the uncontrollable conflagration broke in fury, we have the chief element of strength in the work. As a story, considered merely as such, it is not particularly remarkable, although it is sufficiently well-constructed and realistic to hold the general reader's interest throughout. It is clever rather than powerful, though in certain descriptive passages the writer develops strength which seems to promise greater things in future work. But for those who would enter into the spirit of the period, who would see and feel the rising storm of human passion that culminated in the greatest civil-war known to modern times, this book is in our judgment incomparably superior to any romance dealing with the events of that day.

The story opens in the South. The dark clouds have already risen above the horizon. In Mississippi Yancey, the fiery and eloquent orator, is profoundly stirring the people with his gloomy prophecies of the coming struggle and is seeking to fire them with a determination to brook no opposition to the extension of slavery. The hero, Allan Montgomery, and his uncle at this juncture go North. The boy is to be educated in Boston, while his uncle personally conducts some business enterprises in which he has a heavy interest. Though on arriving in Massachusetts the boy is intensely Southern,

year by year his point-of-view changes in spite of his determination to remain loyal to the Southland and its special institution. When he enters Harvard he comes powerfully under the influence of Emerson and the conscience-force which permeated the New England of this period and gave to it a moral exaltation rarely exceeded in the history of a community. Before he is aware of the fact his point-of-view has been completely changed, and when his uncle, who has borne the rising tide of abolition sentiment as long as possible, returns South, taking Allan with him, the youth sees in the more savage phases of slavery precisely what the abolitionists saw. Hence he is already out of *rapport* with his own people. A thrilling and tragic episode connected with the enslavement of a free negro and his escape and death afford Mr. Sinclair an opportunity for a really powerful scene and a telling illustration of the power of telepathy at the moment of death, such as has so often been witnessed throughout the ages and to the investigation of which the English Society for Psychical Research has devoted much time and painstaking labor.

When Sumner is assailed in the Senate the South, furious at his terrible arraignment of slavery, becomes ecstatic over the cruel and brutal attack. Then it is that Allan denounces his own people and in so doing ostracizes himself from family and state. Later he sets out for the North and makes Boston his home; but when he has reached maturity he returns to Mississippi to obtain his share of the property left by his father. His uncle refuses to give it to the recreant son of the South. War is about to be declared. There is nothing left for the young man, who is now a strong abolitionist, to do but to return to the North. He journeys toward Massachusetts by way of Montgomery, Charleston and Richmond, a route which enables the author to vividly portray the happenings throughout the South immediately preceding the war. At Washington he catches a glimpse of Lincoln and hears from the lips of one of the Hotspurs of the hour the President belittled for failing to do that which it was not possible for him to accomplish at that time. Next comes a vivid picture of the Baltimore riot, and still later, on the return of the hero to Washington, he is introduced to the President, who at this time was in the presence of other grave statesmen. But the picture of Lincoln is unsatisfactory, for however accurate it may be, superficially

considered, the author has failed to apprehend or at least to depict the really great and lofty soul behind the rough, homely, crude, jocular, outward seeming of the great statesman of democracy and the common life.

The Baltimore riot is pictured with impressive realism, as is also the concluding scene of the book,—the battle of Manassas. In this we are pleased to observe that Mr. Sinclair makes war appear in its true light—ghastly and essentially tragic. He paints it with that uncompromising realism that marks the actual conflicts and which, when thus truthfully presented, cannot fail to make rational beings shrink from all thought of appealing to the arbitrament of force. The volume is strenuous and crowded with historical facts presented in such a manner as to leave an indelible impress on the mind, and so given as to let the reader understand the diametrically opposite view-points from which the North and South approached the slavery issue. In many respects it is one of the most notable novels of the present year.

The Law of the Land. By Emerson Hough. Illustrated. Cloth. Pp. 416. Price, \$1.50. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

In *The Law of the Land* Emerson Hough has attempted to satisfactorily treat the vexed and difficult race-question as found in the Black Belt of the South from the Southern view-point, while writing an exciting romance.

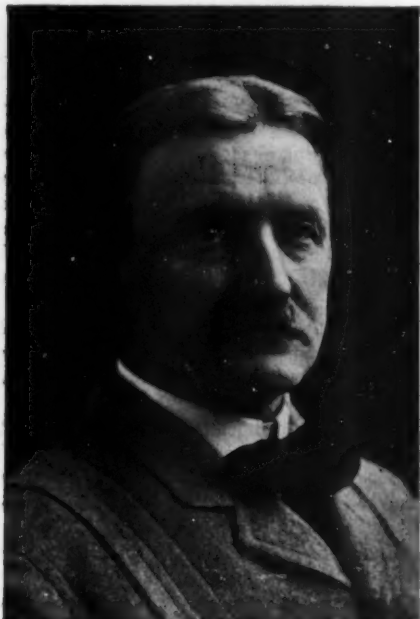
In regard to the negro issue it cannot be said that he has succeeded to the satisfaction of those who lay hold on the fundamental demands of justice and who think deeply on the grave problems that confront our nation. This issue is one of the most serious and portentous problems before America, and the more one studies the question and faces the perplexing phases as found in different sections and as viewed from various vantage-grounds, the more he is compelled to recognize how much more far-seeing was the vision and incomparably greater was the statesmanlike wisdom of Thomas Jefferson as shown in his discussion and propositions concerning the slavery issue than are those of other statesmen or writers of his day or of subsequent periods. It will be remembered that the sage of Monticello held that it was contrary to the genius of

democracy to hold slaves; that the high trust given to the republic demanded that the negro be free; but he also held that the white and black populations could not dwell in freedom side by side without growing demonstrations of friction, bloodshed and race-hostilities inimical to the peaceful advancement of the republic. On the other hand, he held that emancipation should be gradual and that the slaves as well as the weal of the nation and the property rights of the slave-holders should receive consideration. His plan was to have every negro child born in this land educated with a view to making him an independent, clear-thinking, self-supporting citizen, with a thorough knowledge of the genius of democratic government, supplemented by a good manual training or an education in agriculture and also in useful trades which should enable him to earn his living. When he reached maturity he was to be sent to some genial clime in Africa or elsewhere, where the slaves should be colonized. They should be supplied by the government with seeds, tools and a beast of burden, and as the negroes were gradually removed their places should be supplied by white immigrants selected from Europe and brought over by the government.

If we had been wise and great enough to have heeded Jefferson's advice, there would have been no Civil war. The cost in money alone would have been far less than the cost incurred by the terrible struggle resulting from slavery. Many of the gravest political and economic evils that confront us to-day and which sprang into vigorous life when the attention of the people was centered on the effort to save the Union, would never have gained a foot-hold in our land, and we should have no almost-baffling race-problem to meet at the present time. The path of justice is always the path of wisdom.

To-day the race-question is one of the great problems for us to solve. It is one of the most difficult that confronts us; but it calls for very different handling than Mr. Hough has given it. To indulge in pitiful special-pleading for law and order through the practical justification of the shot-gun method is to offer as a palliative makeshift a solution to this well-nigh-baffling problem that in the nature of the case can be no solution. The shot-gun policy, or any other method that fosters the spirit of retaliation is a fatal, short-sighted policy that cannot fail to result sooner or later in race-war. It may be said that the author does not justify

such a policy in so many words, but the whole spirit and temper of his argument do favor the domination of a spirit that cannot fail to breed undying strife. Mr. Hough presents the difficulties and dangers of the Southern white population in the Black Belt with great power and the vigorous and realistic pictures of the uprisings of the blacks and the slaughter of American citizens in these race-wars are so vividly drawn as to be exceedingly unpleasant



EMERSON HOUGH.

Author of *The Law of the Land*.

reading; but his role in the whole work is rather that of a special-pleader for the shot-gun contingent among the white element in Mississippi, and as such he makes a partisan picture and fails to treat the subject broadly with a view to the fundamental rights of all citizens.

As a story the novel will delight those who enjoy tales that are instinct with the spirit of the old-time romances—tales that frequently partake of the character of melodramas, that abound in improbable situations but that carry the reader who succumbs to the author's witchery along with almost breathless interest, through exciting episodes and hair-breadth

escapes to the pleasing climax, while over the principal characters he throws the veil of mystery that enables the hero to prove himself at once a skilful lawyer and a keen-sighted detective.

One of the chief excellencies of the story lies in the splendidly-accurate pen-pictures of the old-time Southerners, and indeed of Southern life in general, and in the vivid descriptions of scenes and episodes. Mr. Hough is a writer of more than ordinary strength, though to us he seems to yield to superficial aspects in ethical and political problems rather than to strive, as a Jefferson, for example, to reach the bed-rock of justice—the fundamental ethical verities that are the only safeguards upon which the life of a man or a nation can rest. He is a man of imagination, yet he pays too little attention to the elements of probability to be at all times convincing.

Paths of Judgment. By Anne Douglas Sedgwick. Cloth. Pp. 346. Price, \$1.50. New York: The Century Company.

WITH AN excellent command of language and a master's skill in literary technique the author of *Paths of Judgment* has produced a capital romance of present-day life in Great Britain. The story is chiefly concerned with four characters that are in a large way typical of men and women one is constantly meeting. There is little attempt at plot or dramatic situations, yet with rare skill and a keen psychological insight the author succeeds from the opening pages in arousing the interest of the reader, which is held with increasing absorption to the end of the story.

The character of Felicia Blake, the heroine, is particularly well drawn, though scarcely less admirable, and from a psychological viewpoint quite as excellent, is the portrayal of the handsome but weak, emotional and vacillating Maurice Wynne, a man framed to capture susceptible and romantic maidens and a person not wanting in lovable characteristics. Yet his weakness, his vacillation, his inability to be brave and frank, work his undoing and untimely death,—a death, however, which opens the way for Felicia's happiness through a union with the great-hearted, strong-souled, pure-minded Geoffrey Daunt.

Another well-drawn character is that of Lady Angela, who, being passionately in love

with Wynne, relates the secrets that lead to Maurice's untimely death.

This story will appeal to a large class of intelligent and discerning novel readers who care more for good literature and a thoughtful romance whose interest is largely dependent on the felicitous portrayal of the psychology of typical every-day life than for melodramatic plots, exciting dramatic climaxes and emotional thrills.

The Gray World. By Evelyn Underhill. Cloth. Pp. 351. Price, \$1.50. New York: The Century Company.

QUITE different from the ordinary novel is this fascinating psychological study of the search of a soul for happiness. A little boy of ten years, a child of the London slums, dies in a hospital and finds himself suddenly plunged into an awful Gray World filled with moving, moaning ghosts, all searching, searching for something which forever eludes them. All the sensations of earth-life have departed and there is left only an awful colorless solitude, unbearable to those who before death have found their only pleasure on the physical plane. This loneliness and silence at length becomes so intolerable that the very force of the child's own desire serves to send him back again to earth, where he appears in the body of a middle-class Londoner's only son.

The lad grows up to youth, delicate in body, never forgetting the strange shadow-world from which he has come. At intervals he slips back again into the midst of the gray figures which peopled his other world, and these moments fill him with an awful terror. His parents look upon the lad as "queer" and strive in vain to make him like other boys of his age. As he grows older his one desire is to find something which shall safeguard him against a return to the Gray World when he again comes to the end of his earth-life. At last he realizes that within himself lies his only hope of peace; and the story concerns itself with his experiences in working out his problem, which he eventually solves, at least to his own satisfaction.

The volume forms an extremely interesting psychological study, and the author has handled her theme with much discrimination. The characters are all well drawn, and especially is this true of Elsa Levi, a fascinating married woman of middle age, for whom for a time the

hero conceives a purely spiritual attachment. The story is often humorous and abounds in epigrammatic phrases.

AMY C. RICH.

Helen Alliston. By the Author of *Elizabeth's Children*. Cloth. Pp. 339. Price, \$1.50. New York: John Lane.

THE PLOT of this story is well-worn and commonplace, but the heroine is so lovable and all the characters so well drawn that the fault is easily overlooked. Helen Alliston, a beautiful young English girl is thrown upon her own resources and goes up to London to earn her living by her pen. Finding literary recognition slow in coming, she is obliged at length to take a position as companion in a newly-rich family, where many of her experiences are extremely unpleasant, but where she meets the man who is able to give to her life that richness and completeness which it has lacked before. The scenes between Helen and her lover, after the latter has recovered successfully from a serious operation which threatened to prove fatal, are extremely fine.

Some of the most charming touches in the volume are lent by the Derrys, a family consisting of father, mother and six small children, with whom Helen became acquainted in the days of her poverty. The six small Derrys with their quaint conceits and original sayings are certainly very charming, although they may impress some of us as being a trifle abnormal,—almost too precocious and brilliant to be real children; but they are very delightful to read about, and the author has done her work so well that it is only on second thoughts that we feel that perhaps the picture is a little overdrawn.

The story is sweet, wholesome, well written and thoroughly enjoyable.

AMY C. RICH.

Trixy. By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. Cloth. Pp. 300. Price, \$1.50. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Company.

Trixy is preëminently a propaganda novel. In it Elizabeth Stuart Phelps-Ward has contributed to the cause of the anti-vivisectionists a work as strong and compelling in its character as Mrs. Stowe contributed to the anti-

slavery crusade. To us the one point of weakness in the work lies in the depicting of all the vivisectionists with which she deals as persons who either are or who become through vivisection thoroughly brutalized and hard-hearted. Now while we believe that vivisection is essentially brutalizing in its influence, yet all who are widely acquainted with the medical profession know full well that a large number of vivisectioners are not the hard, brutal and unfeeling personages represented in this story, which assumes to deal with typical characters. Thus the weakness of the book lies in that species of exaggeration or over-statement which is the peril of writers who are tremendously moved by what they hold to be a great wrong. We confess that we are old-fashioned enough to believe that the Golden Rule should be the supreme law of life, and that the obligation it imposes does not end with man; and while we know that many, very many, of our foremost scientific physicians believe that vivisection is justified by the results obtained through this experimentation, yet on the other hand many very able and learned savants among physicians and other scientists have boldly affirmed that it is not necessary. At any rate we believe that it would be much better for humanity if we proceeded slowly and refused to sanction or tolerate the inhumane and brutalizing tortures that are being carried on in the name of science.

The story deals with a young physician who at the outset is horrified at vivisection, but who later becomes hardened to it and after gaining a prominent seat in a medical college carries forward his experiments in vivisection with pernicious activity. This doctor falls in love with a beautiful, cultured, refined and philanthropic young lady. She is also attracted by his powerful personality. Two little dogs which play a prominent part in the story come between the two, however. Miriam, the heroine, finding her lover a vivisectionist, repels his advances. He is poisoned at length while inoculating a guinea-pig, and dies the dreadful death he had condemned the little animal to suffer. The description of his closing hours constitutes probably the strongest passage in the book, especially that part where one by one the various animals—dogs, cats, doves, guinea-pigs and rabbits which have come under his knife—pass before his fevered imagination, each casting one long reproachful look before it vanishes.

A brilliant young lawyer who was instru-

mental in rescuing Trixy from the vivisectionists marries the heroine. One of the chief objects of interest in the book is the beautiful little pet dog that was saved from the knives of the doctors.

As a propaganda novel, a humanitarian reformative protest against vivisection, this work is unequalled. In no way could the friends of anti-vivisection better create a general interest in the subject and arouse a powerful popular sentiment against this form of cruelty to animals than by widely circulating *Trixy*, because the story is of sufficient interest to hold the attention of young and old, and thus, while few persons will peruse a labored argument against vivisection, few will refuse to read this novel.



BERT LESTON TAYLOR.

Author of *The Well in the Wood*.

The Well in the Wood. By Bert Leston Taylor. Illustrated by F. Y. Cory. Cloth. Pp. 191. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

CHARMING indeed is this little story for children, and many older people who have kept the child-heart fresh within their breasts will enjoy traveling with Buddy through the

wonderful magic wood, and I am sure will be quite as interested as she was in finding the well with Truth at the bottom where Bunny Cotton-Tayle hoped to read the answer to the disturbing question of his existence, "Why does a rabbit wobble his nose?" Bunny and the Laziest Beaver, and the Singing Donkey, and the White Blackbird and the dear little Guinea-Pig, and many other fascinating creatures help to entertain Buddy, to say nothing of her own yellow dog, Colonel, who suddenly develops the faculty of speech and a really marvelous talent for singing. And the writer of the story has written down the music and words of some of the songs, so that the little girl or boy who reads the book may sing the songs just as Buddy heard them.

The story is made more attractive by the delightful drawings by F. Y. Cory, printed in two colors. The book will make a beautiful Christmas gift for children, especially for little girls, who are popularly supposed to be more fond of fairy-stories than are little boys, although I have known some of the latter whose appetite in this direction was seemingly insatiable.

AMY C. RICH.

Double Harness. By Anthony Hope. Cloth. Pp. 410. Price, \$1.50. New York: McClure, Phillips & Company.

IT GOES without saying that a novel written by Anthony Hope would be well written and readable. It does not, however, necessarily follow that all his novels are worth reading. Indeed, in a life so fraught with great problems so earnestly calling for high, noble and worthy thinking, it must seem to many persons little less than a prostitution of talent to write stories that are mere sectional views of that modern frivolous Vanity Fair, society life in London, especially when the view given concerns those who are living almost wholly superficial lives. And yet to the contemplative reader such volumes as *Double Harness* are deeply suggestive. They afford a vivid and startling view of a phase of present-day society-life found in every great city—life given over to convention and to materialistic egoism.

In this story we have a series of graphic characterizations of men and women of means such as are found to-day in what is called good society. But the very life, the atmosphere even, in which they live would necessarily starve and destroy the highest and finest

promptings of the human soul. The people in the book are for the most part pitiful specimens of human life; little creatures running here and there, striving for happiness and satisfaction,—striving and rarely finding aught—but unhappiness and unsatisfied longings; running here and there, yet never laying hold on any of the deeper things of life, never seeming conscious of the fact that life itself is august, that there are mighty ethical demands made upon every human soul. No, here all is self, self, self, or at best a seeking to give ephemeral pleasures to one or two like shallow natures to whom the individuals in question happen to be attached.

The story concerns many people and their many perplexities, worries, vices, shortcomings, hopes, realizations and failures. The characters are admirably drawn. The dialogue is bright and natural. In the sphere of life with which the author deals the characterizations are those of a master. The interest of those readers who care for such books will be sustained from cover to cover. There are some very strong situations. In the interview between the hero, Grantley, and his wife, at the Sailors' Rest, where she has fled with her lover, great dramatic power is developed; and there are many pleasing glimpses of life that remind one of sunshine that sifts here and there through the leaves of the forest trees onto the moss-carpeted earth while most of the expanse remains in shadow.

Jewel. By Clara Louise Burnham. Cloth. Pp. 340. Price, \$1.50. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Company.

NO SECT or family should be without its own *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. Clara Louise Burnham's the *Right Princess* has been filling the role for Christian Science for some time. But her new book *Jewel* is better; in fact it is excellent, bright, entertaining, and above all things reasonable. Curious, by the way, the blindness we have about a book. If a dinner is tedious, or cold or stupid, or unwholesome or tastes bad no one thinks "it will do good." We think that only of religious books or reform books, however poor.

Jewel is modeled a little on the Fauntleroy line, but the dialogue is natural, the situations clever, and it gives a presentation of the doctrine of Christian Science. It has the inevitable "tender vein of romance," with a good

deal of shrewd humor and no sickly sentimentality. Like all Christian Scientists that I have known the author seems to lack the sense of the ridiculous.

As a means of learning Christian Science without study, which is probably the only way we ever do really learn anything, the little book has a mission.

BOLTON HALL.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

LONGMANS, GREEN & COMPANY, NEW YORK.

The Evolution of Modern Liberty. By George L. Scherger. Cloth. Pp. 284. Price, \$1.10 net.

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY, NEW YORK.

Manassas. By Upton Sinclair. Cloth. Pp. 412. Price, \$1.50.

THE CENTURY COMPANY, NEW YORK.

Presidential Problems. By Grover Cleveland. Cloth. Pp. 300. Price, \$1.80 net.

The Youth of Washington. By S. Weir Mitchell. Cloth. Pp. 290. Price, \$1.50.

The Gray World. By Evelyn Underhill. Cloth. Pp. 351. Price, \$1.50.

Paths of Judgment. By Anne Douglass Sedgwick. Cloth. Pp. 346. Price, \$1.50.

FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY, NEW YORK.

Disraeli: A Study in Personality and Ideals. By Walter Sichel. Illustrated. Cloth. Pp. 335. Price, \$2.50 net.

Plays. By Leo Tolstoi. Translated by Louise and Aylmer Maude. Cloth. Pp. 250. Price, \$1.50.

Your Loving Nell. By Mrs. Nelly Gore. Cloth. Pp. 231. Price, \$1.00 net.

JOHN LANE, NEW YORK.

The Spanish Conquest in America. By Sir Arthur Helps. New edition with an Introduction and Maps and Notes by M. Oppenheim. Four Volumes. Cloth.

The Christian Creed. By C. W. Leadbeater. Cloth. Pp. 172.

The Tomb of Burns. By William Watson. Cloth. Pp. 48. Price, 50 cents net.

William Shakespeare: Pedagogue and Poacher. A Drama by Richard Garnett. Cloth. Pp. 111. Price, \$1.25.

Helen Alliston. By the Author of *Elizabeth's Children*. Cloth. Pp. 339. Price, \$1.50.

The Fishers. By J. Henry Harris. Cloth. Pp. 344. Price, \$1.50.

M'CLURE, PHILLIPS & COMPANY, NEW YORK.

Double Harness. By Anthony Hope. Cloth. Pp. 410. Price, \$1.50.

Human Work. By Charlotte Perkins Gilman. Cloth. Pp. 389. Price, \$1.50.

THE BOBBS-MERRILL COMPANY, INDIANAPOLIS.

Black Friday. By Frederic S. Isham. Illustrated. Cloth. Pp. 409. Price, \$1.50.

The Well in the Wood. By Bert Leston Taylor. Illustrated. Cloth. Pp. 191.

The Happy Average. By Brand Whitlock. Cloth. Pp. 347. Price, \$1.50.

The Law of the Land. By Emerson Hough. Illustrated. Cloth. Pp. 416. Price, \$1.50.

Zelda Dameron. By Meredith Nicholson. Illustrated. Cloth. Pp. 412. Price, \$1.50.

Folly for the Wise. By Carolyn Wells. Illustrated. Cloth. Pp. 170.

Two in a Zoo. By Curtis Dunham and Oliver Herford. Illustrated. Cloth. Pp. 150.

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & COMPANY, BOSTON.

Jewel. By Clara Louise Burnham. Cloth. Pp. 340. Price, \$1.50.

Trixy. By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. Cloth. Pp. 300. Price, \$1.50.

LITTLE, BROWN & COMPANY, BOSTON.

Painted Shadows. By Richard Le Gallienne. Cloth. Pp. 339. Price, \$1.50.

George Eliot. By Mathilde Blind. Illustrated. Cloth. Pp. 359. Price, \$1.25.

The Little Book of Life After Death. From the German of Gustav Theodore Fechner. Translated by M. E. Wadsworth. With Introduction by Professor William James. Cloth. Pp. 108.

D. C. HEATH, BOSTON.

Principles of Political Economy. By Charles Gide. Translated by C. William A. Veditz, Ph.D., LL.B. Cloth. Pp. 705.

L. C. PAGE & COMPANY, BOSTON.

Rachel Marr. By Morely Roberts. Cloth. Pp. 467. Price, \$1.50.

The Green Diamond. By Arthur Morrison. Illustrated. Cloth. Pp. 304. Price, \$1.50.

At Home With the Jardines. By Lilian Bell. Cloth. Pp. 322. Price, \$1.50.

THE UNIT BOOKS, HOWARD WILFORD BELL, NEW YORK.

Life of Jesus. By Ernest Renan. Cloth. Pp. 452. Price, 68 cents net.

Domestic Manners of the Americans. By Frances M. Trollope. Cloth. Pp. 402. Price, 64 cents net.

National Documents. Cloth. Pp. 504. Price, 72 cents net.

The Study of Words. By Richard Chenevix Trench. Cloth. Pp. 312. Price, 56 cents net.

SIGN OF THE LIVE OAK, BERKELEY, CAL.

Elfin Songs of Sunland. By Charles Keeler. Decorations by Louise Keeler. Cloth. Pp. 100. Price, 75 cents net.

THE BROADWAY PUBLISHING COMPANY, NEW YORK.

Hagar. A Drama by Rollin J. Wells. Illustrated. Cloth. Pp. 125.

THE THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING COMPANY, BENARES AND LONDON.

The Pedigree of Man. By Annie Besant. Cloth. Pp. 151.

EASTERN PUBLISHING COMPANY, BOSTON.

Mona the Druidess. By A. K. Hopkins. Illustrated. Cloth. Pp. 345.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT: Believing as we do that the highest interests of the republic imperatively demand the general awakening of the conscience of our people to a realization of the evil conditions prevailing and which are inimical to the genius of democracy or the enjoyment of justice by all the people, we have made arrangements to carry on an aggressive battle against those corrupt influences and sinister powers that are slowly but surely transforming a government of the people, by the people and for the people into a class-ruled nation. Without civic morality the republic must perish. Without public regard for the principles of justice and integrity, corruption, bribery, graft and moral degeneration will permeate life in all its multitudinous relations, and this great nation must go the way that Egypt, Persia, Assyria and Rome went. This campaign for a moral renaissance in public life will be opened by a series of papers of exceptional ability and interest, prepared expressly for *THE ARENA* by the eminent champion of civic morality, *RUDOLPH BLANKENBURG*, and will be entitled "Forty Years in the Wilderness, or the Masters and Rulers of the 'Freemen' of Pennsylvania." It is our conviction that these papers rank among the most important contributions to the literature of social progress and political purification that have appeared in America.

Our Serial: In "The Building of the City Beautiful," which we begin in this issue of *THE ARENA* and which will run through about six numbers, our readers will find, we believe, the most finished and fascinating social romance that has been written,—a story in which noble ethics and a deep human interest are so simply yet fascinatingly presented that those who love the finest and best in literature will quickly come under the wonderful charm of this latest and greatest of *Mr. MILLER's* works. The influence of "The Building of the City Beautiful" on the mind is not unlike the effect on the physical senses one experiences when wandering in a garden of roses and lilies when nature is in her kindest mood. With this intellectual charm and delight we have the supreme excellence of the story in the noble social vision and the lofty ethics enunciated.

How New Zealand is Solving the Problem of Popular Government: In this issue we present the opening paper in our international series of contributions by foremost statesmen, economists and educators on democratic forward movements in foreign lands. It is from the pen of the distinguished statesman and author, *HONORABLE EDWARD TREGEAR*, Secretary of Labor for the Commonwealth of New Zealand. This distinguished statesman has been one of the leading spirits in framing the most important of the successful democratic legislation that has made New Zealand the foremost moral leader and exponent of social righteousness in the world. His paper is rich in vitally interesting facts for our people from the highest obtainable authorities. *Mr. TREGEAR* will contribute other special papers during the coming year. Our second contribution in this notable series will appear in the January number. It is from the pen of the eminent British statesman and postal authority *HONORABLE J. HENNIKER HEATON, M.P.*, of London, and deals with the British Postal Savings-Bank and the beneficent influence which they have exerted. This author will contribute another paper in this series on the *Parcels-Post of England*.

Inhuman Treatment of Our Criminals: We have called special attention in an editorial to *Dr. GALVIN's* notable exposure of shameful conditions as found in the treatment of prisoners in our Commonwealth, and we mention this paper now merely to urge every reader in Massachusetts to peruse this record of shame, verified as it is by sworn statements that bear on their face all the evidences of verity. No commonwealth or nation in the twentieth century, making pretensions to civilization, can permit her unfortunates to be subjected to such cruel, degrading and mentally destructive treatment without sinking morally and losing those things that are essential to true greatness and enduring progress.

The Psychology of the Lynching Mob: We think it is safe to say that no more thoughtful paper has appeared dealing with the psychology of the lynching mob than that which we present to our readers this month from the able pen of *DEAN RICHMOND BABBITT, LL.D.*

Dr. BABBITT is a graduate of Harvard University, where he was under the instruction in psychology of the eminent Professor WILLIAM JAMES. He is also a graduate of the University of Cincinnati in its Law Department, and of the Cambridge Episcopal Theological School, and holds the degree of Doctor of Laws from the University of Wisconsin. He is at the present time rector of the Church of the Epiphany in Brooklyn. This contribution will be followed shortly by a contribution by Professor WINTHROP D. SHELDON of Girard College on "Shall Lynching be Suppressed and How?"

Catholicism and Freemasonry: This eloquent plea for union between two camps that have hitherto been usually hostile cannot fail to interest a large proportion of our people. While there are numbers of persons who would doubtless hail with delight such a union, yet we surmise that it is far in the future, if, indeed, it ever occurs. There are unquestionably many points of agreement in the aims and ends of the two organizations. This is in like sense true of the ends and aims of the various Protestant churches, and in a certain sense of all world religions; yet the points of divergence between Freemasonry and the Catholic faith are in our judgment too great to render union probable.

A Public Servant Discharged: Last month we noticed the great victory won for real popular government and clean politics in Los Angeles, when the citizens exercised the right of recall. This month we give a full account of this momentous step on the part of an American municipality in exercising the fundamental right of a democratic government in recalling and dismissing public servants who, the electors believe, have proved false to their oath or to the trust imposed upon them. Los Angeles has led the way.

Professor Maxey's Paper: This month Professor MAXEY discusses the strategic history of the Russo-Japanese war up to the date of our going to press. This is the fourth of this author's extremely thoughtful and illuminating papers on "Crises in Japanese History." Next month we expect to publish a sketch of the life of Senator HOAR by Professor MAXEY. Last month we published the portraits of two of our contributors, Chief-Justice WALTER CLARK, of the Supreme Court of North Carolina, and Dr. G. W. GALVIN, of

Boston. This month we publish the portraits of three more of our regular contributors, Honorable EDWARD TREGEAR, of New Zealand, JOAQUIN MILLER, Professor EDWIN MAXEY, and that of B. O. FLOWER, our editor.

The Seasons: All nature-lovers as well as those who appreciate exquisite pen-pictures where beauty of expression and rhythmic phrasing are in perfect accord with the noble subject under consideration, will deeply appreciate the prose-poem by our valued special contributor, Dr. HERMAN E. KITTREDGE, which we publish in this issue. In an early number of THE ARENA Dr. KITTREDGE will contribute a notable essay entitled "Genius: Its Nature and Its Cause."

Mr. Crosby's Plea for Free Immigration: Mr. CROSBY possesses the happy faculty of presenting his views in a charming and attractive manner. His opinions may frequently be diametrically opposed to those of his readers, yet he will hold their attention from first to last and frequently carry conviction by his persuasion and logic. He views questions broadly and is usually fundamentally sound in his premises. His contribution which we publish this month merits careful reading. It contains much food for serious reflection.

Christ and the World To-day: The author of this paper, Professor LEON C. PRINCE, occupies the Chair of History in Dickinson College, Carlisle, Pennsylvania. Many of our readers will call to mind a contribution which appeared in THE ARENA some three years ago, from the pen of Professor PRINCE, in which he presented a strong argument for imperialism. Since then, we rejoice to say, this thoughtful author's opinions have undergone a complete change, and he is to-day back at the old moorings, with the rest of us who hold to the fundamental principles of free government as expressed in our immortal Declaration of Independence.

Dr. Abbott's Criticism: The scholarly and charming author of *In Nature's Realm* and numerous other of the best nature books that we possess, makes an admirable reply to some amazing recent statements by Mr. BURROUGHS in this number of THE ARENA. Dr. ABBOTT is not only one of our ripest scholars and a scientist of no mean standing, but he is probably as careful and conscientious a student of nature as is to be found in American to-day.

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